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Warriner

VICTOR LA TOURETTE.

A NOVEL.

BY A BROAD CHURCHMAN,

[Warriner, Edward Augustus]

"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas."
AUGUSTINE.

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply —
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."
EMERSON.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1875.

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In Memory of Louise.

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VICTOR LA TOURETTE.

CHAPTER I.

BORD DU LAC.

IT seems so like a dream — my childhood — that, when I take my pen to write this narrative, I sit long, striving to separate in my mind real incidents from what may be only impressions of my fancy. Some of the years are dim in memory; for I am an old man now, — threescore years and ten. But it is thought one of my age remembers best his childhood, — and doubtless this is true of most persons, — for it is not often that that period furnishes fewer incidents that interest the mind than the years that follow in a long life. But my life is an exception to most others. Its first period was calm and peaceful, with no incidents which, however pleasing to recall, — and who does not love to dwell on those bright moments? — impress me deeply, or that seem worth narrating to others. Indeed, it seems very indistinct, like the glimpse of the blue sky from a dark wilderness, or the faint tinklings of a little rill in some densely wooded ravine; for I can contemplate it only through

scenes of trial and suffering that well-nigh effaced all previous impressions, the shadows of which, except when I look forward and upward to a better world, still darken my life.

I wonder if it be true, what some believe, that we never do quite forget any incident once impressed on our memory, and that, when we no longer "see through a glass darkly," all our past experiences, all that we have ever known or felt, or even dreamed, will appear as distinct to our minds as the images of the sunlight on our sense of vision. The aged Indian, the great prophet and physician of our tribe, whose name will appear by and by, and who was for many years my teacher and guide, once said to me a little while before he died, "When we meet in the Happy Hunting Grounds, we shall be as we remember." Once before he also said, "How can we forget, since our spirits grow as we learn?" I have often since pondered these words, and many more he uttered in the same connection; and I think he must have meant that, as the body grows from what it consumes, and is moulded and developed from the influences to which it is subjected, so our spirits are developed from what we learn and feel, and will appear, when we see each other "face to face," the perfect representations of all they have ever experienced. Yet he could not have meant that all our bitter experiences are reproduced in the next life, if our life here has been triumphant in faith. On the contrary, our labors

and bereavements here ennoble us there. The one give us development and strength, and the other render doubly joyous the union of souls where there are no more separations. Only the temptations to which we yield here willingly will haunt us there, and corrupt our lives. He seemed to have no word corresponding to our word *memory*, but would always refer to the past as present. I cannot express his language exactly in English, but his injuries were always *wounds in his spirit;* the kindnesses and consolations he experienced were his *healing medicines;* what he had learned he had *grown;* what he had forgotten were his *buried treasures.* His good deeds he accounted *savings*, and his sins and follies were *good things wasted.* Ah! if he were only living still, and his traditions and his philosophy, which I cannot now fully recall, were mingled in the same crucible with what I have since learned, how many new ideas would be evolved! how many mysteries that darken my life and dwarf my emotions would be dispelled! But he is long since dead, — buried by me alone, — and is now sleeping under a wide-spreading oak, around whose gnarled roots, thrust out into the tide, the Kalamazoo ripples and murmurs. There I often go to muse; and, as often as I go, the shadow seems to return upon the dial and renew my life. It is a grand old forest, where, while I live, there shall be no sound of hammer nor chisel; for it seems to me a temple sacred to God. It is mine, too, — my temple. Since that

long struggle was past in which I drifted as a leaf driven by the tempest, a waif from the wrecked vessel that bore the remnant of our tribe, I have spent here in its deep shadows my leisure days. In its solitudes I follow Christ's footsteps; here I feel his loneliness; here I commune with God; and here I conquer Satan. When I die, it shall be the heritage of my dear children, — my sister Lou's Wiota and Neola, — but with this condition, — that they guard it sacredly from the intrusion of so-called civilized men.

You have seen the old French Bible, — the choicest souvenir and relic of my childhood. Its morocco binding is now almost colorless, but was once bright red. Having seen it every day all through my childhood, it is now I think the medium of my earliest recollection. Had it not been preserved, the picture so bright and so dear to my heart would have been less distinct, — our little family gathered at the hour of prayer. I see now my father's face distinctly, as I knelt down with my sister Lou by the side of our mother, his hands resting on the book, and his face turned upward. He must have then been near middle life, and I remember that the dark hair that clustered around his broad, high forehead, was streaked with gray, and that his face was deeply furrowed; but he seems younger, — perhaps on account of the simplicity of his words, and a certain freshness, kindliness, and vivacity of spirits that mingled their expression on his pale, hand-

somely chiselled face with that of the profound thought and indomitable purpose of his mind.

There is enclosed within the leaves of the book the substance of the collect he always read, and which seems a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, adapted to the comprehension of all who listened, and to the circumstances of our life at the time. It runs as follows: —

"O God, thou art our Father, and we know thou carest for us, and wouldst that we should be happy, and always to dwell with thee in heaven. May we always revere thy name, always love thee and be faithful and true to thee. May the purpose of thy Son our Saviour be our purpose. May we strive ever for the promotion of thy kingdom on earth, for the happiness of others, for the improvement and progress of our race. May this be our highest aspiration, that thy love may grow in our hearts and thy kingdom in the world. Grant that we may know and do thy will, as it is known and done by the blessed spirits in heaven,—seeking only in obedience to thee liberty and joy. Make us industrious, frugal, and temperate. Let us not want for food. Supply us with all things necessary to our comfort. And, O our Father, forgive us through thy Son all we have done amiss, for every neglect and every evil thought; and give us, too, forgiving hearts, willing to bear each other's burdens. May we cherish no hatred nor malice, submitting patiently to every burden thou seest fit to lay upon us for the trial

of our faith. Keep us, we pray thee, from the influence and power of evil spirits. Suffer not Satan to have dominion over our souls or bodies. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

This was followed by short petitions less formal, and suited to the special needs of each one of us, and expressed in so familiar language that he seemed talking with God. I hung my head with shame when he told of my occasional disobediences. He did not disguise his own weaknesses, confessing them with the simplicity of a child. I always felt that the past was forgiven when we arose from our knees, and that we all knew what was expected of us in the day before us.

The old Bible was sacredly preserved by our Indian foster-parents, Ottokee and Waunee, after the death of our parents. They seemed to regard it as scarcely less precious than our lives. No Christian, I am sure, familiar with its pages, as all Christians are supposed to be, could have regarded it with more veneration than did our Indian mother. Every morning she knelt beside it, as she had seen my father do, and now and then in her strange orisons mingled words she could only have learned from his lips. She called it *the talk of the Great Spirit.*

The mark my father used was never moved from the last chapter he read. This was the third of the First Epistle of St. John, the closing verse of which, and the last words he read, is as follows:

"And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him. And hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us."

On the fly-leaf is written in a feminine hand: "*Presenté à mon cher fils, Victor La Tourette, par sa mère. Lyon, Mars* 4, 1796." There is also a brief family record at the close of the Old Testament, which shows that my father was born at Lyons, France, March 4, 1774; and my mother, Louise Deschamps, at Detroit, Michigan, May 3, 1780. They were married at the latter place, July 5, 1800; and their children born in Massachusetts, — Louise, Sept. 11, 1801, and Victor, Feb. 19, 1803.

Our cabin was built close by a little lake of crystal water, enclosed, except on the west, by densely wooded hills. Three paths well-worn centred at our door, — one leading to the pebbly beach, where our canoe was anchored; one out into the dense forests to the south, whose branches almost touched our roof, and which is now my "Temple;" and one to the little prairie at the west, — a level tract, dotted with maples, and starred with wild blossoms. There gushed out from the hill-side near by a little stream that mingled its music with the murmurs of the waves that beat on the shore, and of the winds that sighed through the dark woods. It flows there yet. And, when all else is still, it sounds, as it trips softly over the pebbles in its path, like the patterings of the infant footsteps I used to hear.

The cabin was built of logs, and was entered on the south by a single door. It contained four rooms, lighted each by a window. The room looking to the east was our kitchen. The west end was divided into two small bed-rooms, one looking to the west, the other to the south. Between these and the kitchen was our parlor, looking to the north. Skins so nicely dressed as to be almost as transparent as glass were inserted in the windows at night, and in stormy weather. The outside door was of hewn plank, fastened together with withes, and swung on stout hinges of buckskin. It was never during my childhood barred and bolted, nor was the leathern string that served to raise the latch ever drawn in; our only neighbors, the Indians, entering at pleasure. No palatial residence, I am sure, could have been more comfortable or beautiful than our home. It was indeed a fairy castle. The roof was mossy, and the whole so covered with flowering vines as almost to conceal the rudeness of its material. Beds of wild flowers, carefully nurtured by my mother's hands, bordered the paths and clustered around the doors and beneath the windows. Though naturally wild, they seemed not to be frightened by our presence, and grew as luxuriantly, and yielded to my mother's training with as much docility, as those of a city garden. I do not know what has become of them now; for the cool dells were full, and the green prairies covered with wild flowers of wonderful fragrance and beauty, that are not

now seen in Michigan. They seem to have fled away, like the wild deer, at the approach of civilization, though they lingered long around our cabin.

Our little parlor was most tastefully ornamented and furnished. A carpet of speckled fawn-skins covered the rude floor. One corner was occupied by a spare bed — for we did sometimes have guests — on which rested coverlids of the choicest furs. In the opposite corner, and beside the window overlooking the lake, stood a table which, like the chairs, all of different patterns, was formed of willow sprouts and maple splints tastefully stained with bright hues. There were also pretty baskets, boxes, belts, and moccasins, and indeed almost every conceivable little article of ornament and use; and all the handiwork of the Indians. The walls were hung with pictures, painted by Indian artists, some of them representing traditions of the tribe, either historic or religious. There were also two painted by my mother: one a sunset view of the landscape embracing the lake and cabin; the other a portrait of an Indian girl, a child of four years. She was represented as standing near a wigwam in the shadow of the forest, one little hand caressing the head of a speckled fawn that lay at her feet, and the other striving to adjust the white semicircular band that served to keep back the profusion of dark hair from her lovely face. She wore a green and russet tunic, fringed with olive, and gathered at the waist with a vermilion

belt; and her limbs and feet were encased in olive leggins and moccasins. Beneath the picture was written, in my mother's hand, "Petite Neola."

It seems strange that my memory is furnished with but one distinct likeness of my mother's face. I remember her sitting at the willow table by the window that overlooked the lake; but her face at that time is not wholly distinct in my mind, though I can see the scarlet blanket that in the chill of the evening she flung over her shoulders, and the brown locks that clustered in her neck as she bent over her work. But I gaze in vain into the shadowy mirror of the past for a likeness of her face, which, however dim, though it could not be to me more loving and tender, would yet be bright and happy. Alas! the picture I do behold is so distinct and startling I can see no other. Can it be that the laughing, girlish face clasped in the golden locket I wear, with another, hidden nearest my heart, was ever that of my mother. Sometimes indeed, putting the two pictures of her — that of memory and that my locket contains — side by side, and gazing upon them as far away, they seem to blend in one, — an angel face, so like, and yet unlike, them both; from which the tears are wiped away, the pale cheeks suffused in crimson tints, and the sad brown eyes full of light and peace. I know that she is now an angel, and is still near, as she always has been in the past, to guide my steps; but only by contrasting the likeness of her girlish face with that of memory can I see her —

not even in my dreams — other than as she appeared when the great grief of her life fell upon her. Dear mother, I know your grief is past, and clasped in father's arms you have long since ceased to weep; but I never can unclasp your arms from my neck, nor cease to feel the hot tears falling on my face.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

ON the north bank of the Kalamazoo, less than a fourth of a mile from our cabin, was an Indian village of forty or fifty lodges. Should I pause to count them, I could give the exact number; for there was not one at which I was not a frequent visitor. But they are all gone now. Not a vestige of one of them remains. Sometimes indeed, as I sit alone at nightfall under the old oak on the bank of the river, where I often sat at the same hour with Neola, and where she and her kinsfolk are buried, there seem to mingle with the music of the winds and waters the murmurs of the happy life that once was there. Is it all an illusion that causes me to start to my feet and gaze out into the dark forests? Are those moving forms but flitting shadows? those twinkling lights but the sparklings of the fire-flies' wings? those pleasant murmurs but the hum of insect life? It cannot be: the spirits of the dead are here. The sound of their footsteps is mingled with the rustling leaves, their voices with the rippling waters, and their forms half hidden in the flitting shadows.

It is the light of this world, Kear said, that hides the light of heaven, though it is sometimes flashed

upon us faintly when our outward vision is obscured. You can see it in the eyes of the dying, and it often lingers long in the eyes of the dead. Thus is fulfilled in every true life the prophet's words: "And it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." And, as I have been instructed by my great teacher, this is not only true of the light, but also of all things else we here behold, — they hide within themselves the substances of which they are but shadows. The world itself conceals another world. Our bodies hide our spirits; our outward life, another life. And our consciousness and memory of things visible render us unconscious and forgetful of things invisible. The melodies of earth prevent our hearing the music of heaven. Every flower and tree and living creature takes its form and nature from things unseen, — things good and true, or sinful and false. And so, when wrapped in my blanket, and reclining against the trunk of the old oak, I sleep, and am all unconscious of outward things, Neola sits beside me, her hand clasped in mine, and we talk to each other as in days gone by. Our parents and friends, too, some of whom we have never met on earth, meet with us there. And as the shadows lengthen over my life, and as my eyes grow dim, my limbs feeble, and all my senses of outward things are more and more dulled by age, I feel less and less the sickening sense of bereavement and loneliness that once constantly haunted my waking moments. When the fleshly fortress

in which my soul is imprisoned shall have become dust again, the radiant images I see only in dreams will be revealed as living realities in the light which is above the brightness of the sun.

I wish I could picture to your minds that Indian village. It was not laid out with regularity; that is, the wigwams were not arranged in rows, nor separated from each other by regular intervals. And yet I cannot conceive of any way that it could have been improved. At first perhaps hastily arranged, when, many years before, a remnant of the Lenni-Lenapes, or Original Men, driven away from their ancient hunting-grounds farther to the east and south by the fierce and barbarous Iroquois of the north, had settled here, where, in the language of their tradition, "The white pebbles shone in the clear waters," it had come gradually to assume the aspect it presented at this time. It occupied a little valley clasped in the wooded embrace of a crescent-shaped ridge that touched the river above and below. Its general outline was that of a half circle about one half mile in diameter. Between the ridge and the river, which was also slightly curved to conform somewhat to the line of hills, was a level tract covered with ancient forest-trees, set so far apart that the grass growing under their delicious shadows formed a smooth green turf. On the opposite side of the stream there was a small prairie covering the peninsula formed by the curve of the stream, and divided into as many gardens as there were wigwams in the

village, and which, owing to the crescent shape of the opposite shore, were each about equally distant from the wigwams to which they were attached. The wigwams were scattered along the gentle and irregular declivities of the hill-side, each being located near a spring of water, and entirely isolated and hidden from all the rest by the dense forests.

I am here half inclined to dwell at some length upon the character and culture of the Indians; but, however false may be your impressions, — and from what I have learned since from books, and from my travels among the degraded tribes that still survive, I am convinced that there is an almost universal misapprehension of the character and condition of the primitive Red Men, — I must not be diverted from my original purpose in this narrative. I can only say that this remnant of "Original Men," while of course wholly destitute of the literary, scientific, and religious culture of what is called civilization, had yet a culture of their own more in harmony with nature and God. Exactly what was, and had been, the condition of other tribes, I cannot say. Without doubt, they were cruel under provocation, and perhaps generally so, through habits engendered by the circumstances of their life, resulting from divisions and consequent hostilities and strife, — for when first known to the whites they were much degenerated from what they had been, — yet I cannot think any were wholly devoid of that ancient and natural culture

that once distinguished their race, and which was still illustrated in our tribe. The fundamental idea of this culture was *harmony with nature.* This, however, did not preclude development. On the contrary, their aspiration for improvement was as great as that of civilized beings, only they would not seek this by artifice, but by the strengthening of their natural powers of body and mind. Unnatural ease, self-indulgence, or any instrumentalities that would obviate personal exertion, or prevent such exercise of the natural faculties as was essential to their discipline and culture, were carefully avoided. Labor-saving machines, or any contrivances of art, whereby power is increased at the expense of strength, were regarded as debasing, unworthy of the noblest creature of God, and directly opposed to real progress, serving to promote temporal rather than ultimate power. With them, indeed, knowledge was power; but it must be a knowledge acquired, not by that method of instruction in schools which we call education, but by personal observation and exertion. Their theory was, therefore, directly opposed to that of civilization, so called. They did not believe so much in imparted knowledge as in acquired strength. What they sought to impart from generation to generation was natural power constantly strengthened; while civilization would impart increased knowledge to successive generations whose natural powers are constantly enfeebled. This may, however, account for the partial condition of ignorance

and barbarism of most tribes, and their aversion to improvement in civilized arts, when first known to Europeans; for having lost sight in their degeneracy of ancient methods, and still clinging to original habits and ideas, they neither possessed knowledge, nor were very much developed in natural ability. The fundamental idea still survived, but without purpose or any effort at development.

But our branch of the Lenni-Lenapes, or Original Men, was fast emerging from barbarism, if indeed they had ever so much degenerated from the ancient culture as other tribes. They were quite as intelligent as the whites. Their conversation was varied and entertaining; and, while characterized by a certain naturalness and simplicity, seldom lacked vivacity and intelligence. Falsehood and theft were unknown; and, indeed, so far as regards the practice of virtue and morality, they were superior to all other people I have known. They had formerly been engaged in wars, and were still prepared to resist invasion; but since their settlement on the Kalamazoo, having been unmolested, they seemed to have lost all inclination for strife. Even the fierce Iroquois, in common with other tribes, had come to regard them with great respect, and as the type of the original nobility of their race.

Approaching the village on a pleasant summer afternoon by the path that led thereto from Bord du Lac, a most charming scene was presented from

the brow of the hill overlooking the valley. The grove was full of animation. There were boys and girls at play, chasing each other from tree to tree; mothers sitting under the trees, watching their little ones frolicking on the green turf, — and I never have seen so merry, healthful children; men returned from the chase, or resting from their light labors, reclining under the cool shades, or mingling in the sports; while young men and maidens, in picturesque costumes, were promenading the bank of the river, whose bright waters, gleaming here and there through the tree-tops, mingled their pleasant murmurs with the laughter of the happy people. Beyond the stream, a forest unbroken — save where the little prairie, frescoed with gardens and starred with wild blossoms, nestled in its bosom like a little Eden — stretched to the horizon.

Since I came out into the great world, I have been in many countries and in almost every clime, and have visited places deemed the loveliest of earth; but I have never seen a spot that appeared to me so beautiful as this, — certainly, never so virtuous and happy a people as those with whom I spent my earlier years. But as into the Eden in which was nursed the infancy of our race crept the Serpent, so into this Paradise of God crept the great enemy and destroyer. The valley, the forest, and the stream do indeed remain, but the joyous, innocent life that once was there has ceased its throbbings. The prairie and gardens are over-

grown with thorns and briers, and serpents hiss in the rank grass where little children laughed and frolicked.

But, that my story may be intelligible, I must not close this chapter without first introducing some of the chief persons of the village, and who are intimately associated with many of the events I am about to narrate.

The first is Kear, whom, were I to use a term current in Indian literature, I should designate as the medicine-man of the tribe. And it is not altogether inappropriate, if we have a right appreciation of its meaning; for when not associated with superstition and quackery, and is expressive of real proficiency in the arts of healing, none can be more honorable. But even then it would fail to express the real character and acquirements of this great priest of nature, whom, though I have met and conversed with many of the most distinguished men of my day in science and religion, and have myself become familiar with the ordinary details of a university education, I still regard as the greatest physician, philosopher, and moralist I have ever known. In the truest sense was he a prophet, a preacher of righteousness, an expositor of the "fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God,"—the relation of the Creator to his creations, of the "I AM" to his "Word."

I do not remember when I first saw Kear, he was so frequent a visitor at our cabin before and

after the death of my parents. The impressions I retain of him are scarcely less distinct than the consciousness of my own being; for I grew up chiefly under his teachings, and most that I account as my education, and as really valuable knowledge, aside from the mere matters of fact and experience I have acquired in the schools and in society, was the development of his thought. He professed to have derived many of his ideas from my father; but I have been told that my father used to say Kear was his teacher. Doubtless each learned from the other what was lacking to the completion of a perfect faith; and that in the singular union of these two minds — the one a natural, the other a Christian, philosopher — was presented the true harmony of God's revelations in Nature and in the Bible.

In appearance Kear was not singular. His conversation, habits, and dress presented no eccentricities or affectations. And yet every thing that pertained to his mind or person served to distinguish him from all other men I have ever met. More natural even than the artless people with whom he lived, his simplicity was not the result of habit, nor of any restraint resulting from effort to conform to his theories of life, but of that true humility which always distinguishes minds really great and philosophic, and which is itself the first requisite of improvement and nobility of character. Wiser than the wisest, there was in him none of that disagreeable conceit of wisdom, condescension

of manner, or arrogance of opinion, that so often distinguish the learned aristocracy of the world. On the contrary, he was a man among men, and a child among children; meeting every one on terms of equality, and, without any apparent effort to conform to the thoughts and emotions of others, always congenial and hearty in his sympathies.

It would have been a very easy thing for one so wise and gifted, had he resorted to magic arts, and had he chosen to be strange and reserved in his habits, to have exerted an absolute sway over the tribe, and made it wholly subservient to his own selfish interests. And this would not have been a matter of indifference, as you might think would be the case in so small a community: for men love power as much in small as in large communities; and to be the head of a little tribe like this, completely isolated from the rest of the world, is no less distinction than to be ruler of a great nation, its honors being all that can engage the attention of its ambitious minds. Kear's authority was indeed supreme in his office, but wholly exemplary. He never dictated, nor did he advise, except to restrain or inspire effort. Faithful to the traditionary culture of his race, his theory was that no individual should be instructed beyond what was necessary to avoid error and to point out the path of improvement. All else was to be sought by personal effort. The humblest member of the tribe was as independent as he in will and choice; and yet so transcendent was his ability that, while

each was free to act for himself, none ever thought of persisting in what he did not approve. He had nothing to do with what may be termed the secular affairs of the tribe. His office pertained to the culture of the soul and body, and combined much of what in civilized society pertains to the three learned professions. This rendered his title the most expressive and honorable that it is possible to bestow upon man, if not used in a restricted, technical sense; for whoever deserves to be called a medicine-man must be skilled in the knowledge and use of whatever promotes the health and development of both soul and body.

In the world, while I have observed very much that is good, and indeed am persuaded that in most natures there is more good than bad, I have very rarely seen any thing that is genuine, — that is, unalloyed with error. Nearly every thing regarded as good, beautiful, or true, is more or less delusive. And this results in every case from artifice, — from violation of nature. Religion, laws, and habits of life, are all, in a degree, unnatural. And yet only in so far as progress and development are in accordance with Nature can there be any lasting or substantial gain; for otherwise disease ensues, which is always unnatural. What is called, for example, courteous and refined, is often alloyed with a sickly sentimentalism, and too much encumbered with formality; being somewhat the result of training, and more of association, and having in it much affectation, and little real charity.

Some worldly-wise may smile or sneer, when I say that Kear was a gentleman in the truest sense. There was in him no artifice, though every thing he said or did was graceful, proper, and kind. Having thoroughly developed his natural goodness, and restrained every evil impulse, all his ways were refined, and at the same time natural. He felt what he expressed, and expressed what he felt. Some would perhaps understand by naturalness uncultured ideas and tastes; but it should rather denote those naturally cultured. It is common sense, an ability to trace out results from causes, through a proper apprehension of the will and laws of God. In this sense, Kear was natural. While he had none of the learning of the schools, every noble faculty and emotion of his nature had been so grandly developed by study and discipline that the great masters of science, notwithstanding their technical knowledge derived from text-books, of which he knew nothing, were compelled to acknowledge their inferiority when brought in contact with him. The professors in the university where I studied knew little of the relations of their several departments of knowledge to each other. Each derived his learning from the narrow limits of his text-book, and was as ignorant of other matters as if they had had no existence. Kear's text-book was Nature, in which no truth is overlooked, and the relations of all truths to each other presented. Ask the botanist, for example, the relation of his science to astronomy, philology,

medicine, or theology, and he could see little or no connection between them. They were as distinct in his mind as if they had sprung from as many different sources rather than from one first cause. He was familiar with most that had been written in his department, but his knowledge was chiefly mechanical; and it had not once entered his mind that the relations of plants and parts of plants to each other were the same as the relations of all other systems and parts of systems, — of world to world, and of organ to organ. He could classify them by certain arbitrary formulas, and assign to each a meaningless name, but was not aware that each represented an idea or affection, and was a word derived from the natural and universal language ordained of God, eternal and unchangeable. He did indeed know that plants contained medicinal qualities, determined by experiment; but, not knowing the ideas they represented, he knew nothing of their relations to diseases. And finally, while he often spoke of the plans of God, in explaining their anatomy and physiology, he did not dream that they presented living illustrations of the conditions of spirit life, and of all the written revelations of God.

All secular learning in fact, after having been instructed of Kear, I found to be superficial, having a letter, but no spirit; being objective, but not subjective; and teaching Nature, but not God. On the other hand, religion sought to teach God, and not Nature; was more dogmatic than exemplary,

technical than practical, formal than spiritual, emotional than intellectual, narrow than catholic; and its promises limited more to the performance of certain rites and ceremonies than to the observance of the laws of God. Philosophy, if indeed in such diversity of views it could be said to have any character at all, was mostly a matter of speculation, grounded either upon mere fancies, or at the best upon partial truths; and, like religion, colored with inveterate prejudices and conceits. The best systems, and those which approached nearest the truth, were yet incomplete and full of absurdities.

What was perhaps most remarkable in Kear was that he had attained his knowledge simply by observation. He used no apparatus of any kind in his analyses; and hence his superiority was measured by the power he had acquired in the use of his faculties. By his senses he seemed able to scrutinize the nature of all material things, and determine their qualities.

The second person in point of influence in the tribe was Ottokee, who was nominally the chief, though inferior in ability and power to Kear. The two, however, were in entire harmony in their relations to each other, the one being supreme in temporal, the other in spiritual, matters. They represented the true relations of church and state, never intruding upon each other's offices, — independent, yet mutually dependent. They were in fact a unit, the interests and purposes of each being

identical, — the good of all. Each held his position, not by the choice or caprice of the people, but by his merits. They were the heads of the tribe by no delegated authority, but by the general recognition of their fitness and ability. At least it so seemed; for there was no dictation nor arbitrary exercise of authority. They were recognized as leaders, because their fitness was manifested by their works. They were simply the most active and useful. The tribe itself was a unit, — one body, self-acting, and obedient to its higher life. As in a perfect man there is harmony between the soul and body, so the temporal and spiritual interests of the tribe were blended together. It governed itself. Every member was in complete subjection, and yet there was almost perfect liberty. While there was recognized authority vested in individuals, each had the same power to the extent of his ability; and, till the influences of the whites began to be felt, there was, so far as I can remember, perfect harmony in the tribe.

I have already alluded to Waunee. After the death of my parents, she and her husband, Ottokee, took up their abode at our cabin, and became the most kind and loving foster-parents to sister Lou and me. Ottokee was absent from home much of the time, — gone sometimes weeks and even months before returning; but, when he came back, always bringing presents to his children. He had an own son named Wiota, six years older than Lou, and a daughter named Neola, two years younger than

I; but he treated us all with equal tenderness. The thought never entered my mind that he loved his own better than his foster-children. With what glee we sprang forth to meet him when he returned from his long absences! After having first caressed the older ones, he would lift me and Neola in his strong arms and press our faces to his. For hours we clung to him, telling him all the little things that had happened in his absence. Wiota was generally the hero of our tales. He had caught a wild fawn for Lou, made me a little canoe, and a baby hammock for Neola; had taken us to the village, rowed us out on the lake, climbed up to the eagle's nest, and driven away the big wolf that had tried to catch Neola's fawn. I think we were perfectly happy, only when our father went away. Then we shed tears for a little while, but were soon laughing again.

There was not a lake nor stream of the peninsula that was not known to Ottokee. He had wandered through every forest and over every prairie from the cold north to the sunny south, and was known to every tribe, and even in the little settlements of French and English to the East. Except at home in his own family, he was grave and reticent, but always peaceful and kind. Contrasted with Kear, he was a little taller and more muscular, but less graceful. The forehead of each was high, Kear's being the broader and bolder. The two were the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever beheld, excepting only Wiota. Neither

seemed ever sensible of fatigue, nor enfeebled by age. Returning from their long journeys, — for they were sometimes absent together, — their forms were as erect and their steps as elastic as when they departed.

CHAPTER III.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.

YOU naturally feel some curiosity in relation to my parents. Whence were they? And how came they in the wilderness? And, indeed, my thought in writing this narrative is to make known to any who may sympathize with his purpose my father's history. And I had intended to relate it in the order in which the events of his life came to my knowledge; for it was only after many years of research that I became entirely familiar with them. But it will be best understood, if I give them in the order in which they occurred. Though I was but eight years old when he died, yet from what I have since learned, and especially from his writings left with his parents in France, and in his residence in Detroit,—the latter being a diary begun when he embarked for America,—I am able not only to sketch the chief incidents of his history, but also to enter into his thoughts, emotions, and every-day life.

As is true of all noble minds, he was ambitious. From childhood he had aspired to a high position in the ministry and in the church. But his ambition was not selfish; for his chief aspiration seems

to have been that he might become an instrument in God's hands for the promotion of Christ's kingdom on earth. His every-day prayer was: "Grant, O God, that I may know and do thy will; that I may exert a great and abiding influence in the world for the advancement of thy kingdom. Give me the spirit and the purpose that were in thy Son, my brother, my Saviour, and my God. May I never shrink from any needful sacrifice. May I never fail to expose error and assert the truth, to combat wrong and defend the right. And, when I come to die, grant, O God, I may know and feel that I have not lived in vain; that I have done what thou hast given me to do; that I have been true to my mission, and to the cause for which thy Son labored and died."

I do not think he was ever suspected or accused of vanity. Yet he himself seemed to regard this as his chief infirmity, and to be constantly striving against it. Doubtless he was ever desirous of pleasing others, and was elated when his efforts were applauded; but he sought to please only by kindly offices, and coveted applause only as evidence of the acceptance of the truth he taught. Sensitive, obliging, and social in his nature, he naturally avoided enmity and unnecessary strife; was ever ready to yield to the wishes of others in matters indifferent, and studied to be agreeable and entertaining in society. Still it may be that his disposition to gratify others was the weak side of his character, causing his kindnesses to be bestowed

at times with too little discrimination, and rendering him too little jealous of his own interests or suspicious of the motives of others; but, if so, this is the only weakness I have been able to detect in his nature, except an over-sensitiveness of mind, which was particularly marked in him. Some regarded him as effeminate in body on account of the elegance of his figure, and neatness approaching fastidiousness in dress; but his frame, though delicately moulded, was compact and closely knit, and capable of great activity and endurance. His brain was too large, and his nervous system too active for his vitality, causing after excessive labor and excitement long periods of depression and languor. Though unassuming and diffident and almost childish in many of his ways, his spirit was bold and resolute, and his courage indomitable. An only child, reared in affluence, with every comfort and every advantage for the culture of his mind, and which he had not failed to improve, he lacked in no gentlemanly, social, or scholarly accomplishment. Apart, too, from what favorable circumstances and his own untiring industry had secured for him, he was also peculiarly gifted in his mental and emotional nature. Alike in the music of nature which we call poetry, and in the harmony of the laws of God which we call science or philosophy, he excelled, and could not have failed to attain eminence, had he devoted his life to their culture; but he sought a still higher excellence than these alone are able to bestow, and to which

they are but helpers, — that faith by which all things are possible; which developed in our nature is the tree of life, and in the world the goal of humanity.

His parents were devout Romanists, though by no means bigoted or intolerant. Had they lived in these times, they would doubtless have been classed as Old Catholics. Yet neither was quite pleased when their only child decided to become a priest. Had they had other children, they would have been less reluctant, as in that case the family name and estates would not become extinct. Still, as Victor from childhood had manifested an unusual interest in religion, and had early declared his purpose to enter the priesthood, they had become gradually reconciled to what had become inevitable. But as he grew in years, and as his peculiar genius and traits of character became more and more manifest, while proud of his abilities and attainments, they had frequent misgivings as to his ultimate success in his chosen profession. His frequent questionings of certain tenets, and his bold declarations of opinion, frequently startled them, and filled their minds with anxiety and alarm. They even feared lest his questionings should lead him to reject Christianity and the Church, and to embrace the scepticism that had prevailed among the leading spirits of the Revolution; so closely associated in some otherwise liberal minds are human dogmas with the religion of Christ, — so closely, indeed, that the rejection of the one seems necessarily the

rejection of the other. But, while Victor's studies and reflections constantly impaired his faith in the theology of the schools in which he studied, his faith in Christ constantly strengthened. The Bible became his chief text-book. To acquire the mind which was in Christ, and to know the purpose of his mission, were his chief study and discipline. Without this mind and this purpose, he deemed it impossible to be a true minister, or to preach the gospel; for though one should be master of all the theology of the schools, and even correct in every tenet of belief, he might yet utterly lack the faith which is in Christ, having no sympathy with his spirit or conception of his purpose. Gradually, the idea that the dogmas of the Church, whether true or false, so far from being essential to salvation, were really the cause of all dissension and schism, and not only stumbling-blocks in the progress of Christ's kingdom, but subversive of the Catholic faith, became a positive conviction in his mind. Whosoever, therefore, preached and enforced them as essential to salvation or to unity with the Church, was striving against God, and virtually an enemy of Christ. How, then, could he become a Romish priest? How could he pledge himself to conformity to Romish dogmas, even if he believed them to be true? How could he lend himself to the support of a system, which, however much it might harmonize with his own views in matters of opinion, yet denied liberty of thought, and compelled conformity to its teachings?

It is not likely, however, that he would have entertained these scruples at the time, had he in fact believed all the teachings of Rome. It might not, in that case, have occurred to his mind at all, as we presume it has not to many who in fact, though unconsciously, countenance and support sectarianism through their honest belief in the dogmas of their sect, that his belief, however conscientiously entertained, was not faith in Christ. The truth was that he had come to doubt many of the dogmas of Rome, while some were utterly rejected; and though long in reaching this conviction, and still pursuing his studies in spite of it, he at last saw clearly that a dogmatic church could not be Catholic, and that it was impossible that he should ever become a priest of Rome. What, then, was to be done? Must he relinquish the purpose of his life because not permitted, through conscientious scruples, to enter the ministry of a single denomination? Could he indeed, without violating his firm convictions of duty, and proving untrue to the sacred cause in which he had enlisted, refrain from preaching at all? By no means. If he could not enter the priesthood of Rome, he could yet become a minister in some truly Catholic denomination. But the same difficulty encountered him everywhere; for not one of all the various denominations appeared truly Catholic. Some, indeed, seemed animated with a Catholic spirit, but all were more or less fettered by dogmas, and most had been established to

represent certain unessential tenets of belief. All required subscription to certain articles of religion, if they represented any distinct purpose at all, in none of which could be discerned the purpose of Christ, — the mustard-seed which alone is capable of development into the kingdom of God on earth.

Besides, the idea that the power of ordination to the ministry was originally derived from the Apostles alone, and capable of transmission only by those regularly ordained, seems to have had some weight in his mind. Still, while he would have liked a regular ordination, he did not deem the matter of vital importance. He, indeed, believed that the orders of the ministry were of divine appointment, but always utterly repudiated the idea that one could transmit to another any authority, unction, or power. Believing that the Church could be made Catholic only by reformation, and not by revolution, for the same reason that he would have liked to become a priest of Rome, did he desire regular ordination. Founding new sects was repugnant to his mind. Christ had founded the Church, and it could not be founded anew. There was nothing required but to restore it to Catholicity. And so, as regarded the matter of ordination, he believed the method first instituted the true one, and that to which the Church would ultimately conform throughout the world, and that no change was necessary except to make the ministry Catholic in spirit. Through what was called Apostolic succession, the present

was linked with the beginning, and a system of continuity, coherence, and development established, and the chain ought not rudely to be broken; or, if cast aside from necessity, should again be resumed when this has become possible.

But his scruples were finally overcome. After long hesitation, he reached the conclusion that it was his duty to preach, whether ordained or not. In this way only could Catholic ideas be instilled into the minds of men; and, when this had been accomplished, he did not doubt there would be unity in form as well as in spirit. He had no thought of founding a new sect, his purpose being to strive to impart the leaven of Catholicity to the religious thought of the world, whereby all denominations would ultimately so modify their tenets of belief as to exclude none from the visible Church who believe in Christ.

His parents had hoped, while they witnessed the despondency and strugglings of his mind, which continued for years, that he would finally overcome his scruples, and take orders in the Church. But they did not dream what was really passing in his mind. Whatever conclusion he might reach, the thought had not been suggested to their minds that it could become necessary in any event that he should be separated from them; and, when at last he announced his determination to become a missionary in a foreign land, they were filled with amazement and grief. But their expostulations and tears, while he wept with them,

could not change his purpose. God, he felt sure, had called him to this work, and he could not be disobedient to the heavenly admonition. In France he could do nothing, owing to political complications and excitements, and where on account of the bitter experiences of irreligion, anarchy, and bloodshed, there was no spirit of inquiry, and still less a disposition to renew the struggle for religious liberty. France might become infidel, but she could not then be made Catholic. Though there were liberal Christian minds there, even these would choose rather that Romanism should remain than that religious strife should be renewed. Moreover, it was evident that, if any change were effected, it would result in infidelity or in Protestantism, which was hardly more tolerant. But he hoped better things for America, where nominally at least there was toleration. It was, too, a new country, rapidly growing, and destined to be the seat of empire; and he hoped if the germs of Catholic ideas were engrafted upon the popular mind that in time they might become the controlling elements of religious life.

I pass over the painful experiences of his final departure. After much deliberation, it was finally arranged that, as soon as he had become permanently settled in America, his parents should join him there; and so after many embraces they finally suffered him to depart.

How kindly a good Providence, while unrelenting in his decrees, and sparing us no sacrifices

necessary for our good and the fulfilment of his purposes, soothes our sorrows, and mitigates the pains of every trial we are called to endure! He hides the future from our sight, and suffers us even to indulge in hopes that cannot be realized here, that we may not shrink back from the path of duty, and may realize hereafter, and in a better way, every aspiration of our souls. My grand-parents were destined never to behold on earth again the face of their son; and yet they never regretted the mission he assumed. Though he died in obscurity in the wilderness, they felt in him a greater pride and satisfaction than they could have realized, had he attained the highest distinction possible in any other of the varied pursuits of life.

CHAPTER IV.

CATHOLICITY AND SCEPTICISM.

WHATEVER doubts, regrets, or hesitations Victor may have previously felt, these were all dispelled before the vessel upon which he had embarked touched the shore of the New World. The vastness and solitude of the ocean gave him grander and nobler impressions than he had ever before experienced, and lifted his soul to sublimer contemplations. How trivial, he reflected, appear our earthly interests, our trials, our sacrifices, our waitings, our separations, when we feel that there is really an eternity; that there is infinity of extent, duration, and power. Sailing on day after day, with no other sail in sight, and gazing out upon the boundless, foaming wilderness of waters, he felt ashamed of the doubts and questionings he had sometimes entertained. Surely the infinite is possible,— nay, it is all in all. In it is hidden the solution of all mysteries. We inquire, How can this or that be? But, once realizing the infinite, we can realize that all things are possible. Wherever we turn, it confronts us. Existence is made up of infinite infinites. Indeed, what is there that is not in some way infinite? Our bodies perish, and yet

their substance is imperishable. The essence of their being can have had no beginning, and can have no ending. Every thing is of God, not from nothing; and God is eternal. O God, an atom in thy immensity, let me be one with thee!

When the first night of the voyage came on dark and tempestuous, his soul turned towards home and the dear ones left behind, with passionate yearnings. Leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, his tears fell thick and fast. But at length other sympathies filled his breast. The sobbing sea, the moaning night-winds, and the gleamings of the white waves through the darkness, awakened emotions new and strange. It was in such a night as this that his Saviour had appeared to the disciples walking on the waters, emblems of life's troubled sea. Hours went by. Still gazing fixedly down into the restless, foaming billows, there seemed to appear strange, phantom forms, — a yawning grave, a winding sheet, and a pale image of death. Faces hideous and haggard were suddenly lifted up, and then hidden in the darkness. Eyes fiendish and cruel glared for a moment upon him. Half suppressed sighs and whisperings, as of unutterable anguish, mingled with the sad sobbings of the sea. Who would not shrink back and shudder at the thought of going down into those deep, chill waters? Yet this is life, — life stripped of its heavenly promise. But now the spectre forms have vanished, and one of wondrous radiance and beauty appears, with smiling face and outstretched hand. It is

"He that liveth and was dead." It is He that suffered that we might rejoice, that died that we might live. He has heard the cry of the mariner, "Save, Lord, or we perish," and has come with outstretched hand to rescue him. At his presence every fiendish form of doubt and anguish has fled away. Who can fear now to go down upon the billows, and go boldly forth to meet him? Who would hesitate to go boldly forth upon life's ocean, however dark and tempestuous it may seem, however great its dangers and trials, its darkness and gloom, when the hand of Him who rules the tempests is stretched forth to save?

Till past midnight, leaning over the bulwarks, he continued gazing down upon the troubled ocean. At last, turning away, and pacing the deck of the vessel, he felt stronger and more cheerful. The sea had taught him a lesson he never forgot in all the trials and disappointments he afterwards was compelled to endure; and, with his brow bared to the cool breeze, he turned his face upward in the darkness, and consecrated himself anew to God with a higher purpose and a firmer resolve. The ambition of his early days, when he dreamed of attaining a high position in the world of honor and usefulness, was sanctified, and became a fixed purpose and desire to serve God alone. All desire, from that moment, of distinction and influence in the world, should be to possess the mind of Christ, to become a true soldier of the cross, and to attain eminence and usefulness in his calling. Such, in-

deed, had been his desire hitherto; but he had never before felt such entire consecration to his work. There had been in his mind still, after all his noble resolutions, an unconscious desire for fame, such as would give him distinction among men for talents and learning, and would gratify his friends; but now he resolved to bury every earthly ambition, and seek satisfaction only in the approval of his Divine Master. What matter to himself personally, if men should not regard him as an eloquent preacher, and crowded assemblies should not hang enraptured upon his utterances? What if he should encounter scorn and derision, or even persecution? What if God should seem to thwart his purposes, even in his efforts to serve Christ, and render apparently futile his best endeavors? This would indeed be hard to bear, but he would yet wrestle with the angel till he attained his blessing. "Howl and shriek, ye wild tempests, yet ye cannot stifle my voice! Ye restless billows, your sobbings but fill my soul with exultation and joy. Symbol of eternity, O boundless Ocean, what mean thy whisperings? Forgetfulness? Never! I shall not be forgotten. Oblivion? It is false! I shall live on for ever."

A hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and he recognized the voice of the captain: —

"Ho, monsieur, have you gone mad? Or are you merely rehearsing your first address in the New World? If so, I fear you are a trifle too obscure for the plain speech of the backwoodsman."

This was spoken jestingly, but kindly. Captain Holt had understood that his passenger was a missionary bound for the frontier settlements of America; and, not being a religious man himself, he had at first, while treating him with respect, felt a little more restraint than usual in his presence, and had rather shunned him than otherwise. Naturally reserved and unsocial in his habits, though educated and intelligent, the many passengers he had carried in his packet ship across the ocean had seldom indeed attracted his special attention; and, though always solicitous of their comfort and safety, he rarely engaged in conversation, holding himself aloof, and, when visible, intent only upon his duties. But Victor's appearance, so different from the affected, morbidly pious bearing of other missionaries who had from time to time been among his passengers, had attracted his attention and excited his curiosity. He questioned with himself how so young and stylish a man could be a missionary. Naturally, a plain, gruff, irreligious man would have viewed him with a feeling bordering on contempt; but Victor's air of refinement and dignity of bearing did not permit such an impression upon the captain's mind. His interest was still more excited when he saw the young man leaning over the bulwarks till past midnight, and especially when, approaching unobserved, he heard his strange soliloquy and witnessed his strange gesticulations.

Recovering from a momentary embarrassment, Victor replied: —

"Pardon me: I was not aware of having a listener. Doubtless I seemed to you out of my senses, for when alone I am wont to do and say queer things. You are so accustomed to the ocean, that I presume it does not impress you as it has me to-night."

"Perhaps not. And yet, though I have spent most of my life upon it, every night like this impresses me deeply. Doubtless you feel lonely, and a little homesick. The feeling is quite natural. My thoughts, too, often revert to my wife and children, now sleeping soundly, I daresay. When I get out of sight of land, I seem in a new world, and think of them, I imagine, much as I should if separated from them by death; that is, if one thinks at all after death. They seem so far away, in so different circumstances, that I can hardly realize that I am still in the same world. On shore every thing is commonplace. The mind seems occupied with so trivial things as to be indifferent to the seriousness of life; but on the ocean this impression is quickly effaced. Its vastness and loneliness dispel the illusions of life on shore, and cause one to regard all the pursuits and interests of the world as trivial. While his love of home and friends is quickened, he feels less interest in himself or others, and comes to regard all human beings like the waves of the ocean, — lifted up for a moment, and for a moment possessing a character and personal identity, and then sinking from sight, mingling their substance with

the universe, their individuality blotted out for ever. Others succeed them, differing but slightly in form and character, but the same in substance, and as quickly pass away."

Here the captain checked himself; but his tone and manner betrayed the sceptic.

"Do you not think," said Victor, "that there is in man an imperishable nature?"

The captain hesitated. He had spoken more freely than he had intended. As is not unfrequent with diffident and reticent men, who, when they do speak freely, often speak from impulse and without reflection, he felt that he had been imprudent; for he did not desire to be regarded as an infidel, and felt drawn towards the young man by an undefined interest and sympathy.

"Excuse my apparent rudeness, sir, in having obtruded upon you, who, I understand, are a missionary, what may seem irreligious views. But I must confess, in answer to your question, that I have very serious doubts on the subject."

"Are not men who follow the sea usually sceptical?"

"Perhaps they are. Certainly they are irreligious."

"And yet I have been told that sailors are very superstitious, believing in omens and supernatural appearances. How can you account for this?"

"I do not know, unless it be that they are as a class simple and uneducated, and that the loneli-

ness of the ocean and its dangers stimulate their imagination, and fill their minds with an undefined dread."

"This seems natural, but does not account for their irreligion."

"I think, judging from my own case, that the vastness of the ocean gives one such an impression of his own littleness that it is difficult to believe in his immortality. Besides, his study of the laws of Nature, of the winds and storms, and the absence of any of those circumstances which in the complicated affairs of society appear so strange as to be attributed to an overruling Providence, lead one to attribute all events to the operations of Nature rather than to a Supreme Being."

"Then you think — for I infer, and indeed you so say, that you are explaining this matter from your own reflections and experience — that Nature and its laws may exist apart from the existence of a Supreme Being, and have no beginning, and consequently no Creator. Are they not then eternal?"

"I think so. Nature may change in its varied forms, but cannot change in its essence. It cannot be destroyed, neither could it have had any beginning; for otherwise it must have sprung from nothing, which is impossible and absurd."

Surprised to find so much thought in one whom he had at first regarded as a gruff sailor without refinement or education, Victor's interest was awakened, and he replied with earnestness: —

"Ah! is it possible that you have been over this ground which I have myself trodden so often, but with different conclusions? And now that we have got started, let us go on. I grant all you have said, so far as regards the duration of Nature and the supremacy of its laws; and yet I believe in God and in revelation."

"How can you, when the Bible teaches that the world was made from nothing?"

"Wait,—let us not make statements carelessly. Men who pretend to interpret the Bible may teach that, but not the Bible itself."

"You surprise me. Does not the Bible say that God created the worlds from nothing?"

"No. It says that he created them by the power of his word. He said, Let there be light, and there was light."

"Well, no matter. . This is at least a fair inference, that he created all things from nothing, if they sprung into existence merely at his bidding."

"That, captain, we shall find to be the point of difference between us; for such would not be my inference. I would say all things are from God. His will is supreme. It creates and destroys,—creates from himself, who is the substance of all things; and destroys, by returning that which has been created to its original elements. Yet nothing is created, in the sense of origination from nothing; nor is any thing destroyed, in the sense of annihilation."

After a moment's pause, the captain replied: —

"I confess I had not gone into this subject as deeply as you seem to have done; but your views are unlike those of any other religious man I have ever met. Fancying I had studied the matter more closely than most who pretend to teach religion, perhaps I have judged too hastily. But it may be you have only confused me in the use of terms. You say God is the substance of all things, which sounds much like what my old minister in Connecticut used to call Pantheism, and of which he always expressed a great horror. You mean, I suppose, when you say that God is the substance of all things, that all substances combined make up what we call God."

"No: God is the existence, the 'I AM' of the universe; but it does not follow that all existences are therefore God. The air you breathe is in one sense your existence, but it is not you. The food you consume builds and nourishes your body, but your existence is not derived from it; for you exist independently of your body, though you dwell in it. Your body is not you; and yet it exists because you exist. It is merely the outward and visible expression of an inward and invisible being we call the Spirit. So all things visible exist, but their existence is derived from an invisible source. The universe exists because God exists within it; and if it were possible to suppose him to be stricken from existence, then the universe would instantly cease to be, just as all vegetation would perish, if

the earth were destroyed. But, on the other hand, though your body perish, you do not perish. Though all things visible should be dissipated, God would still exist. I say, therefore, that while God is the existence, the real being and substance of all things visible, yet visible substances are not God."

"That will do for a theory; but how can you prove it?" replied the captain. "Is it not mere speculation, your idea that things visible exist from things invisible? If there is any thing invisible, why not suppose that it derives its existence from things visible? Or, better still, we may suppose all things eternal without beginning or ending. I am a plain blunt man; and you will excuse me when I say that common sense is more reliable than any philosophy, and common observation than any metaphysical speculations. I've knocked around in the world a good deal, and learned to take things as they appear; and I must say I think they are just about as they seem. A tree grows up out of the ground, and I can't think its existence is invisible. So human beings are produced and grow up in a natural way, deriving their life from the earth and air, and, though there is something in them we call the Spirit, I fancy the whole nature is material, and that when the body returns to dust there is nothing left. Certainly, I cannot believe that what is called mind or spirit in man is his substance or existence. I grant that there is much mystery connected with our being, but I do not believe that the body is dependent upon the mind, but that the

mind exists from the body, and that when the latter dies the mind dies also."

"And yet you believe in the eternal duration of matter?"

"Yes."

"The body then is not annihilated at death?"

"No."

"The spirit, also, is not annihilated?"

"Well, no, — that is, if there is really any such thing as spirit apart from matter."

"Well, how does it seem, — what does common sense teach? for you say you believe in taking things as they seem. The thinking part of our nature really exists, does it not, whether material or otherwise? And, if so, it cannot be destroyed."

"No, not if material. I suppose it is the brain that thinks, and, if so, it could not be annihilated. But the brain may lose its power to think."

"But the brain is flesh and blood?"

"Yes."

"And do you suppose flesh and blood think?"

"I do."

"All flesh and blood?"

"I do not know about that. I only suppose the flesh and blood that compose the brain thinks."

"And, by power to think, you understand the power to will, to plan, to judge between right and wrong?"

"Certainly."

"And not only that, but that the brain is the emotional nature, that part which is capable of

loving, contracting friendships, seeking for gain, and appreciating what is good, beautiful, and true?"

"I have never thought much about that; yet it would so seem, if the brain is the thinking part of man."

"And yet the brain is material. It is composed of elements that abound everywhere. Now, if the matter within the limits of a human skull has such power, and matter is unlimited, there must be material in the universe for an unlimited thinking power; and this material must have existed from eternity, and must endure for ever. In other words, matter being unlimited and eternal, and matter having the power to think, then the thinking power is limitless and eternal."

"I suppose so; but what are you trying to prove?"

"I am trying to show you that your own way of thinking must lead you to conclude that there may be a God of infinite duration, comprehension, and emotion, — the first point to be settled in our minds. You say that matter is eternal, and that there is a thinking power in matter: must not that thinking power, therefore, be also eternal?"

The captain hesitated. A new light was dawning upon his mind; but it served only as yet to confuse him. He could not at first see distinctly what it revealed. Moreover, he was a little obstinate, and rather prided himself on his controversial skill, and so did not like to yield to Victor's rea-

sonings. At length a thought struck him, and without reflection he answered with considerable vehemence: —

"Why, sir, I said the brain is the thinking power in man, but it does not follow that the universe has a brain. If it did, there might be an eternal mind; but there is no proof of this. You seem to me to beg the question."

"If you reflect a moment," replied Victor, "you will see that if matter in a certain condition, called the brain, has power of thought, then, so long as matter has existed, must there be a possibility of such combination of it as to produce thought. And further, if there is in the universe the manifestation of a plan and purpose, then is there positive proof that the universe has power to think, whether it can be said to have a brain or not. And finally, if the universe is unlimited and eternal, then is it certain that its thinking power is also unlimited and eternal. There can be no sophistry in this."

The captain paced the deck for a few moments in silence. At last he stopped suddenly, and grasping Victor's hand said: —

"I am glad to have had this conversation with you, and I verily believe it will do me good. I might, however, protract the discussion, for I am not yet altogether persuaded of the existence of a God; but it is getting late. To-morrow I invite you to dine with me in my private cabin, and we will continue the discussion."

CHAPTER V.

CATHOLIC AND ROMAN CATHOLIC.

THE next day was the Sabbath. The captain was a little late at breakfast, but came in at last with a smiling face. The reserve that had before distinguished him, and which on the previous evening had so seemed to communicate itself to the passengers that little progress had been made in mutual acquaintance, was gone; and the result was a lively conversation, in which all but one took part. The exception was a Romish priest, Father Gensonné, who was going out also as a missionary to the frontier settlements of the New World. He was a man of middle age, of a full figure, and with a face heavy and sensual. But for his solemn reserve, dark dress, rosary, and cross, he might have been taken for a Paris butcher.

When the breakfast was over, the captain said: "As this is Sunday, it would probably be agreeable to the passengers, and possibly beneficial to us rough sailors, should we have religious services in the cabin. Fortunately, we have with us two priests, and I leave the matter in their hands. They will, I hope, arrange the services between them. I will only take the liberty of appointing

the hours, — 11 o'clock this morning, and 4 o'clock this afternoon." Father Gensonné bowed solemnly; and then glancing around, with a look partly of surprise and partly of inquiry, seemed seeking for the other priest to whom the captain had alluded. There was a sly twinkle in the latter's eye, when, bowing towards Victor, he said, "Permit me to introduce Father La Tourette."

All eyes were turned upon Victor with evident surprise. There had been nothing in his appearance that had betokened a priestly calling. Some who had caught the twinkle in the captain's eye half suspected a joke of some kind, but did not know how to interpret it.

For a moment Victor was embarrassed. It was a new position, — one he had not yet prepared himself for, — that of a professed teacher of religion. The feeling that he would be regarded as an impostor, and the consciousness that he had assumed his office without authority from what was regarded as the Church, for a moment disconcerted him. But soon recovering his self-possession, and determining to meet the issue boldly, he said: "The captain is mistaken, — yet not altogether. I do aspire to become a teacher of the religion of Christ; but I am not a priest in the usual acceptation of the term, not having been ordained to that office by the temporal authorities of the Church. But I do not think I lack authority to preach, and am going out indeed as a missionary. I had no thought, however, of beginning my labors here, and so will

not intrude my opinions upon you. I certainly have no wish to embarrass our friend here," — bowing to the priest, — "and must therefore decline to take any official part in the services."

Victor's remarks caused a sensation. Many of the passengers were Romanists, bound for Canada, but most were nominally Protestants, and some indifferent or sceptical. All eyes were now turned upon the priest, who, as soon as he comprehended the situation, and without deigning to notice Victor's remarks, rose and announced that the "services of the Holy Catholic Church" might be expected at the hours designated.

There was a momentary hush as the priest sat down. Then a coarse, burly man, evidently an English-American, with a pompous air and a loud voice, said, addressing Victor: "I s'pose yer Proterstunt, sir, hand I think we Proterstunts ort ter av sumthin' ter say 'bout ther meetin's. Cap, t'a'nt fair fur one ter do all ther tarking. Fur one I'd like ter av er good rousin' pra'ar meetin'. Thar's some p'r'aps 'a'nt got religun yit. I don't mind leadin' in pra'ar myself cordin' as ther Sperit moves. Hit might be the means o' savin' souls. I 'member when I first got religun. 'Twas when I was er boy, hand" —

The speaker would doubtless have continued indefinitely in this strain, had not the captain interrupted him, evident signs of derision beginning to be manifest, and Father Gensonné rising up hastily, as if about to depart.

"Well, well, Mr. Garvey, I will give all a chance: only don't turn the breakfast-table into a camp-meeting, — at least not till some of us have a chance to escape."

The captain spoke jocosely, though he felt vexed at the way the matter had turned. "If Father Gensonné," he continued, "will consent to forego the four o'clock service, I will invite M. La Tourette to hold a Protestant service at that hour."

The priest with a great effort at dignity and condescension, and with an ill-suppressed sneer, replied, "I can forego either or both services in deference to temporal authority; but I hope you will not ask me to assent to any service not conducted by a regularly ordained priest."

The captain's face flushed with anger, and he was about to reply sharply, when Victor interrupted him: —

"I trust you will excuse me, captain. I am neither desirous of holding a service, nor prepared to do so. And, if I should, it would not be agreeable, I fancy, to any present; for I am not a member of any Protestant or Romish sect. I claim only to be a Catholic, and as such am independent of any sect or party. Permit me to be merely a worshipper and a listener."

At this Father Gensonné lost all self-control. He sprang to his feet, his broad, sallow face and bald head all aglow with passion: "Do I understand you to say, sir, that you are a Catholic, and not a Roman Catholic? or do you call the Holy Ro-

man Catholic Church a sect? It is an insult, sir, not only to me personally, but to the Church I represent, as well as to the greater part of the persons present. A Catholic, and not a Roman Catholic? Pray, sir, what are you? Perhaps a Jew or Pagan —or more likely an infidel"—

"Hold, sir," cried the captain, imperiously. "I will not permit"—

"That is it," broke in Victor, impetuously,—"call me an infidel, if you will. I will glory in that title, if only thereby I am accounted free of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, and am not guilty of putting a stumbling-block in my brother's way. In very truth, why not an infidel, if he be one who would even deny a God and reject the Bible, if otherwise he were compelled to believe in human dogmas, or to submit to the ecclesiastical tyranny that has cursed the world for fifteen centuries? *You* may call me an infidel, and I will glory in the title; for the friendship of the world is enmity with God. And I doubt that one can truly believe in God and in his Word, who is not a sceptic and a heretic in the vocabulary of the Church, so called. What am I then, did you say? Is it so inexplicable what one's faith can be, if neither Romanist, Protestant, Jew, nor Pagan? Must the religion of Christ be the religion of Rome? Cannot I be a Christian, and yet discard any of your dogmas, nor refuse obedience to your Pope? There is surely no such declaration in the Bible; and, if not there, on what authority but of men can it

be founded? No, I am neither Romanist nor Protestant, — of this I am at least sure; but I would be a Catholic, — for this I strive. This word is the true symbol of the nature and purpose of Christ's mission, and of the faith, effort, and aspiration of every truly Christian life. It means Faith, Patience, Hope, and Charity, — not the dogmas of Rome nor of Geneva. And now, sir, since you have questioned me, permit me to inquire of you, — On what grounds do you base your claim of Catholicity? for you understood me aright, — I do deny that a Romanist is or can be a Catholic. Romanist *and* Catholic? Why, the terms are contradictory, — as different as darkness and light, as selfishness and charity, as slavery and freedom. If one, you cannot be the other."

So unexpected and fiery a rejoinder astonished and excited all who were present, and for a moment so much disconcerted the priest that he shrunk from meeting Victor's steady gaze. But he could not avoid answering, as all were waiting in breathless interest his reply. At length he spoke, with a tone of deprecation and affected humility: —

"It is a great trial to me to be dragged into a controversy of this kind with unbelievers. While I am ever ready to defend our most holy and Catholic Church, and am ready even to sacrifice my life, if need be, for it, it is most unpleasant to discuss holy things, which few can understand, in this manner. And we are specially enjoined to

avoid all public brawls and vain disputations. If this young man, however, is so ignorant of the Church as to seriously question its Catholicity, — a thing I never heard questioned before even by Protestants, — it is perhaps my duty to enlighten him. But it seems incredible that even he should not know that the Church of Rome has always been called Catholic."

"Suppose it has," said Victor, "would that make it exclusively *the* Catholic Church, or give it Catholicity at all? Other churches have also called themselves Catholic, — the English and Greek churches, and in fact nearly or quite all denominations of Christians; but does that make them Catholic? False prophets have also arisen calling themselves Christ, but this did not make them other than impostors."

Here Garvey broke in with a boisterous laugh. "This makes me think," said he, "'ow er boy once asked 'is Par er question. Yer see 'is cow 'ad er carf one mornin', hand the youngster hafter lookin' at hit cum in, and sez ee, 'Par, 'ow many legs as ther carf got?' 'Why,' sez 'is Par, 'four.' 'Wal,' sez ee, 'ef yer count 'is tail er leg, 'ow many 'as he?' 'Why, five.' 'No,' sez ee. 'Why not?' ''Cause callin' 'is tail er leg don't make hit one!'

At this there was a burst of laughter, in which all joined except the priest. On the contrary, his face expressed the most righteous indignation; and in a tone of holy horror he exclaimed: —

"Just as I expected! I am ashamed to be caught in such a brawl." And then, addressing Victor, he continued, "You see how you have brought reproach upon holy things."

"I see," said the captain, "the temporal authorities must interfere to restore order. Mr. Garvey will please not interrupt the discussion with any anecdotes. It is a serious matter we are considering. Indeed, I begin to feel a great interest in religion, — a subject that has little occupied my attention before. Seriously, I would like to know which is the true church, and what are my personal obligations to it; and I hope no person will interrupt the disputants."

A tall gentlemanly-looking man of about fifty years of age, and whose name was Deschamps, earnestly seconded the captain's request. He said he was a Frenchman by birth, and nominally a Romanist; and he would like to understand the meaning of Catholic. He hoped the Reverend Father would not decline the discussion, as it was an opportunity for the Church, and might result in much good.

All waited respectfully for the priest to reply. Some were really interested, some simply curious, but all were desirous that the discussion that had opened with so much spirit should go on. The priest saw that it could not be avoided without bringing himself into contempt. "I should be glad," said he, "to discuss this matter, if it can be done in a becoming and reverent spirit. Of course

any sect can claim to be Catholic, but the claim is good only for the true Church. Do you believe there can be more than one Catholic Church?"

"Certainly not," replied Victor, "no more than there can be more than one God, or one Christ."

"Well, then, what church do you think is Catholic?"

"None whatever; that is, no visible organization in the world to-day."

"Then you think there is no Catholic Church at all?"

"I did not say that; but I do believe no visible, organized body of professed believers in Christ to-day can properly be called the Catholic Church. That is, no one church so called has exclusive right to that title, nor indeed any just claim to it whatever, each having either perverted the original structure, or being in its purpose and practical workings directly opposed to the freedom and charity of the gospel."

"Then you do not believe the Bible," said the priest, confidently, "for that teaches that the Church shall endure for ever. Did not Christ, addressing Peter, say, 'Upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'?"

"Well?"

"Why, then the Church was built on Peter, and must still be in existence. But you say that there is no Church now."

"Pardon me. I have not said there is no Church. I said there was no visible organization properly styled The Catholic Church. Yet the Catholic Church is in its very nature indestructible, — not because built on Peter, or any other apostle, but because built on Christ. It is in fact Christ, representing his mind, purpose, and spirit; and so far as Christ is manifested in the world to-day, so far is his Church represented."

The priest paused, as if revolving in his mind some profound thought. "Do you think," he finally said, "that there ever was a Catholic Church?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Now; always has been, — that is, in the sense I have just explained."

"But I mean a distinct organization."

"Yes. When Christ was on earth, he and his little band of true disciples were the visible Church, and they were Catholic."

"St. Peter you will admit was one of those true disciples, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And the chief apostle?"

"No. But I do not care to dispute it. It is in fact of no consequence, and I will admit it to be true that I may not embarrass your argument. And further, in order to save time, I will admit that he had the keys, and that he founded the first Church at Rome, though there is no satisfactory proof of

that. Nay, I will admit, too, that your bishops are successors of St. Peter. What then?"

"What then? Why, if you admit so much, there can be no further dispute. St. Peter, the chief apostle; the founder of the first Church at Rome; all the bishops of Rome his successors,—what more is necessary?"

"Catholicity."

"Catholicity? Why, the fact that the Church of Rome has existed from the beginning, that it was founded by the chief apostle, and that its authority is derived directly from him, make it Catholic. If not, what could? Is there any further requisite?"

"Yes: it needs reform."

"Ah, I see: you mean it must become Protestant."

"No."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I mean that it has become so corrupt, so full of superstition, so tyrannical, so narrow, so utterly unlike the original Church from which it sprung, that it must reform, change its character, become again as St. Peter established it, or it cannot be Catholic."

"Oh!" cried the priest, half-rising, and assuming a tragic attitude, "I cannot listen to such blasphemy. It is really frightful! Alas that we should be compelled to listen to such slanders against our most Holy Catholic Church!"

"Have you no further questions?" said Victor, with quiet dignity.

"No, oh no! no, oh no!" and the priest's eyes were turned in, and his hands clasped in pious horror.

"Well, then, will you please answer me this question. You say that the Church of Rome is Catholic because St. Peter founded it: could it not have been equally Catholic if any other apostle had founded it?"

"It could not have been in that case the head of the Church."

"That is not answering my question. Would it have been Catholic, if any other apostle had founded it?"

"It would not have been *the* Catholic Church."

"Then *a* Catholic Church and *the* Catholic Church are two things?"

"Not distinct in nature, but in authority. *A* Catholic Church derives its catholicity from Rome which is the head of the churches, and to which all are subject."

"Then the churches Paul and John founded could not have been Catholic, not having derived their authority from Rome. Moreover, there could have been no Catholic Church till after Rome was established, and even Christ and his disciples could not have been Catholics."

"This is mere casuistry," said the priest, endeavoring to hide his confusion under a show of impatience.

"We will leave that for others to decide," said Victor. "I hope you will not decline answering a

simple question. Is Christ or St. Peter the head of the Church?"

"St. Peter was the head of the apostles, and therefore his Church is the head of the churches."

"Again you avoid my question. You admitted there could be but one Church. Now is Christ or St. Peter the head of that Church?"

"Christ is the original head, but he delegated his authority to St. Peter."

"Ah! now we have it, — Christ, not Peter, the original head and founder of the Church. From him, therefore, spring all authority and power. He is the fountain. A church, therefore, is not Catholic because it comes from Rome, but because it comes from heaven."

"I tell you," exclaimed the priest, vehemently, "that Christ delegated all authority and power to Peter."

"Do you mean exclusive, unlimited, and discretionary power?

"I do. To him were given the keys. Whatsoever he should bind or loose on earth was to be bound or loosed in heaven."

"Then the other apostles had no power. Moreover, St. Peter could create or destroy worlds, — any thing God could do, any thing he pleased. He could have sent the other apostles even to hell, had he chosen. Do you really think Paul would have reprimanded him so severely as he did at one time, if he had known that he had such power?"

"But you yourself admitted that Peter had the keys."

"Suppose I did: is that admitting that he had exclusive, unlimited, and discretionary power? The other apostles also had the keys, but that did not give to all, or either of them, the right to corrupt the Church, — to build a Babel in its stead. Tell me, — for you have admitted that all authority is derived from Christ, — was not Peter's duty clearly pointed out? was not his authority defined? could he do more than Christ himself had done? was he not to build as Christ built, to teach as Christ taught, to labor as Christ labored? were not his effort, purpose, and spirit to be the same as his Master's?"

"Do you mean to say that Peter built a Babel?" exclaimed the priest, again transported with passion. "Dare you say that the chief apostle was fallible like other men? or that he could do any thing wrong?"

"I say that Peter's authority and duties were defined. I charge him with no error; for he did not build the Romish Babel, — those who claim to have succeeded him have built it. They have built up a monstrous superstition and despotism, blasphemously attributing the work to him, and calling it the Catholic Church. Where is your authority from Peter for a single dogma you teach and enforce?"

"You, sir, are the blasphemer in daring to call the Holy Catholic Church a Babel."

"Let others judge; but tell me whence your authority is derived for your decrees, dogmas, and teachings?"

"I tell you our authority is from Peter, who was infallible."

"Impossible! Granting that he had power to transmit his authority, yet he could not transmit what he did not possess. His power was not exclusive, unlimited, or discretionary. He made no pretence of exclusive authority, — that he could do what he pleased or as he pleased. His power and teachings were limited and defined by his Master. He received his instructions, and was not at liberty to violate them. But Rome claims that she is infallible, that her power is unlimited, and that she can decree what she pleases. On what are these assumptions founded? Not on Peter's authority, for he had no such authority; not on his teachings, for he taught nothing of the kind. Did he say Rome was exclusively the Catholic Church? Did he say his successors could do as they pleased? Did he give you the exclusive right to baptize? Did he give you power to grant indulgences or forgive sins? to admit souls to heaven, or exclude them at will? Did he make the conditions of salvation to depend on a belief in all or any of your dogmas? Did he say you could keep me out of the Church and out of heaven because I do not believe as you do in matters of doctrine?"

The priest smiled contemptuously. "All this ranting," said he, "cannot change the fact that

the Church is founded upon Peter, and the Gates of Hell cannot prevail against it."

Victor was well-nigh discouraged. What he sought was to develop by means of the discussion the meaning of Catholicity; but the priest was too weak and bigoted a disputant. He could not bring him to the point at which he aimed. Still he had hoped to make it clear to those who listened, not only what Catholic implied, but also that Rome had no just claim to that title. Changing his tone, he said: —

"On this, then, you rest your claim for Catholicity?"

The priest nodded.

"Whatever Rome decrees, then, you think must be Catholic?"

"It must be, because the Church itself is Catholic. Having the power to make decrees, this necessarily imparts Catholicity to all its acts."

"Then Catholic is not a word that has an original meaning of its own, — one fixed and unalterable, — but expresses whatever Rome is or decrees?"

"Yes: the word is associated with the Church of Rome only, and cannot be applied properly to any other. All other religions are heresies, while hers is Catholic."

"Then the word Catholic does not define the Church, but the Church defines the word."

"I do not know what you mean," said the priest, hesitating.

"Well, you say that the meaning of Catholic is

determined by the Church. Therefore the character of the Church cannot be determined by the word. That is to say, the word has no fixed meaning of its own, but its import varies as the Roman Church varies."

"Again I say I do not know what you mean. I tell you the Church of Rome is Catholic because founded by St. Peter. Whatever pertains to her is Catholic, and whatever is Catholic pertains to her."

"When you say Roman Catholic, do you mean Roman because Catholic, or Catholic because Roman?"

"Both," said the priest, impatiently; "but this is mere casuistry."

"Then the two words must have the same meaning; and, if so, why use them together?"

"No," said the priest, hurriedly, a new thought striking him, "not the same meaning. Catholic means universal. I should have explained this before, had I thought it necessary. It is from the Greek; but I suppose you do not understand that language."

"No matter," said Victor, beginning also to betray some impatience. "You have now defined Catholic to be general or universal. I will say nothing about the inconsistency of this definition with the former one you gave, in which you said Catholic meant Roman. Rome is a city, and occupies but a small part of the earth's surface. Then, according to your definition now, Roman

Catholic means local-universal; and Roman Catholic Church means local-universal Church. Is not this a contradiction in terms, as much as to say a narrow-broad Church?"

"You are merely trying to split hairs with me. When we say Roman, we do not use the term in a geographical sense. We mean that Rome is the centre or head of the universal Church."

"But Roman is an adjective, and is local in its signification; and, if it means any thing, must be descriptive of the Church. And did you not say that your Church was Catholic because Roman, and Roman because Catholic? It is, therefore, local because universal, and universal because local, — a plain contradiction in terms."

"I say we do not use Roman in a geographical sense."

"No matter whether you do or not, the word can have no other meaning. But, in whatever sense you use it, it cannot be made to harmonize with Catholic; for plainly a Church cannot be Roman and Catholic too. Catholic means universal, I will admit; but Rome means one city. It means broad; but Rome means narrow. It means pure; but Rome means corrupt. It means freedom; but Rome means despotism. It means comprehensive of all knowledge and truth; but Rome means ignorance and falsehood. It means perfect as Christ; but Rome means imperfect as sinful men. It means that universal charity, toleration, and long suffering that would that all men should be saved;

but Rome means that all shall be damned that do not subscribe to her dogmas. It means self-sacrifice; but Rome means self-aggrandizement. It means universal in its proffer of salvation to all who believe in Christ, perfect in its scope and comprehensiveness, eternal in its duration, the kingdom of Christ, heaven itself. For an individual to be a Catholic, he must have that faith in Christ which will incite him to follow his example and to do his work; for an organized body of men to constitute a Catholic Church, it must represent the far-reaching purpose, the aspiration and spirit that were in Christ. Rome surely is not such a Church. It is in no sense universal. It may have individuals more or less imbued with a Catholic spirit, and may have been founded by Peter, but it is anti-catholic now through its degeneracy and corruption. It was not a Roman Church that Peter founded, but a Catholic Church: now it is a Roman, but not a Catholic Church. Tell me by what authority you call the Universal Church Roman? Did Christ so designate it, or Peter, or any of the apostles?"

"I tell you once more that it was so called on the authority of St. Peter. But I am only wasting my time and my breath in attempting to reason with an infidel, heretic, and fanatic."

"Very well, call me any thing you please; but do not say St. Peter gave you authority to call Rome Catholic. He was dead long before it was so called. But let it pass: facts avail nothing against this monstrous pretension, that, because St.

Peter first established a church at Rome, all the bishops who came after him were licensed to do whatever they pleased. Now will you tell me whether you think the Roman Church is pure and perfect or not?"

"Yes."

"And that it always has been?"

"Yes."

"Then why has it constantly been adding new dogmas?"

"On the authority of St. Peter."

"But I do not ask now on whose authority you do it. You might do any thing you pleased, however wicked and cruel, — burn me, as you have thousands, at the stake, — and assume you were acting by authority of St. Peter. But I ask now your reason for introducing new dogmas. You say your Church has always been perfect; and, if so, why has it been necessary to change its belief in any way? Why have you added any thing to that which was already complete and perfect?"

"I tell you that all our creeds are promulgated on the authority of St. Peter. That is the reason, — and it is reason enough."

"Catholic then does not mean now what it did in the time of Christ and his apostles. Then salvation was offered by faith, baptism, and good works, — and that was the Catholic gospel, — but now all are sent to hell who do not believe every dogma that Rome has promulgated. Her creeds and practices are now, you say, the Catholic gospel.

Again I ask why, if Catholic has a meaning fixed and unalterable, has it been necessary to promulgate new dogmas or to add any formulas of faith to those given us by Christ and the apostles?"

"I have already answered your question," said the priest, doggedly; "and, if you have nothing new to suggest, we will close the discussion."

"Not yet," said Victor, impetuously. "Do you say, 'On the authority of St. Peter'? Has that noble apostle then spoken falsely? Having once said, when asked by many what they should do to be saved, 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins,' does he now say we must believe in all the dogmas, and practise all the superstitions, of Rome? Shall we believe him false and fickle? Shall we not rather say that Rome is false and fickle, when she shuts and bolts the door that Christ flung wide open, that all who would might enter and be saved? Will you say, when Christ has offered salvation freely to all who believe in him and follow him, that none shall enter heaven but those you choose to admit?"

The priest turned uneasily in his chair while Victor was speaking, and when he had concluded rose up hastily. "It is quite time this discussion had closed. There is no profit in it. I would as soon reason with the winds as with a half-crazed fanatic." And the priest began slowly to withdraw.

Victor began an indignant response, but the captain laid his hand on his shoulder. "Let him go," said he, "you can do nothing with him."

"Very well," said Victor, recovering himself. "But I think I will change my mind, and with your permission will hold a service this afternoon."

"Good," said the captain. "You won't lack an audience, I fancy."

"Will hit be er pra'ar meetin'?" said Garvey.

All laughed.

"That is as M. La Tourette shall say."

"You may pray, if you wish," said Victor. "Any person can speak who wishes."

"Yer wouldn't want er man that 'adn't got religun ter speak, would yer?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, if er man han't got religun, ee han't er fit person ter zort sinners."

"All are sinners," said Victor.

"Wal, yes, — but, when one's 'art's changed, he's er new creetur. I've sarved the Lord now goin' on forty year, hand I han't 'ware of 'avin' done nothin' wrong fur the last ten year. I think one can be parfect, and ort to be parfect as his Master. I've 'ad many trials, — lost three wives of my bosom; but ther Lord az comforted me. I put hall my burdens 'pon 'im."

By this time all had left but Victor, who was too polite to withdraw while Garvey was addressing him, though the latter's remarks were exceedingly distasteful. He replied somewhat impatiently, — "You should strive to bear your burdens, not to put them on the Lord."

Garvey, who had put his handkerchief to his

eyes at the close of his pathetic remarks, as if overcome with emotion, withdrew it instantly. He looked at Victor in blank amazement, while the tears seemed congealing in his cold white eyes. But Victor did not care to enter into an explanation, and bowing politely withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MORNING SERVICE.

WHEN Victor came on deck, a small group of passengers gathered around him, offering their congratulations. And not the least cordial was M. Deschamps, who came forward with a young lady leaning upon his arm. "My daughter Louise, M. La Tourette," said he. "She wishes to join me in congratulations. You did not silence your antagonist, — I doubt whether that could be done, — but you drove him from the field."

Victor had come on deck in no pleasant humor. He felt mortified at the result of his conflict with the priest. Young and enthusiastic, and thoroughly honest and earnest in his convictions, he could not be satisfied with a nominal triumph of this kind. He had wished, and even had hoped, to persuade his antagonist of the truth. There was no desire for personal triumph, — only for the vindication of the cause he advocated. He even dreamed, in the simplicity of his inexperience and the consciousness of his honesty of purpose, that all that was necessary in order to persuade others of his truth was simply to induce them to listen. It would seem even, from reflections he had noted

down in his diary from time to time, that he deemed this the chief obstacle to the promotion of Catholic ideas. He thought men would believe, if only they could be induced to listen. His first conflict, however, had dispelled this illusion. He began to realize the nature of that prejudice which the Master he loved had encountered when he said, "Because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not;" for, instead of convincing the priest, he had plainly made him his most bitter enemy. Besides, he felt vexed at himself for his lack of self-control in having allowed himself to become excited. What the effect upon others had been he could not tell, but his impression was that it was unfavorable.

But the cordial greeting he had met on deck, and especially that of M. Deschamps whom he supposed to be a Romanist, quickly dispelled the cloud from his brow. "This is very kind in you," he said, his face flushing with the almost childish sensitiveness of his nature, — "and especially in Mademoiselle," he added, lifting his hat. "Is it possible," he continued jocosely, catching the mirthful but kindly expression in the young lady's bright brown eyes, "that such a heretic as I should receive congratulations from members of the Holy Catholic Church? I expected you to assist in burning me at the stake."

Deschamps laughed heartily. "I thought so," said he, "when I saw the expression of your face as you came on deck. It was like that of one con-

demned to the stake. But do not count too much on impunity from persecution; for you may yet die a martyr to the cause you advocate. I fancy Father Gensonné would enjoy seeing you burn. As for me, I rather strained my conscience when I said I was nominally a Romanist. I was baptized in the Romish Church in infancy, and my parents and wife were devout worshippers. But I am worse than a heretic, — a confirmed sceptic, in fact. Even Louise, who is the only friend that has not given me up, is sometimes troubled about me. So you see what my congratulations are worth. Indeed, I fancy all you have received were much like mine, — inspired by scepticism or indifference. Many rejoiced at the discomfiture of the priest, but none I think sympathized with your views."

"Do not say that, papa," said Louise, blushing deeply.

"Oh, I see you have one true sympathizer, M. La Tourette. So do not be discouraged."

"More than one," said Louise, recovering her self-possession. "Captain Holt is another, I think. And I shall be disappointed if what M. La Tourette said of infidels should not be found to apply to you; for, if you are a sceptic, it is because you cannot believe in the dogmas of the Church. But you do believe in Christ."

"You see what a dutiful daughter I have. She does not give me up, though all others have. Even my poor wife" — and M. Deschamps' eyes

filled with tears — "scarcely hoped for me, I think; and all her hope seemed to rest in my becoming a true disciple of Rome."

At this moment Captain Holt joined them. "What have you done to our friend Garvey?" he said, addressing Victor in a humorous tone. "You have given him very great offence in some way. He says you ha'n't got no religun, and that he can't hold a pra'ar meetin' with you."

"It was doubtless my fault," said Victor. "He may be sincere, but I had so little patience with his religious cant I fear he will never forgive me."

"Well, you have made some friends," said the captain, "and can afford to forego the friendship of Garvey. He is a liquor-dealer of Boston, and has crossed the ocean several times in my ship, and has always made trouble of some kind. He is a disagreeable fellow in every way, and particularly by his impertinence and obtrusiveness in thrusting his religion offensively upon others."

"I know him well," said Deschamps, bitterly. "He has a trading-post at Detroit, where he spends most of his time, and where his family now reside. He has become rich by cheating the Indians and by selling them bad liquors. But he is quite popular there, and a deacon in his Church."

"Are you from Detroit?" said Victor, eagerly. "That is my destination, — at least I had thought of going there; and you can doubtless give me all the information I may need."

"Well, you can talk that over at the dinner-table," interposed the captain. "You know you are to dine with me in my cabin to-day, and I have invited M. Deschamps and his daughter to join us. I think I will need his support, if I have to contend with you in argument. Deschamps and I have known each other long, and have been pretty much of one mind."

"Oh! you have conspired to lead me into ambuscade, where I shall be overcome by superior numbers. If so, I shall have to call to my aid Mademoiselle," — turning playfully to Louise. "Will you not help me?"

[I give here word for word, only translating it into English, from Victor's diary a description of my mother, as she first impressed him. It is dated on the ocean, April 12, 1800. I seldom quote the diary literally, it is so candid. He could not have expected any one else would ever read it. Those who did not know him might from its perusal think him very weak at times, so childish is his simplicity. The description reads as follows: —

"I like Louise Deschamps. Brown eyes always betoken a tender and loving heart. How wonderfully cheerful and kindly hers are in expression! None but a true woman's soul could look through such eyes. I thought her tall at first sight, but, as I stood beside her, her form seemed *petite;* and I am not tall. I think I never saw so lovable a woman, — am sure I never did; such symmetry, — graceful in every motion and utterance. She is entirely without affectation, — so

frank and natural. Let me think. It will be pleasant to recall her likeness; but I shall see her often, doubtless, in Detroit. Not a brunette, — no, she must be rather light than dark. Cheeks round, and just a little tinted, — how easily she blushes! How prettily the ruffled collar circled her white neck! About nineteen I guess, — well educated, surely. Her features are rather prominent, but regular. What full, sweet lips! How nicely her buff kids fitted her slender hands! Dress and ornaments very plain, but costly and very tasteful. Not very vivacious, but mirthful, — certainly not dull. I never saw one more in earnest; just what I admire in woman most, — sympathy. I wonder how she liked my theology? A little shocked, perhaps, at some things I said; surely, she cannot be bigoted. Well, she knows the worst, — better so. But she said she sympathized with my views. Still, she doubtless thinks me injudicious. Am I beginning to falter already? I don't know but — no, never. But, doubtless, if I could content myself to go into business with my father, I might be happy. How worthless I really am, — so impractical! I fear I shall never be of any use. But I long for love and sympathy. If I only had a confidential friend! but how can I ever ask a delicate woman to share my fortune? I have given myself to God and humanity! am I deceived? Oh! if I could but satisfy these longings!"]

Their eyes met. A smile for a moment rested on Louise's face, as she caught the playful tone of Victor's words; but she replied seriously. Perhaps she thought his manner betokened too little earnestness and strength of character. "If you

are a true disciple of Christ," she said softly, her eyes drooping, and a slight flush suffusing her face, "you will not need help."

She plainly would have said more, but faltered.

"I mean to be a true disciple," Victor replied, hurriedly; and then added in gentler tones, "but I count on woman's sympathy, without which even Jesus had faltered in his mission."

Again their eyes met.

Deschamps was restless. "Come, the bell has struck for morning service. Shall we go and hear what Father Gensonné has to say?"

"Yes," said Victor. "If we could not listen patiently to others, we should not be true Catholics."

"Then you still claim to be a Catholic? I thought you had renounced the Church."

"I could not be a follower of Jesus and renounce the Church for which he died. It is Romanism I have renounced."

M. Deschamps made no reply, but a gleam of light was flashed in upon his soul.

In the cabin they found the services already begun. Some were engaging in them devoutly, but most evinced only curiosity or apathy. The rough sailors submitted as a matter of discipline. Captain Holt sat with folded arms and rigid countenance, betraying no interest or emotion.

Victor and Louise joined in the devotions. Deschamps remained impassive throughout. Garvey came in in the midst of the service, and remained

standing, while he stared around with his accustomed effrontery. The captain finally motioned him to a seat, when he turned on his heel with an expression of contempt and disgust, and strode noisily out of the room.

At last the priest, having gone through the accustomed services, began to speak. Instantly all were intent to listen. His contest with Victor at the breakfast-table excited an unwonted interest, as it was expected he would allude to it. He took his text from St. Matthew's Gospel, xvi. 18, 19:—

"And I say unto thee, because thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thon shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

It was the old story. Peter was the chief apostle. He was the Rock on which the Church was built. Rome was built on that rock, and so Rome was the Church. All separated from her were heretics, and would perish. Then followed exhortations to obedience. The promises and anathemas of the Church were set forth. And with some excellent precepts for charity, devotion, and self-discipline, he closed. The impression was favorable. Evidently a reaction had set in, since the morning discussion when the priest had been discomfited. He did really seem pious and sincere.

Reform is never popular, — a real reform. Victor's spirit excited interest and applause, but even Deschamps at first regarded him as a young and over-zealous enthusiast. It seems foolish for any one ever to get excited for the truth's sake, — nay, even to be in earnest; for the most liberal and tolerant minds are such only through a disposition to compromise with error, or to tolerate it. Of course I speak now as a worldling, — a Pontius Pilate, who was a liberal-minded man, — liberal from such an indifference to truth that he did not wish to contend either for or against it. Liberality, in this sense, is not Catholicity. The two are as different as passive toleration and active charity, — the one compromising the truth, the other suffering for it.

The Romanists were themselves again, cold and self-satisfied. The Protestants who had listened were silent, but not less assured and bigoted. All seemed to shun Victor, — so he thought; but this resulted probably from no hostility, only from the natural reserve that most feel in the presence of a sensitive man.

CHAPTER VII.

CATHOLICITY AND UNITARIANISM.

ON deck Victor was alone. Garvey was in a jolly humor. The passengers were conversing in groups. Captain Holt was busy with his duties, and his face looked stern and hard. M. Deschamps and his daughter were not visible. The sensitive nature of Victor was again depressed. His heart seemed to fail him in this his first trial, and he feared he had none of the stern qualities of the reformer. Not that he faltered,—he had no thought of turning back,—but a feeling of disappointment, a sickening sense of the blindness, fickleness, and listless apathy of men in relation to matters pertaining to the kingdom of heaven, a disgust at the heartlessness and shallowness of the religion of the world, a natural and unsatisfied craving for the love and sympathy of noble minds, combined to depress his too delicate sensibilities. He imagined that all held him in contempt and derision. Garvey, he was sure, by his manner, was deriding him. And yet it is not likely that any one had regarded him in this light. His impressions, it is true, of how others felt towards him, were not wholly unfounded; but the

reserve that had suddenly come over him, causing him to shrink from contact with others, would have served in itself to repel them. Instinctively most people shun a sensitive nature, however much they may admire and respect it. How unfortunate that those who can love most are yet least loved, — who crave companionship most are yet most shunned, — who hate wrong and falsehood most, and sympathize most strongly with humanity, are least fitted to battle with the world. How sensitive was Christ's nature! how he craved love and sympathy! And who that has dared to confront, as he did, the selfishness, blindness, and bigotry of the world, has not felt the agony of Gethsemane and the chill shadow of the cross?

But perhaps I rather anticipate Victor's trials when I indulge in these reflections. Now but a momentary shadow was resting upon him. The wonted respect which a young man of his position in society had ever enjoyed, he had not once thought could be lost by the course he had marked out. Indeed, I find some traces of an impression in his mind that, if men could not be persuaded to embrace his views, they would yet respect him the more for having advocated them. As yet he had not dreamed that his motives could be impugned, as yet he had known nothing of that awful consciousness that brought our Redeemer his great agony. This is not simply disappointment, — not the shuddering of a sensitive soul in contemplation of its own suffering, nor the touch of death's cold

fingers, — but that one has lived, and hoped, and struggled for the good of men, and yet in vain, that is the refinement of human agony. Knowing that he is right, and sustained by the consciousness that God is on his side, one however sensitive may suffer and yet glory in tribulations, hoping still for the triumph of the cause for which he has offered his life; but no soul, however heroic, can stand up, when he comes to realize at the last moment that his efforts have been in vain, and that God has seemed to desert him. Such was Jesus' agony in the garden, such the expression of his supplications and bloody sweat, and such the final agony of many a martyred life.

But if sensitive natures suffer most, yet a very little often suffices to give them courage again. We seek in vain to find why Paul should have thanked God and taken courage, when a few of his countrymen came out to meet him, as he approached Rome. They did not come to help him, but were moved perhaps by curiosity. And yet so much did the lion-hearted apostle crave human sympathy that he interpreted this as a token of kindness, and rejoiced.

Two little children, a boy and girl, frolicking on deck in the bright sunshine, attracted his attention. Now chasing each other past him, in great glee, the little girl fell. It did not hurt her; but, catching the expression of sympathy in Victor's face, a torrent of tears burst forth.

Victor lifted her in his arms. "Where *did it* hurt her?"

"Right there," putting her hand on her flaxen curls.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" passing his hand over the spot.

She was all right now. "Don't let Pierre catch me!" — screaming with laughter, and climbing up on Victor's shoulder to get out of the reach of her brother.

Victor was himself again. The ice was broken. Amie's mother was the first to approach. She was pleased that the nice young man had taken so much notice of her children. In ten minutes he was on familiar terms with everybody. Amie and Pierre became very familiar and confidential. Now both were on his shoulders at once, now tempting him to a romp on deck.

Captain Holt touched his arm. "Come," said he, "have you forgotten your appointment? You know you are to dine with me, and M. Deschamps and daughter are waiting. — Here, you little sunbeam," stroking Amie's curls, "let M. La Tourette go."

Turning away with the captain, he saw Louise talking with a tall, elegantly dressed young man. Their faces were turned away, and this led him to infer the young man to be older than he was.

A little distance apart was a group of four persons engaged in lively conversation. One of these was M. Deschamps. The others were an elderly man, a Frenchy looking and acting little woman of middle age, and a very pretty and stylish young lady.

"It is too bad. I had hoped to have a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with you alone; but I wanted you to know Deschamps and his daughter, both having expressed some interest in you, and so I was induced to invite them. And, as it would probably be agreeable to Louise to have other ladies present, I was betrayed into extending the invitation to the Winslows also. Have you been introduced?"

"Have they been on deck long?" said Victor, scarce heeding the question, and looking towards Louise.

"Some time. I wondered why you did not join the Deschamps, but you were engaged with your pets. What do you think of Louise? Isn't she beautiful? And equally lovely in disposition, I should think. She is Deschamps' only child. But let me introduce you to the Winslows. The father is a professor in Harvard College in Massachusetts. He married a Frenchwoman, and the ladies are his wife and daughter. The young man talking with Louise is his son, — a fine fellow, — just graduated from West Point. The family, like the Deschamps, have been to France, partly on a pleasure trip, and partly to look after some property that was lost sight of during the Revolution."

For an instant Victor was chilled. The first pang of jealousy he had ever experienced, and the last, shot through his breast. But it was banished instantly.

Professor Winslow received him politely, but gravely, and with a slight air of condescension.

He was a man a little above medium height, of stiff, angular frame, gray whiskers, thin, seedy hair, deep-set blue eyes, high, intellectual forehead, and heavy eyebrows.

"Ah! this is the young man that had the discussion with the priest this morning?" He said no more, slowly released Victor's hand after once shaking it, looked a little benignant from under his jutting eyebrows, but evidently had nothing more to say. On the whole, however, Victor's impression was favorable, the professorial stiffness being attributable to the habit and dignity of his calling.

Mrs. Winslow received him with great *empressement*. She commenced chatting vociferously: was so glad to meet a Frenchman; had had such a dear friend once by the name of La Tourette; the French were so much more social and entertaining than the Americans. "Dear me! I should die of *ennui*, if I could not meet my own countrymen now and then." Marie was a bright brunette, of *petite* figure, and great pertness and vivacity, — at first a little shy and drooping when Victor was introduced, but in five minutes coquetting with him gayly. Augustus was a fine specimen of young America, with a robust frame and a frank, manly countenance. His face was ruddy, features regular, and hair and eyes light. He received Victor with a jolly "How are you?"

"Come," said the captain, "the professor and I will lead the way."

M. Deschamps gave his arm to Mrs. Winslow, Victor followed with Marie, and Auguste followed with Louise. Mrs. Winslow looked back with a pleased expression, and threw a coquettish glance to Victor.

"Have you known M. La Tourette long?" she inquired of her escort. "He seems a very nice young man. I think he must be of good family."

"Never met him before. He is certainly well educated and very intelligent. Indeed, I have never met one who excited so much interest on so short an acquaintance."

They were now in the captain's private cabin. "Rather cramped accommodations for a dinner-party," said he, "but it is a great pleasure to have you with me."

All were delighted.

"A gem of a place," said Mrs. Winslow.

M. Deschamps had dined in a wigwam no larger than this cabin with thirty Indian warriors.

Marie screamed.

"The horrid creatures!" cried Mrs. Winslow. "I should die of fright at the sight of one."

"I'd like nothing better: that would be jolly," said Augustus.

"Augustus was always romantic," remarked his mother, fondly.

"Yes, Gus said he was going to marry an Indian princess," and Marie giggled derisively.

"Don't be silly, Marie," said her mother, fearing an explosion from Augustus.

The captain interfered. "M. La Tourette," said he, half-faltering and coloring slightly, "will you ask a blessing?"

Victor responded with perfect self-possession. Bowing his head, he said, "We thank thee, our heavenly Father, for our daily bread. Amen."

For a moment there was a little restraint. Mrs. Winslow had forgotten the rôle in which Victor had figured at the breakfast-table, but his asking a blessing reminded her that he had said he was going out as a missionary to America; and her curiosity was excited. How could so young and stylish a man be a missionary? It was too bad! She had thought of him just before as a match for Marie.

Victor was the first to speak after the short interruption. "Boston is quite a large city, I believe?"

"No, — very small. After having lived in Paris, one seems almost in the backwoods in Boston. I never can be contented to live there. Oh dear me! if France were only what it was before the Revolution, and these horrid wars would cease, I would try to persuade my husband to go there to live. I can't bear the old Puritan ways. What could have tempted you to leave France, M. La Tourette?"

"I am seeking what I could not find in France, — an opportunity to preach the Gospel."

"He is going out as a missionary," said the captain.

"Did you think we were all heathen in America, M. La Tourette?" inquired Marie, roguishly. "Why, everybody is pious in Boston. You will have to go with Gus among the Indians."

"Pious!" exclaimed Gus, contemptuously. "That don't begin to express it. They are blue as indigo."

"I would go anywhere where there is toleration of honest differences of opinion. Freedom of discussion is the first requisite of the development of Catholic ideas."

"Oh, you must be a Unitarian, like papa," said Marie. "Ma and me are Episcopalians. Gus goes where he can see the prettiest girls."

All laughed at Augustus's expense; and he seemed rather pleased.

"You do not understand papa's views, and Augustus is not yet decided," said Mrs. Winslow, apologetically.

"Ar'n't you a Unitarian, papa?" persisted Marie.

"Why, my dear, I am a Congregationalist, am I not?" replied the professor, slowly, and trying to smile. "I think it more likely that M. La Tourette is an Episcopalian, as I understood him to say that he was neither a Romanist nor a Protestant."

"Oh, I hope you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow, enthusiastically, and turning towards Victor. "You are, ar'n't you, M. La Tourette? We have a lovely little chapel and a very select congrega-

tion. And Mr. Willoughby, our young rector, is a love of a man, of one of the first families, and a most beautiful preacher."

"I am sorry I cannot respond in the affirmative," said Victor, smiling. "You know I was brought up in France, where the English Church has not yet been established."

"There! my first guess must be right. You do belong to the Unitarians, don't you?" said Marie, clapping her little hands.

"I am sorry to be compelled to say no again. But from what I know of the Unitarians I should say they are very liberal."

"None more so," said the professor, confidently. "They would tolerate entire freedom of opinion, and would do away with old dogmas. But there are but few pronounced Unitarians yet in America, and there are no churches. For the present they are but a leaven in the old congregations."

"I fear," said Victor, hesitating, "that in doing away with old dogmas they would put away the fundamental principle of the Church, — a belief in Christ. Indeed, is it not true that this principle is the first assailed? My own idea is to cling fast to that, and to tolerate all honest differences on other questions of theology. This done, there would be unity in diversity, and the Church would be Catholic."

The professor lifted his brows, and after drawing in his breath replied slowly and with great gravity: "I must confess that your idea is some-

what striking, but hardly practical. In fact, it seems anomalous, I had almost said absurd: for necessarily one must be Trinitarian or Unitarian, if a religious man at all; and, if the former, it cannot matter much what other dogmas he holds."

"But is it necessary to a belief in Christ that one should hold to the Athanasian creed or otherwise, or indeed to subscribe to any symbol in which the nature of the Godhead is sought to be defined?" said Victor, eagerly. "Confessedly the subject is obscure. No person pretends to have fathomed the mystery of his own being even, much less that of God. And, if not necessary to be Trinitarian in a technical sense, it surely cannot be necessary to be Unitarian; for Unitarianism would never have been heard of, had there been no Trinitarian dogma."

"I do not know," said the professor, in a somewhat cutting and sarcastic tone, "what *might* have been true, had the doctrine of the Trinity never been enunciated; but as a matter of fact it was early engrafted upon the Church, and is now regarded by all who claim to be Orthodox as a fundamental doctrine. If therefore it be false, the only escape from it is in Unitarianism. When you come to my years, you will perhaps be more inclined to take things as they are, and not waste time in speculations in regard to what might have been."

Victor was slightly dashed by the professor's manner, and did not reply at once. M. Deschamps came to his aid.

"Well, Professor," said he, laughing, "you treat

M. La Tourette much as we old lawyers are accustomed to treat young practitioners. When we cannot answer their arguments, we give them advice, and this always confuses them and generally wins the case with the jury. If all should take things as they are, there would be no excuse for any exchanging Trinitarianism for Unitarianism. Indeed, the principle of accepting things as we find them would effectually bar all progress. Had it universally obtained, America would still be a colony of England, Protestantism would have been unknown, and in fact Christianity would never have intruded upon Paganism. I think myself if one, especially a young man, has any honest conviction, he should maintain it, and not sacrifice it for any prudential consideration. Making matters of conscience mere questions of policy destroys all manliness and nobility of character. But I do not suppose that was your idea, Professor, — only I feared it might be so construed. As for me, so far from taking things as they are, I have an utter repugnance to pretty much every thing that goes now-a-days under the name of religion. These differences of theology through which brethren become enemies, persecute each other, burn each other at the stake, are the work of Satan, if there be such a being. Better burn the Bible, it is only a Jewish tradition; pull down the Church, it is only a whited sepulchre."

M. Deschamps was ordinarily a man of refined and gentlemanly manners, and exceedingly courte-

ous in his intercourse with others; but now his face was flushed and angry, and his tone harsh and defiant.

The professor turned uneasily in his chair. His forehead contracted, but he made no reply.

Victor glancing around, and feeling uncertain whether to speak or remain silent, met the tearful eyes of Louise fixed upon him in passionate entreaty, as if beseeching him to utter the emotions she could not herself express. But the captain anticipated him.

"You must excuse my friend Deschamps. He has very nearly expressed what my own mind has been. But he has suffered, being a landsman, more than I have from the bigotry and persecution of religious zealots; and this has made him somewhat emphatic in his utterances."

"I am ashamed to have betrayed any excitement," said Deschamps. "There was no occasion in fact for it. I certainly meant no reflection upon the professor nor upon M. La Tourette. I have again and again made up my mind to have nothing to say about religion, and indeed seldom do say any thing, but when tempted do not know where to stop. The mummeries of Rome, or the canting, hypocritical face of Garvey, come up before me, — and I have suffered from both, — and I get excited. But I really am interested and instructed by a discussion of this kind."

The professor now spoke, and his manner seemed very much changed, his tone becoming more frank

and confidential. "I have been brought up," he said, "in a school somewhat different from either of you. My position has rendered it necessary that I should be cautious and conservative; and perhaps the advice I gave to my young friend here was rather the expression of my experience than of my conscientious convictions. If so, I beg his pardon. I would not from my heart advise him to take the popular religion of the day as he finds it; for there has been a constantly growing repugnance in my mind for years to the Puritan theology with which I have been hedged in, though I have remained nominally a member of a Congregational Church. And I think I may venture to say here in confidence — and I have often said the same in my family — that I am quite sceptical in relation to the divinity of Christ. Doubtless he was a good man, perhaps very nearly a perfect man; and as such his teachings are worthy of great respect. I would not do away with the Church and the sacraments, but I would worship only one God. I cannot go as far as my friend Deschamps; yet I think he will not accuse me of bigotry. Indeed, the spirit of Unitarianism is toleration. It is a protest against the illiberality, tyranny, and cant of Puritanism."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said Deschamps. "I think I could be a Unitarian, if that is his spirit."

"Are there many Unitarian Churches in Boston?" inquired Victor.

"None at all as yet that are nominally such, but several are virtually so. At any rate, there are many Unitarians, though all do not openly avow their belief."

"Is it not rather a lack of belief?"

"Oh, no! we hold the Unitarian idea as strongly as others hold the Trinitarian."

"If there were a Church established representing your views, you would call it a Unitarian Church, I presume."

"I think that would be a proper designation. Some would call it Socinian; but it would be better to have its name represent its fundamental principle."

"Do you think the Unitarian idea is or can be a fundamental principle of the Church? Did Christ live, labor, and die to teach that he himself was not divine?"

"Well, that depends upon whether Unitarianism be true or not."

"I think you are mistaken," said Victor, modestly. "The sole question, it seems to me, is whether Christ be true or not. Would you admit a Trinitarian into your Church?"

"I suppose so, if he wished to come in; but that would be inconsistent with his own profession of belief, and with our name, spirit, and purpose."

"You do not doubt that one who sincerely holds the doctrine of the Trinity can be a Christian?"

"Doubtless he can; but he better go elsewhere."

"Then you confess that Unitarianism is as exclusive in spirit as Trinitarianism?"

"I confess nothing of the kind," said the professor, with some irritation. "On the contrary, we are liberal and tolerant in all matters of belief."

"Indeed, I think you are," said Victor, "except as regards the question of the Trinity. My chief fear in relation to your denomination, as I at first hinted, would be that it would subvert the fundamental principle of Christianity, which is faith in Christ."

"But we shall believe still in God."

"Doubtless. But men believed in a Supreme Being before Christ came into the world; and hence, if Unitarianism simply is the result of his mission, nothing has been gained. In founding the Church, he proclaimed his purpose to be to save all who would believe in him. He said nothing about Trinitarianism nor Unitarianism as essential to salvation. If, therefore, Unitarians exclude Trinitarians, they cannot be Catholic. Moreover, the fact that a Church is called Unitarian or Trinitarian is in itself confession that it is not Catholic. It is built on a human dogma, and represents that dogma, and not on Christ, and does not represent Christ."

The professor replied jocosely, but with a tone somewhat derisive: "Indeed, I had no idea of encountering such an enthusiast. I will give you credit for earnestness and zeal at least; but, if you are really going out as a missionary to America, I

fear you will not make many converts. It is called a free country; but, if there is religious despotism anywhere, it is there,—at least in Boston. I am not sure in fact that you could get a hearing at all; or, if you did, you would stand a good chance of being pelted with unsavory missiles. Certainly you could not get a living. Still I like your theology better than Puritanism, though I fear it is but a dream."

"O M. La Tourette," exclaimed Mrs. Winslow, in almost tragic tones, "do not attempt to preach in Boston. Why, don't you know that the boys sometimes hoot at us and throw stones at the windows? And the Unitarians are just as hostile to the Church as the rest."

"Why, no, my dear," said the professor, when the laugh at his expense had subsided. "Unitarians would tolerate any honest convictions. They are guilty of no persecutions, and there has never been any blood on their garments."

"My dear, didn't you yourself say that Episcopalians were only whitewashed Romanists?"

All were now in a laughing humor.

"Then you think I should not escape martyrdom, even if I should become an Episcopalian?" said Victor, addressing Mrs. Winslow.

"Oh, yes! now you would. We are too well established to be molested seriously, and ridicule does not trouble us. If you wish, I can procure you an introduction to the Bishop. Even my husband would lend his influence to that end. I

do really wish you would unite with us; and, indeed, you look like an Episcopal minister."

"That's jolly," said Gus, laughing louder than the rest.

Louise alone seemed unhappy.

"Why don't you laugh?" said Marie. "I suppose you are tired of this religious talk, and I am too. I really thought it was getting serious at one time, but I hope we are over it now."

"I hope not," said Louise,—"not till M. La Tourette shall have told us what *he* thinks of Christ?"

"That I think," said the professor, looking with a kindly interest upon Louise, "is the consideration of most importance, and one that was not settled. What Christ was must be first determined, before we can arrive at a rational conclusion in relation to the merits of the questions we discussed. I understood M. La Tourette to say it was a matter of indifference what our estimate of Christ's nature might be, and therefore that the question at issue between Unitarians and Trinitarians was of no moment. I am willing to look at this interesting subject without prejudice, and to express myself frankly. I confess I am not altogether satisfied with Unitarianism. I see in it more an apology for not believing in what is called Orthodoxy than a positive system of theology,—a weapon with which to assail what is believed to be untrue rather than a defence of any essential doctrine. Of course, Unitarians are as moral and religious as others; but,

denying the divinity of Christ, their morals and religion are not supposed to be derived from any supernatural source, and scarcely differ from what they would have been, had Christ not come into the world. They may regard him as a great teacher, but denying his divinity of course they cannot regard him in any other than in a natural sense the Saviour of the world, as any other man would be, who was possessed of equal ability and was capable of exerting an equal influence for good; as, for example, Confucius or Mohammed. I confess I was struck by M. La Tourette's remark that God was worshipped before Christ came into the world, and candor compels me to say that without doubt Unitarianism does overthrow the fundamental principle of what has been regarded as Christianity, and refers us back to the beginning for our chief object of adoration and worship. It may be an advance upon a simple belief in God, but not in the sense usually attached to Christianity. At the best, it only represents a degree of progress in the knowledge of God and of the conditions of the future life, that has been attained through the teachings of a great moralist and reformer, but by no means presents in what is called the Church a system of divine origin, complete, perfect, and incapable of improvement, or that is of superhuman origin. Thus much I concede, — that it does overthrow the fundamental principle of Christianity, if by Christianity we mean a system taught and promulgated by a being who is one of

three persons who together constitute God. Nevertheless, the Unitarian may be right. Indeed, I claim that he is right. And if so, — if he represents Christ to be all that he really was, and all that he really claimed to be, — then what matter if he do overthrow the fundamental principle of Christianity? There is nothing gained in the end by deception. Unless it can be shown that Jesus was truly God, Unitarianism must stand."

"That is certainly good reasoning," said Deschamps.

"I don't know," said Victor, nervously. "The point I wished to make was this: whatever Christ's nature, whether man only, or both God and man, there could properly be no religious system derived from him, except that which he himself taught and established. Hence, to call his Church Trinitarian or Unitarian is a misnomer, since his Church is Catholic. The scheme he originated is totally different in its scope and purpose from either one or the other of these. He professed to have a purpose and plan, and that purpose and plan are expressed by the word *Catholic*, and by no other symbol. His mission was not to teach the world any of the dogmas of modern theology; and hence neither the dogma of the Trinity of God, nor that of the Unity of God, nor indeed any dogmas but those he himself enunciated, have any place in his system. And if any other be incorporated therein, and thereby any person be hindered from accepting his system, then

his purpose so far as that person is concerned is defeated. Whether Unitarianism be true or not is, therefore, not properly an essential consideration in connection with Christianity. The sole question is, whether Christ taught what was true or not. If I say I think he did, and if I am willing to act in accordance with that declaration, and do so act, I am his disciple, and a member of his Church. But if you say I shall not come into his Church unless I admit that there is but one person in God, or if another says I shall not come in except I admit there are three persons in God, you and he are assuming a right and an authority you do not possess. You are in fact thwarting Christ's work, and instead of being his disciple have set yourself up in opposition to his will. And if in place of Catholic, which is the only true symbol of his Church, you put Unitarian, Trinitarian, Roman, or any other appellation whatever, you make his system another system, — one that is narrow, partial, and exclusive. Without doubt, Unitarianism is either true or false. Christ was either human or divine, or both human and divine; but neither the truth of Christianity nor the salvation of a single soul depends upon a full conception or accurate definition of his nature. If what Christ taught be true, it would not be more or less true, whether Unitarianism be true or false. As a matter of interest and culture, we may inquire in relation to the nature of Christ, and our belief may be more or less strengthened or weakened by our conclusions; and yet the truth

of Christianity would be the same in either case. I am quite willing to tell you what I think of Christ. I think his nature divine. But, if I thought it only human, my confidence in his truth and promises would not be shaken."

"That's it," exclaimed the captain, vehemently. "I see the point clearly now, what I have to decide. M. La Tourette put me in a train of thought last night that has convinced me that there is a God; and I am free to say that I do not believe any other man could have done it. And he did it, too, in just the way he has pointed out the true line of inquiry in relation to Christ. He put aside all side issues, and considered the one question, — whether there be a God or not. Materialism, Pantheism, the supremacy of natural law, and the duration of matter; whether mind be flesh, whether nature be a self-acting machine, or matter eternal, — all questions were left undecided till this one was settled; namely, whether there be a God or not. I believe now there is, — a conclusion I never could have reached, had I attempted to solve either of the other questions first. I can settle them at my leisure; but that there is a Supreme Being I can never doubt again, though I may not be able to settle in my mind exactly what his nature is. So, in relation to Christ, all we have to inquire at first is whether the merits of his example and teachings are such as to enable us to put our trust in him. I've been looking so much at the diversities of belief, that I have not looked

at the real question; so much at men, that I have not looked at Christ. And I have found so much fault, too, with all the religions of the day, that I have not till now thought to inquire what Christ's religion really was, and had in fact put it away as false. But I mean to know; and I don't care what Puritanism, Romanism, Trinitarianism, or Unitarianism, teaches. If Christ teaches what is true, I will believe in him, and will do to the best of my ability what he would have me to do. Last night, when I got back into my cabin after my conversation with M. La Tourette, though it was past midnight, I took out the little Bible my mother gave me thirty years ago, and which I had scarcely opened since; and I read the first Gospel through with the most intense interest. And I was astonished at myself, at my former blindness and apathy. Why, there is no reason in the world why a man should not be a Christian. You can't find any fault with Christ."

The captain would have spoken further but for the emotion that choked his utterance.

"That is perfectly splendid," said Mrs. Winslow.

Louise, who for a long time could hardly restrain her enthusiasm, sprang up and threw her arms around the neck of the old sailor, and covered his face with kisses.

Deschamps was much affected, but he joined in the pleasantry Louise's enthusiasm excited. "That is woman's argument," said he. — "O ho! are you

going to try it on me too? I'm afraid" — But his words were smothered in kisses.

"Why didn't you go around?" said Marie, as Louise sat down in confusion.

"I wouldn't mind being converted in that way too," said Gus.

The professor did not join heartily in the mirth. He had been half lost in thought, and now spoke up in a serious tone: —

"I do not feel like giving up this argument yet. I will admit, however, that Christ's mission was not to teach Unitarianism nor any of the distinguishing tenets of any sect, and that a belief in none of these tenets should be required for admission to the Church; and yet I doubt whether one can have a very strong faith in Christ, or feel a very strong devotion to the Church, till this question is settled which respects Christ's nature, — and settled, too, in a way different from that in which I have settled it in my own mind; for having concluded that Christ was not God, but simply man, I must say I have not much faith in him at all. You will not be surprised at my saying this, for I have virtually conceded that there is nothing satisfactory in Unitarianism. Suppose now that I am correct, that as a matter of fact Christ was simply human, — why should we believe in him more than in any other man of equal honesty and ability? You object to human dogmas, and I agree with you that they ought not to be forced upon any one; but, if Christ was merely man, what are his teach-

ings but human dogmas? And, if such they be, they have no more authority than the teachings of Confucius or Mohammed."

When the professor had concluded, the captain seemed perplexed and Louise's face again betrayed anxiety.

"I think M. La Tourette will have to surrender now," said Deschamps.

Victor's clear mind instantly apprehended the situation. "You have suggested a real difficulty," said he, — "the difficulty of persuading men of the truth of the gospel. This Christ himself encountered. It is literally true that some would not believe, though one should rise from the dead. You admit that you do not believe, and give as a reason therefor that you do not believe Christ to have been divine in nature. But you were once a Trinitarian; and did that prevent your becoming sceptical? Did that remove all doubt? Plainly it did not, for otherwise you would have still been a believer. Is it not true that by your questioning the dogma of the Trinity you were led to doubt the divine origin of Christianity? And, if so, then that dogma, so far from being any support to your faith, actually impaired it. All I claim is that no human dogma is of any advantage or necessity, but more frequently a stumbling-block. Men did believe in Christ, and so strongly too that they were willing to die in vindication of their faith, before the dogma of the Trinity had been even thought of. Why should they not now? Instead

of that dogma being essential to faith, I think one must first believe in Christ before he can credit it at all. In other words, the dogma is not essential to a belief in Christ, but a belief in Christ is essential to a belief in the dogma. All dogmas must originate from some previously established truth. I believe in Confucius and Mohammed, so far as I believe they taught the truth; and I believe in Christ, only so far as I think he taught the truth. But I believe in the former only partially, because I think they taught but partial truths, and many errors; but I believe in Christ fully, because I believe he taught the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. By the introduction of dogmas, men come to think that faith in those dogmas is faith in Christ, whereas it is in no way connected with, nor dependent upon them. One may believe in the dogma of the Trinity, and yet have no real faith in Christ, — that faith which bringeth forth obedience and good works. The gospel, I admit, must stand on its own merits; but it must not and cannot be made to stand or fall with other systems. I have no objection to men believing in human dogmas, but they must not force them upon others, nor make their acceptance a condition of the acceptance of the gospel. I confess I am very dogmatic in my views. I have settled opinions about all questions of theology; but those opinions are my own. The gospel is not responsible for them. Nor does my hope of salvation rest on them, but on faith in Christ alone. Now if it be a matter of

fact, as you suggest, that Christ was simply human in nature, I admit that we are not required to believe in him any more than in any other man; that is, not compelled to do so. But the same is true, if his nature is divine; for I repeat that his gospel must be judged on its merits. I would not indeed inquire at all about the authenticity of the Bible till this was settled. If I had never seen nor heard of the New Testament before, I should believe it readily, if chancing to pick up a copy I found it taught the truth. If you cannot believe it, if you think it is not the truth and the whole truth in relation to man's redemption, why then you will reject it, as you would the teachings of Confucius or Mohammed."

"You admit, then, that Christ's authority is no greater than that of any other man?"

"I admit that it is not till the truth of his teachings has become established in one's mind. With me, his authority is complete, because the evidence of his truth is complete. But with you it is unsatisfactory, because you deem the evidence inconclusive."

"Would you not, if you were attempting to persuade another of the truth of the gospel, insist that it was true because Christ was God, and that therefore his teachings were infallible?"

"I would not. I would appeal to the man's reason and natural perceptions of right first. I would ask him to believe the gospel because of its truth; and if I succeed in convincing his reason and nat-

ural perceptions of right, then inevitably would he believe in Christ, and Christ would be his authority. Faith is not, as some have defined it, a belief in what is contrary to reason or incredible, but a belief in what is in accordance with reason, and credible."

"But are not the miracles Christ is said to have performed the evidence of his power and authority? And yet they transcend human reason and power."

"The miracles recorded in the New Testament are a part of the gospel; but I would not ask one to believe in them till he had become otherwise convinced of the truth of Christ. They were given to illustrate the truths taught orally, and so far as regards the simple fact of their having been wrought are of secondary importance. As evidence of the truth of the gospel, they are hardly to be considered at all. Christ himself upbraids the people because they would not believe without seeing signs and wonders. If the gospel rested on them alone, it would be no more credible than any one of the many religions attested in this way."

"Well," said the professor, good-naturedly, "we will let that subject drop for the present. I see you have anticipated every objection to your theory. Suppose now you answer Miss Deschamps' question which we have lost sight of from the start, and tell us what you think of Christ."

"I think he was the Word of God," replied

Victor, instantly. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

"That is very indefinite."

"It is the definition of St. John, who was more intimate with Christ than any other man."

"Yes, but he borrowed it from the Gnostics, who were mere mystics. Indefinite phrases will not do now-a-days with intelligent men. You said yourself you would appeal first to reason and intuitive perceptions of right."

"No matter where St. John borrowed it, though he did not get it from the Gnostics, but from Plato, who I sometimes think was inspired, if from any one. If it is the proper symbol of Christ's nature, — and, if it were not, St. John would not have used it, — it is not essential how it originated. And it does not seem to me mystical, but easy of apprehension."

"Why, yes: we all know what a word is, but to call a man a word is mysticism, — nay, absurd and heathenish. A word is material, the mere scratch of a pen; and to say that it is a man is much like making an image of wood or stone and calling it God."

"Is a word simply the scratch of a pen? Has it not a spirit as well as a letter? Could the letters combined make a word, if they did not mean something?"

"I suppose not. Well, call the letters combined with the thought they express a word, — what then?

Christ was not simply a thought. I have myself a higher appreciation of him than that."

"But it takes more than letters and thoughts to constitute words. There must be something the thought represents, must there not?"

The professor hesitated. "Yes," he finally said, "I see that my definition was imperfect. A word is the expression of a man's mind."

"And I presume you will admit that any expression of a man's mind is a word?"

"Yes."

"And that the entire expression of a man's nature is *the* word of that man?"

After thinking a moment, the professor assented.

"Well then, when it is said that Christ is the Word of God, it is meant that he is the full expression of God's nature, that he is God expressed in humanity."

The professor was amazed. "Young man," said he, "you are certainly a theologian, and the world will hear of you some day. I am not certain, however, that you are right about this. Let me reflect, — 'God expressed in humanity,' — would Christ be God then?"

"Just as much as your word is you."

"Well, what do you say? Am I and my word identical?"

"Not exactly identical, but one and inseparable, as your mind and thought are one and inseparable. Every thing must have form and expression. Your soul must have therefore a body; but that

body is not the soul, though the two are one and inseparable. I say, therefore, that your word is not your self-conscious being, — not the soul itself, — but its form and expression. So Christ is not the Head and Fountain of Deity, — not the 'I AM,' who is the inscrutable mystery of existence to which we cannot approach, — but the embodiment, form, and expression in our nature of God's nature."

"You are a little too obscure for me. I am not clear that you are not making a distinction without a difference. Answer me definitely. Do you say that Christ is God?"

"I say the visible Christ is the Word of God."

"But is he God?"

"He is one with God."

"But is he God?"

"He is our God, — the visible God, — and we shall never in this life nor the next behold or know another. In the Word only can the personality of God be revealed."

"You dodge my question," said the professor. "I wish to know whether you think there are three persons in God, or only one."

"Not three separate and distinct persons, as Peter, Paul, and John are separate and distinct; but as there is a trinity in all things, so is there in God. What confuses us is that the appellation *God* is indefinite. It is of heathen origin and means nothing. The proper designation is Jehovah, the name by which God designated himself.

This means the 'I AM,' which implies what cannot be otherwise expressed. One idea of it is the Uncreated, that which has no beginning nor ending. Another is the Creator, that in which all things exist. Another is the Personal Consciousness. Now, if there be a Supreme Being, it is evident that there must be in him, as there is in man, who we are taught was made in his image, three conditions: first, one inward and invisible, which is his essence; second, one outward and visible, which is his word; third, one active and inspiring, which is his Spirit. In other words, there must be in him the power to will, the power to manifest himself, and the power to act. When we speak of his essence, we mean God the Father, the Head and Fountain of Deity. As such, we can never see him, know, comprehend, love, or form any conception of him; for he is the infinite, the unapproachable, the mystery of mysteries. When we speak of him personified, we mean his Word which is Christ, whom we can see, know, and love. When we speak of his inward activity and life, we mean his presence everywhere and in all things, which is his Spirit. Therefore, while there is but one God, there are in him three conditions, — the essence or consciousness, the person or Word, the life or Spirit. So far from this being inexplicable, the contrary would be absurd. Could there be a Supreme Being without consciousness or the power to will, the power to reveal himself, and the power to act? Yet the consciousness or will

is not the activity, nor is it the Word or personality."

"Well, one must hold his breath a good while to follow that through," said the professor; "but it is the most rational view of the subject I have yet heard. What do you think of it?" turning to Deschamps and the captain.

"I do not understand it fully," said the captain; "but I think I am on the right track now."

"The subject is very obscure," said Deschamps, thoughtfully. "There is one thing I should like to have M. La Tourette explain, — that is Christ's human nature. You have said you thought he was God: now tell us if you think he was man."

"I said I thought he was the Word of God, — the personification of God in our humanity. As for his human nature, there can be no doubt at all of that."

"How could he be both God and man?"

"Just as a man is both an animal and a spirit."

"You think he had then a body of flesh and blood?"

"Yes."

"A human mind?"

"Yes: faculties like ours.

"A human soul?"

"Yes: a soul of the same nature as man's."

"Any thing more?"

"No. Christ's nature is divisible, as ours is."

"How did he differ from ordinary men then?"

"Only as the perfect differs from the imperfect, the infinite from the finite."

"You mean only in degree?"

"Only in degree, not in kind."

"And yet you say he was God?"

"Yes: the personification of God in our outward nature."

"Then in a degree every man is the Word of God, — that is, the personification of God?"

"No, not the personification of God. Man is in the image of God, — the semblance, not the personification of God. God and man are as distinct from each other in personality as two men are."

"I cannot see it," said Deschamps. "You say that Christ is man, having a body, a mind, and a soul like man's, and is moreover the Word of God. Then why is not any man the Word of God also?"

"Why, it does not follow that because you have a body, mind, and soul like mine, that you are the same person that I am. Christ is like us, but he is not you nor I. He has a different personality. His personality is that of Jehovah, yours is that of M. Deschamps."

"Oh, yes! that is plain, I will admit. I think I comprehend your idea clearly now."

"Not so fast," said the professor, shaking his head incredulously. "He has not yet explained how Christ could be both God and man."

"Why, yes! do you not see," said Deschamps, with animation, "that he can be both God and

man, because God himself does not differ from man in kind, but only in degree, as the infinite from the finite?"

"You do not mean to say that God is a man?"

"Yes," said Victor, quietly: "a man of infinite power, one in whose image all men are made, and from whom we differ only in degree. God is the Original Man."

"O M. La Tourette!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow, "God is not a man. I feel dreadfully shocked to hear you say that."

Victor began to explain hurriedly that God was not an ordinary man, but was infinite in greatness and glory, howbeit that the human race was of his kind; but the professor interrupted him: —

"Yes, we understand all that, but the matter is not yet clear. If Christ was in person God, then he could have had no human personality. And further it must follow that God himself was born into the world, suffered, and died. Moreover, he could not be triune. Indeed, you have entirely abandoned your former position, and have become a radical Unitarian."

"If I have," said Victor, pleasantly, "I yet differ materially from your school; for you think Christ was altogether human, while I presume you will say I have made him altogether divine. But I do not think it follows from my definition of his nature that he had no human personality. He certainly had a body of flesh and blood, did he not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, is not that a human personality?"

"Of course; but you said he had the personality of God, and now you say he had a human personality. You surely do not mean that he had a double personality?"

"I mean that he had an inward and an outward nature, just as you have a natural and a spiritual body in conjunction. Your inward nature is your soul. His inward nature was his soul, — the soul of God, if I may so express it. Of course your soul must have a form, or it could not exist; and, if so, a body. The same is true of Christ."

"Very well," said the professor, laughing: "you have got along with that, — or think you have. And I confess there may be a double personality of that kind in one person. Still I insist that it is Unitarianism. And you do not get rid of the other difficulty, the inference that God himself suffered on the cross."

"If, as you now admit, there was a double personality in Christ, and that is Unitarianism, then I am a Unitarian. It is a matter of indifference what one is called, if he is only right. But I recognize a great distinction between the 'I AM' and the 'Word,' and have no doubt of the triune nature of God. So, too, I am indifferent whether I be called a Patripassian or not, but I do not hold that God the Father suffered physical pain. Christ's body and mind suffered, — his outward or animal body and mind, — without doubt; but it is

unnecessary to assert or deny any thing farther. The philosophy of sensation has no immediate relation to the question we discussed. If it does inevitably follow, however, from what I have said, that I *must* be a Patripassian, then of course I must accept the title."

"But I do not mean to let you off so. Do you not think it is the soul that suffers?"

"No, — not that suffers physical pain, but the animal nature only."

"What do you mean by the animal nature? Does that include the mind?"

"Animals without doubt have minds."

"Do you not think they have souls also?"

"O papa," exclaimed Marie, "I am so tired!"

Mrs. Winslow yawned audibly. "The discussion has been very interesting, — very," said she; "but I think, my dear, the young people will enjoy themselves better on deck, it is so bright a day."

Gus roared. "'Interesting!' Why, it has been all Greek to me. And I am certain I saw you nodding, mamma."

"You are mistaken, Augustus. I heard every word. I wish you were a member of the Church, and you would enjoy religious conversation."

Gus laughed good-naturedly. "You know I do enjoy religious conversation, mamma, with Mr. Willoughby, when he calls to see me. He talks about the music, the church trimmings, and the pretty girls, — tells capital stories, and smokes good cigars."

"Hush, hush, Augustus! You treat serious matters too lightly. Mr. Willoughby is a very pious minister, but not bigoted. He is young, and some allowance must be made for that. All through Lent he held services twice every day, and did not eat a bit of meat."

"He told me," said Marie, "that he hoped you would be confirmed in the next class; but I mean to tell him how you talk, Gus."

"Oh, he will take me anyhow, if I want to come."

"I presume so," said the professor, with a quiet humor. "Episcopalians do not require a change of heart for admission to their Church."

"No," replied Mrs. Winslow, with spirit, "but they require regeneration; and baptism is regeneration."

"I don't believe any thing would regenerate Gus," said Marie, mischievously.

"Don't talk that way, my dear. I am sorry Augustus was not baptized when he was a babe, but Mr. Winslow would not consent. Do you believe in infant baptism, M. La Tourette?"

"Oh, yes! Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

"I am so glad to hear you say that. Why, M. La Tourette, I do not see why you should not be an Episcopalian. You believe in the Trinity and in infant baptism."

"But I am afraid," said Victor, laughing, "you are not Catholic."

"Oh, yes! we are. We believe in the Holy Catholic Church. That is a part of our creed. Look, here it is." And Mrs. Winslow drew a beautifully bound Liturgy from her pocket, and opening at the Apostles' Creed handed it to Victor.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," interposed the captain; "but I am afraid M. La Tourette has forgotten that he appointed a service for this afternoon at four o'clock, and it is now past three."

"Oh! let us have an Episcopal service," exclaimed Mrs. Winslow, enthusiastically. "Won't you read the evening prayer? Let me show it to you. Marie has a Liturgy, and so has Gus, and we can give the responses."

"With great pleasure," said Victor, smiling. "If you will lend me the book, I will look it over, and I think I can use a part, if not all."

Mrs. Winslow was delighted.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVENING SERVICE.

VICTOR remained behind while the rest went on deck, that he might make some preparation for the approaching service. From the first, he had felt some little trepidation in relation to it, not having ever conducted public worship. Even in the midst of his protracted discussion, his mind had often reverted to it with anxiety. The liturgies of Rome he was familiar with, but the position he occupied precluded his using them, though he might otherwise have made selections from them that would not have been objectionable. He could read from the Protestant Bible, and discourse on some text, but something of a devotional nature in addition would be expected. He would gladly have given the service up, and even thought sometimes he would. What should he do? He knew that Protestants generally extemporized their prayers; but this required practice, and he felt that, should he attempt it, he would fail miserably. When, therefore, Mrs. Winslow asked him to use the Episcopal Liturgy, it flashed through his mind instantly that here was a way to escape from his embarrassment; and he gladly acceded to her

request. In fact, he regarded the suggestion as providential, so great had been his perplexity in relation to the matter. His mind seems almost to have been superstitious in relation to divine interposition in the affairs of men. All through the record of his life that he has left behind, I find constant evidences of this. Even the most trivial things, and which most people would attribute to chance, he considered providential; and so it is not surprising that he should have regarded this as such, not only for the purpose of relieving him from his embarrassment, but also with the design of bringing the Episcopal Liturgy, which he ever afterwards used in public worship, to his notice.

As soon as he was alone, he began eagerly to scan the part entitled "Evening Prayer." He had no time to examine the book elsewhere. In a few moments he had looked that part of it through. It was just suited to his purpose! The Athanasian Creed, which he remembered to have seen in the English prayer-book, was omitted in this. The Apostles' Creed which it did contain he had always considered very nearly Catholic, though his jealousy of all creeds caused him to hesitate a moment about reading it. But, as he could subscribe it himself, he saw no objection to his reading it. The thought came into his mind, though he had not entertained it when Mrs. Winslow first suggested it, that perhaps he might become a regular minister in the Episcopal Church, and inspired him with new confidence and courage.

The future seemed suddenly all ablaze with light. That he had been able to maintain himself in his argument with so learned and able an antagonist as the professor, and had even extorted from him a high compliment, combined with the full assurance he felt from the strange and opportune way in which the Episcopal Liturgy had been put in his hands, convinced him that God had sent an angel to open the prison door in which his aspirations had been fettered, and filled his breast with a wild exultation. Doubtless, too, his newly awakened interest in Louise contributed to fan the flame. He stood upon his feet thrilled through and through with a tumult of happy emotions. "Glory!" Then he stopped short. "What a fool I am! But God is surely guiding my steps. It could not have been mere chance that brought me in contact with these people. God does intend me to fulfil this mission, — how plain it now appears! I can see just how every thing has been arranged, and I never will doubt an overruling Providence again, whatever may happen."

Then he stood for a moment in silence, contemplating the happy possibilities of the future.

The ship's bell admonished him that it lacked but a half hour of the time for service, and he had not yet selected his text. But he felt no fear, for he was sure he could talk on any of his many favorite texts, — only he had not selected one yet. He would open the Liturgy at random, and the first words he encountered would perhaps suggest

it *providentially.* Opening with an effort to avoid any design on his part, the first words his eyes rested upon were: —

"Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

How encouraging! Now he knew that God was on his side. But this could not have been intended for his text, only to assure him that he had not been mistaken, and that God would guide and support him.

Again he opens the book. What is this which meets his eye? "Articles of Religion!" — the very articles, too, that had caused him to put away, years before, all idea of entering the English Church. What could it mean? Did Providence intend to warn him by this against having any thing to do with the American prayer-book? If so, why had the book been placed in his hands? Or could it be a rebuke for his aversion to dogmas; and was it true, after all, that there should be such a system of instruction in the Church as was embodied in the thirty-nine articles? He sat down in great despondency, covering his face with his hands.

Again the bell struck: it lacked but fifteen minutes of the time for service. But he could not make up his mind. Now he is almost starting to find the captain, to say to him that he had concluded not to hold the service. Mechanically he

takes up the captain's English Bible that he had borrowed, and opens at random. The first words he reads are: —

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

That settled one difficulty, — this was his text. But what about the Episcopal service? If he only had a friend to advise him! A thought struck him: what would Louise think? It had been struggling up for notice for some time, but had not been entertained till now. He was certain he would follow her judgment, if he only knew what it was. But what would she think, if he should go and ask her advice? He blushed at the thought! But the more he thought of it, the more did he desire her counsel. He sauntered out on deck, still undecided. *Providentially*, Louise is sitting by herself reading. Mrs. Winslow and Marie are nowhere to be seen; Gus is sitting apart, smoking, his feet elevated upon the railing; and Deschamps and the professor are in earnest conversation. Suddenly forming his resolution, though still bashful as a school-boy, he approaches her. She greets him with a pleasant smile, but with some embarrassment. What was she reading? Oh, the Bible. Playfully, Had she selected a text for him? Yes, here was one: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Why, that is the very text that has been selected for me!"

Louise looked inquiringly. He colored and stammered, then explained that he had taken it at random.

Louise's merry brown eyes looked thoughtful: did he always select his texts in that way?

Why, did she not know that this was to be his first sermon?

Now her countenance changes, is full of solicitation and kindly interest. "Have you prepared it so soon?" she said anxiously. Then coloring from having betrayed so much interest, she added: "All feel great interest in it, especially papa."

The bell struck four.

"O Mlle. Deschamps," said he, hurriedly, and lowering his voice into a confidential undertone, "I wished to ask you what you thought of my using the Episcopal service?"

Louise laughed, — that kind of laugh that is so reassuring. "Certainly I would use it. I like it very much."

"But see," said he, "here are Articles of Religion!"

Louise looked puzzled. "You do not have to read them, do you?"

"No, but they are in the book."

Their eyes met, his expressing the most serious doubt; hers, what could he mean? Both laughed outright when they comprehended each other's thoughts.

Victor hurried away, somewhat mortified, but thrilled with happy emotions. Glancing around the assembly in the cabin as he entered, he saw that it was not as large as it was in the morning. The priest was not there, but that was not to be expected. But he had rather thought some of the Romanists would be present. Garvey was seated near the door. The Winslows were front, and were soon joined by the Deschamps. A few other passengers, together with the ship's crew, made up the congregation.

Victor, though his nature was peculiarly sensitive, was calm and self-possessed. The position was a new and trying one, and he felt it deeply; but no one could have guessed from his manner that he suffered any embarrassment. Indeed, so perfect was his power of self-control that in none of the trying experiences of his life afterwards was he known to betray any weakness or diffidence in public.

When he entered, a sudden hush pervaded the assembly. He felt that all eyes were turned upon him. Kneeling down, he prayed silently and with all the earnestness of his passionate nature for the inspiration of God. Rising up, he felt that his prayer had been answered. All fear and agitation were banished from his breast. He even ventured to look around the assembly. Louise had her eyes intently fixed upon a book that lay open in her lap. Deschamps and the Winslows were quite at ease. The captain looked happy, and the company gen-

erally manifested a quiet interest. He felt that he must proceed deliberately, as the service was new to him; and he sat for some time turning over the leaves of the prayer-book. But at length he rose slowly, and began the service with a clear and firm utterance: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer." When he came to the "General Confession," he was surprised to hear so many voices joining with him, but found afterwards that it had been announced that the service would be from the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church, with which many were familiar. The second form of the Declaration of Absolution he read as a prayer. The interest of the people in the service seemed to deepen the farther he advanced, until the responses were given with genuine enthusiasm; and when he had finished the "First Lesson," what was his surprise to hear the first chant begun promptly, and with great spirit, by a number of voices male and female, the most prominent of which was that of Augustus! When he had finished the service, he began looking in the Bible for his text. Augustus handed him a paper, on which was written in a feminine hand, "We sing a selection and hymn before and after the sermon." Opening the prayer-book, the first words that met his eye were the following: —

> "Lord, for ever at thy side
> Let my place and portion be;
> Strip me of the robe of pride,
> Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
  All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken: I believe,
  Though the oracle be sealed.

Humble as a little child,
  Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
  On thy faithful word I rest.

Israel! now and evermore
  In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
  Wise and wonderful and just."

Without hesitation, he gave out the 105th selection. At first his voice trembled slightly, when he began reading it, but recovering himself he went through it with the deepest fervor, and with an emphasis that gave the fullest expression to its meaning. Many were deeply affected. Captain Holt told me many years afterwards that he wept like a child. After a slight pause, Augustus sang the first verse alone in a clear hearty voice, and then all repeated it together. Then a sweet female voice struck up the second verse. Victor had not courage to look up, but he knew it was Louise. She sang it in a minor key and with a most touching and tender pathos. It required all Victor's self-control to restrain his emotions. Venturing to look up, however, when the company were repeating the verse with her, he saw that Deschamps' eyes were filled with tears.

While the two last verses were being sung, he tried to busy himself in finding his text and select-

ing the closing hymn, partly to conceal his emotions and partly to compose himself for the sermon. But he could not shut his ears while Louise was singing the last verse alone. Her tone and expression seemed changed. They were no more plaintive, but full of gladness and exultation, and the words seemed to flow forth from her lips like the first burst of melody that the lark gives forth on its return to its northern home in spring-time.

When an orator rises to speak, he can tell by the sensation that comes over him whether he will succeed well or not. Victor felt strong, a pleasant emotion thrilled his limbs. It passed over his face like a summer's breath. It gave tone to his voice, loosed his tongue, and imparted activity and clearness to every faculty of his mind. He felt no excitement, yet he knew that he was inspired.

I copy from his diary a brief epitome of his sermon: —

"'God so loved the world.' Who so loved the world? Were it some noble man, some great benefactor of our race, how even then the consciousness of being thus loved, how the nobility of such an example, would thrill our breasts. The mother's love for her children is beautiful. What would she not suffer for them? Still more inspiring the patriot's love of country. For this how many have gladly died. But the most inspiring of all would be his who so loved the whole human race, all men with such devotion, that he gave his

only-begotten Son to die for them. And to what sublime contemplations does this consciousness lift our thoughts, that he, who is the omnipotent and eternal God, thus loved us. With what firm confidence, with what high hopes, with what pleasing anticipations, with what effort to realize in ourselves and in the world his purposes in us, should it inspire.

"Why did he so love us? Because he is our Father. This renders our relations to him natural. It gives him authority over us, gives us the right of protection and support in him. It makes us members of his household, his own children by birth, heirs of his kingdom, and partakers with him of all his riches, glory, and happiness. If this relation is maintained, his mansion is our home; and there we live for ever, without labor, and with no anxiety for our daily bread. We are obedient, yet without fear. 'Love casteth out fear.' There is no idea of dependence, because we are his children. There is no thought of tyranny or restraint, because he is our Father. Why is it, then, that our condition here is so grievous? Why must we suffer and toil and weep? Why, because this natural relation of parent and child hath been sundered by our disobedience. We have gone away like the Prodigal from our Father's house. Does he love us less? Does he feel less interest in us? Does he delight in our sufferings? Listen: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but

have everlasting life.' Mark this, — *whosoever* believeth in him shall attain everlasting life. There is nothing said about any other belief. It is not faith in Romanism, nor in Protestantism, nor in any creed whatever, but in Him. Are all creeds therefore false? No, but unnecessary. And what matter whether they be true or false? This is the sole requisite of salvation, — that we should believe in Christ.

"But what is implied by belief in him? One may believe that he was the Son of God, that salvation is only attainable through him, and yet not be a believer in the true sense. The faith by which men are justified in him is not simply theoretical, — not simply an assent to a certain definition of his nature, nor to any formula of doctrines. St. James says the devils believe and tremble. Doubtless, Satan himself believed in him in this sense, could have assented to the most Orthodox creed in the world, when he offered him all earthly kingdoms, if he would but fall down and worship him. Faith in Christ *is faith in him, and in no person nor thing else.* And to be real it must be active. It requires us to put forth effort to fulfil in ourselves and in the world his purpose. It requires us to profess him before men and to labor for the good of men. Hence one cannot truly believe in Christ who is not willing to profess that belief in baptism, for baptism is a profession of faith, and not a magical rite; and also to labor diligently, as he labored, for the good of men.

"How simple, then, is the gospel scheme of salvation, requiring only a belief in Christ, — a belief that is professed before men, and that is fruitful in good works! Its purpose is Christ's purpose, its effort is his effort, its spirit is his spirit.

"Now the first thing to inquire is, not whether Romanism or Protestantism be true, but whether Christ be true. Look to no man-made creed or formula of faith, but look to Christ and to his gospel. Was he not our friend and brother? Did he not desire to aid us? Did he not sympathize with our sufferings? Did he not do all that could be done for our good? Look on his tears, they are shed for us. Behold his sufferings, he dies for sinners. Listen to his words: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Can we doubt that he was our friend? Nay, did he not verily believe that he had the power to save us, if we would but come to him?

"This settled, that he was our friend, and that he verily believed that he could save us, next consider what were the evidences of his truth and power. What is this gospel he preached? What is the example he set us? what his character and ability as contrasted with other men? Has any person ever doubted that his gospel was the true rule of life? that it is immeasurably superior to any other system? And, if it be the true rule, why should any hesitate to adopt it? Has any other man ever displayed such wisdom, or put forth such efforts, or made such sacrifices for the

good of men? Was there ever a manhood so noble, a nature so sublime? Why, then, should any doubt his truth and power? With the example of such a life before us, with the inspiration of such a life within us, with such a gospel to guide us, with such a friend to aid us, with such hopes and promises set before us, for shame that any soul should perish.

"Again, from what are we saved, if saved from perishing? To what do we attain, if we attain everlasting life? No person living hath yet sounded the depths of human suffering, nor has it yet entered into a single heart what are the possibilities of happiness. And yet there is much of heaven and hell on earth. The fact of their existence is established beyond all controversy by our own experiences, only we see nowhere here perfect happiness nor complete wretchedness. Yet we know that whatever exists in part may exist in fulness; and hence from the fact that there are degrees of joy and suffering here, we know that these may exist hereafter immeasurably increased. And common sense and common experience teach us that the direction in which we drift determines our destiny. We must grow better or worse, we must rise or fall. Every thing is controlled by fixed laws, either natural or moral or spiritual; and these laws we have no reason to suppose will or can be changed. Christ even did not claim the power to change the law of God. He says he came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law. His

power to save was in his knowledge and revelation of the laws of life. He claimed no miraculous gift, if by miracles is meant any thing contrary to law. He did no miracles in this sense. He indeed exercised all power, but this power resulted from his knowledge of law and from the supremacy of mind over matter. Law being eternal with God, it cannot be said that even Omnipotence is superior to law, unless we suppose that God is superior to himself. Omnipotence means perfect knowledge and control of law through which any thing can be accomplished. Now we say that Christ revealed the law of life, of spiritual life. Did he or did he not? If not, it has never been revealed.

"And finally, if Christ be true, it is necessary to believe in him, or we perish. Otherwise he had not come to save us from perishing. Think ye he would have undergone such labors and sufferings, if our danger were not great, or if otherwise salvation were possible? O dying soul, behold your Saviour! For the great love he bore us, he endured the agonies of Gethsemane and the cross, that we should not perish, but attain everlasting life. He has done all that could be done for us. Shall we do nothing for ourselves? He would not that any should perish, and yet he cannot save us unless we believe in him. The law of God is immutable: it cannot change, though all should perish."

He continued at great length to enforce this idea that all had been done for our salvation that

was possible even to an omnipotent God, and that only through the law of life revealed in Christ was it possible to be saved. "The fact," said he, "that God is omnipotent, perfect, and unchangeable, precludes the possibility of our salvation by any other method or means than by the operation of those laws which are eternal with him, and revealed in Christ. Only finite and sinful beings can violate law. Yet men seem to think that the decision of our destiny rests with him alone; but not so, — it rests with us. God has decided to save us, and for this purpose has sent his Son into the world. But, if we decide that we will not be saved, nothing more can be done. Yet his mercy is unbounded, howbeit that it cannot be exercised in violation of law. When he sent his Son into the world, he exercised mercy. When he judges the world, as he is doing constantly in the operation of his laws, he exercises justice. Mercy precedes judgment: it cannot follow it. The one seeks to save us: the other is simply a question of guilt or innocence."

When he was through, the deep hush that pervaded the assembly continued for some moments, so profound had been the impression produced by his words and the vehement earnestness of his manner. Not till he had given out the 139th hymn did the people seem to recover their consciousness. He read but two lines: —

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

All seemed to join in singing the noble hymn

with the most sincere and earnest devotion. The captain's powerful voice, full of fervor and inspiration, rose above all the rest. The rough sailors that were present became all aglow with enthusiasm; and their voices rose so wild and high that those on deck, catching the words and inspiration, joined in one by one till the ship itself, as it rose and fell on the billows, seemed to feel the inspiration of the song.

When the singing was through, the people again sat down. Either they did not realize that the service was concluded, or were reluctant to depart. Suddenly a movement was noticed near the door, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction, — Garvey was on his feet. After a pause, in which he seemed to be adjusting his countenance in order to give it an expression of piety, he said: —

"I 'adn't hexpected ter take any part in this meetin'; but I think I ort not ter keep silence at such er time. I 'av allers stood up fur Christ since I was convarted, now mor'n forty year ago. An' wen I heered that pious 'ymn it made me think uv that time, — the joyfulest uv my life. But I don't think anybody can git religun, 'cept he 'av sound doctoring preached ter 'im. Nor can anybody be saved, 'cept he 'av er change uv 'art. Our 'arts is desputly wicked in ther natral state. 'Fore one gits er change uv 'art, he is prone ter evil, as ther sparks fly hupward. O my himpenertunt fren's, I entreat yer ter turn from yer wickedness and be convarted. The 'Oly Sperit ull not allers

strive. Don't grieve 'im away. 'Member yer 'av got ter die; and then comes ther orful judgment, wen if yer names 'av not ben writ in ther Lamb's book uv life yer'll be plunged inter er lake uv fire and brimstun, and be tormented fur ever an' dever. I war sorry ter heer ther preacher say that all that war necessary war to 'fess Christ, hand be baptized, hand ter do good works. That ha'n't sound doctoring. 'Tis as bad as ther Catherlics. Yer carn't be saved by such doctoring. Yer must 'av er change uv 'art, — that's wat saves yer, an' 'ta'n't nothin' else. Good works a'n't uv no use. They 'ur wicked 'for yer 'av er change uv 'art. One carn't do nuthin' 'imself. Ther Sperit does all ther work. It's wicked ter strive ter save yerself. Wen ther Sperit strives, it's orful. I 'member well wen he strived with me. I couldn't eat nothin' fur a week 'ardly. Hand just 'fore I got religun, I lost my senses, and came like er corpse" —

By this time there was so much confusion that Garvey could hardly be heard. Some of the sailors laughed, some jeered and groaned. Still there was great curiosity to hear him. The captain, however, could hardly restrain his impatience. "That's jolly," said Gus, slapping his knees. Mrs. Winslow was disgusted. Marie snickered.

At last Garvey sat down, after warning his "himpenertunt fren's" of the lake of "brimstun," especially those who believed in unsound "doctoring," or that jeered at his words.

He had no sooner seated himself than another

speaker took the floor, evidently a man of some education. His manner was confident and supercilious, and his tone blatant and pretentious, though he affected a scholarly style and polish. He was a young man of about Victor's age, and as afterwards appeared was an attaché of the American Legation in Paris.

He began by saying that he had understood this was to be a free meeting in which all could speak, and he would be pardoned if he offered a few remarks. He was a native of New England, and was proud to be a descendant of the Puritans who were the champions alike of religious and political freedom. He was a Calvinist, and could not indorse all that had been said by the first speaker, who he thought had not carefully examined his Bible. He was much shocked at the idea put forth, that an omnipotent God could not save any man except in accordance with law. This would make the Supreme Being subject to law. The truth was, God did in all things as he chose. We had no right to inquire why he did so and so. "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" Before the world was made, God had in his inscrutable wisdom ordained certain ones to be saved and the rest to be damned. Those who were to be saved were duly called: the Holy Spirit strove with and converted them, and kept them from falling. The rest would perish, however great efforts they put forth to be saved.

He then quoted many passages in the Bible

to prove the doctrine of predestination, and also argued from God's foreknowledge to prove that it must be true. He agreed with the last speaker that it was the Holy Spirit that converted the soul, and not Christ; but he did not believe in free grace. Finally he declared he was ready to argue the question with any person, and challenged any one to discuss it with him.

Garvey wished to explain. He lived in Detroit where the Puritans and Methodists were joined in one congregation. As for himself, he was really a Calvinist. "I b'leeve," said he, "in 'lection, hand 'tis er most comfurtin' doctoring ter me."

Reuben Smith — for that was the attaché's name — accepted his explanation most graciously. He then made some severe comments on the Methodists, whom he regarded as religious enthusiasts. He was sorry, too, that the Episcopal prayer-book should have been used in the service. He thought they were to have a Protestant service. However, it made no difference he supposed, only he as a Protestant wished to clear his skirts of all responsibility. By being present he might have seemed to countenance its use. In fact, he hinted that it was a great piece of imposition to introduce it surreptitiously into a Protestant meeting. They had had one Catholic service already, and he had no idea that another was to be introduced. As for himself, he preferred to have the Catholic service entire than one so diluted and heretical as this had been.

The people listened to his remarks in silent amazement, though the more intelligent understood as soon as he began to speak his sophomorical character, and were rather inclined to laugh at the effort he had put forth to display his learning and bring himself into notice. All eyes were turned on Victor, expecting he would make some reply; but he determined to keep silence. A sailor raised a faint hiss, which threatened to become a storm, at which Mr. Smith began to blaze with anger. The captain sprang to his feet, and, waving his hand to enjoin silence, spoke with some excitement. He said he desired all who wished to have an opportunity of speaking; but order must be maintained. The last speaker had transcended the common rules of courtesy, to say the least, in the manner in which he had alluded to the use of the Episcopal service. If they had a service of any kind, it was not expected that it would suit all; but he was confident that the one they had had was agreeable to most of those present. If the gentleman had not liked it, he was not bound to remain. And as for the differences of belief, he did not know nor care. But this was plain, that until the matter was introduced the effect of the service had been good. He had himself enjoyed it and profited by it. But now the good effect had been dissipated, and the meeting turned into disorder. He was not himself a religious man, though he had of late become interested in the subject of religion. One had said that there could be no conversion except

sound doctrines were preached; and another that all would go to hell, in spite of any thing they could do, unless picked out beforehand to be saved. Such doctrines might be sound, but he did not think they could convert him; and, judging from appearances, he did not think it very likely they would convert anybody, if he was any judge of what conversion meant. But perhaps he was not one of the elect, and so could not judge. He was quite willing, however, that the matter should be discussed, if it was done in courteous language.

Mr. Smith rose instantly, when the captain sat down. His tone was somewhat subdued, as he had been a little frightened by the storm that had been raised against him. He said he hoped the captain would pardon him, if he had used discourteous language; but he had been trained in a school that could not tolerate superstition or false doctrine. His ancestors had fled away from the oppression of the English Church, and had sought an asylum in the New World, where they could worship God in purity and truth. No wonder, then, that he had felt indignant that upon an American ship he had been compelled to listen to what he regarded as gross superstition, and to what any sound theologian must regard as wicked heresies.

The captain here interrupted him: he did not know why the gentleman should claim the exclusive right of representing the American people. He was not the only —

"I would have you know," said Augustus, springing to his feet, "that there are more Americans than yourself aboard. And all are not such sneaking cowards as I know you are. You have insulted my mother and sister, who are Episcopalians; and if you don't apologize, I will" —

Here Gus started forward in great fury, bent on inflicting summary vengeance upon the offending attaché, who, seeing the infuriated young man approaching, and deeming that discretion was the better part of valor, precipitately retreated. All was in an uproar. The captain caught hold of Gus to restrain him. The women screamed. The sailors jeered the fleeing attaché. The occasion again brought Garvey into prominence, and developed his true character. Squaring himself off in the most approved pugilistic style, he called out: —

"If any uv yer wants ter fight, jest come 'ere. These 'ere paws ha'n't very light. They brings ther juice every time."

But the captain soon enforced order. Garvey, however, was not subdued till the order was given to place him under arrest, when he subsided. The company scattered; and a reaction of feeling setting in, as was natural, when the ridiculousness of the scene that had just transpired came to be appreciated, all were in a laughing humor. Garvey stalked around on deck, evidently regarding himself as a hero, and cracking coarse jokes with the rougher class of passengers and sailors. Louise and Victor did not appear on deck. Reuben Smith

soon recovered his equanimity, and seemed as self-satisfied as ever. Gus was a little ashamed of the part he had acted.

"You were very foolish, Augustus," said his father, "to show such temper. Mr. Smith's language was rather cutting, but there was no occasion for such a flare-up."

"Why, my dear, how can you say that?" said Mrs. Winslow. "I think it was really very chivalric in Augustus; and I trust he will always be ready to protect his mother and sister from insults. I don't wonder his French blood was stirred up."

"Pshaw!" was the professor's only response.

"I'll bet, Gus," said Marie, "you wouldn't have struck him."

"What'll you bet?" said Gus, shaking his head menacingly.

Marie laughed derisively.

"Don't you think, M. Deschamps," inquired Mrs. Winslow, "that Gus did just right?"

"We can't judge young men by the same rules that we do men of my age. I certainly admired Augustus' courage, and sympathized most heartily with him in his desire to castigate such impertinence," replied Deschamps.

At this moment, much to their astonishment, Mr. Smith himself approached them, in company with the captain. Calling Gus aside, the latter said: "Lieutenant Winslow, permit me to introduce Mr. Reuben Smith, attaché of the American Legation at Paris."

"I come," said Mr. Smith, blandly, "to apologize for my unintentional rudeness to-day. I certainly was not aware that any ladies present were Episcopalians, or I should not have spoken as I did."

Gus shook his proffered hand heartily. "Oh, that was all a joke! Don't mention it. Nothing but a misunderstanding anyhow, — that's all. Father thinks I was a fool to get excited, and I guess he was about right."

"No, you did just right. I should have felt and done just as you did. La Tourette made the whole trouble." Then, lowering his voice, "I meant what I said for him. What do you think of him, Lieutenant? Did you ever see such a conceited fellow?"

"Oh, La Tourette didn't mean any thing wrong."

"Well, let's take a drink together. Captain, will you drink with us?"

"Excuse me," said the captain, gruffly, turning away and leaving them abruptly.

The two young men sauntered off together towards the bar. Inside they found Garvey, and a few rough fellows whom he was treating.

"Glad ter see yer, gents. Wark hup, hand take sumthin', won't yer?"

"No, beg pardon," said Smith. "We came in for a private drink." Speaking aside to Gus, while their drinks were being prepared, Smith said: "We have to humor such fellows. He is a rich trader from Detroit. I saw him often at the

Legation, and he is really a good fellow, though a little rough."

Just then one of the men present let slip an oath.

"I are sorrer ter heer yer swar, nabor," said Garvey, bringing his glass down a little from his mouth, and licking his lips with his great tongue that protruded from his mouth like that of an ox. "I never swar. It ar'n't gentermanly. It are brakin' ther kermandments." Then turning towards Smith, he continued, "Wonder 'ow Lawteret feels ater the squelchin' we gin 'im. He's too self-richerse, hand 'e a'n't got any religun er tall."

Smith smiled, but made no reply.

"You are a lieutenant, I presume, in the United States Army?" he said, addressing Gus.

"I have my commission, but have not yet seen active service. I only graduated last fall."

"If I can help you in the matter of promotion, I should be glad to do so. My uncle, Deacon Smith, is a man of great influence. By the way, who was that tall, elderly man, with a pretty daughter? or at least I suppose she was his daughter."

"I knows um," said Garvey, who had been listening to the young men as they stood leaning on the counter. "They'er fum our town. They'er name's Dershawm. Hee's er lawyer, hand er mighty mean man. He's er inferdel, hand his darter is er stuck hup Catherlic."

Gus reddened, and Smith cast a deprecating glance at Garvey.

"Howsomever, I ha'n't nuthin' tickler ter say gin the gal," he continued. "But there'll be trouble in Dertrawit 'fore long, if Dershawm don't stop er meddlin' 'bout the niggers and the Injuns."

"Is he wealthy?" inquired Smith.

"Wal, I s'pose 'e 'as some money. But I guess no great shakes. He spends purty much all 'e gits on the niggers."

CHAPTER IX.

SHAKING OFF THE VIPER.

WHEN the two young men emerged from the bar-room, Smith said, "I have a favor to ask of you, Lieutenant, and that is an introduction to your mother and sister. I feel that I owe them an apology, and would like an opportunity of making one."

"Oh, certainly, I shall be glad to introduce you. Suppose I do it now before we go down to supper. There they are yonder." Gus felt some trepidation, as he and his companion approached the group in which his mother and sister were standing; for he felt uncertain how they would receive his new friend, in relation to whom they had expressed so much resentment and disgust. But they received him with politeness, if not cordiality. The professor was more than ordinarily affable. Deschamps and Louise, however, to whom Gus also introduced him as they were standing by, bowed coldly. Victor was not present.

"I trust," said Smith, bowing awkwardly, but without any marked embarrassment, "you ladies will forgive me for my unfortunate mistake to-day. I really, ladies, did not know you were Episco-

palians, or, believe me, I would not have said any thing to wound your feelings. Indeed, I have great respect for Episcopalians generally. It was only in reference to the man who read the service that my words were intended to apply, — certainly not to so respectable, and, I may add, so distinguished a family."

Deschamps and Louise turned away abruptly.

Mrs. Winslow was a little embarrassed for an answer. She thought Mr. Smith must be of good family or he would not have been an attaché of the American Legation, and so did not wish to treat him rudely. Besides, she really was quite flattered by the compliment paid to her family. "No apology is necessary, Mr. Smith," said she. "If you and my son are reconciled, we can have no longer any cause for resentment."

Having once got started, she went on with her natural volubility. What made the Americans so prejudiced against the Church? Even her husband was prejudiced. But she thought it was the true Church. It was founded by the Apostles. She herself had been a Catholic till she was married, when she went with her husband, though she never could feel satisfied in the Congregational Church. It did not seem like worship at all, unless a Liturgy was used. So she began to go to the Episcopal Church. She found, too, such nice people there. "Why, Mr. Smith," said she enthusiastically, "some of the first families in Boston belong to the Episcopal Church."

"I can well believe that from what I see before me," — and Reuben gave another of his graceful bows.

They all went down to supper together; and Reuben seated himself between the professor and Deschamps, — the seat that had been left vacant for Victor, who had not yet made his appearance.

"I am delighted," said Reuben, "to be among Americans again, and educated people too."

The professor began to grow a little reserved. "Did I understand that you reside in Boston, sir?"

"I am not exactly a resident of Boston, though I have spent a good deal of time there with my uncle. Perhaps you know him, — Deacon Smith, of the Congregational Church. He has a wholesale store on Washington Street. He is one of the leading business men of the city, and is *very* prominent in the Church."

The professor nodded. He had heard of Deacon Smith, but had no personal acquaintance with him. "You are not a graduate of Harvard, I presume. I do not remember having seen you in any of my classes."

"Unfortunately not. My father is a merchant in Connecticut, and sent me to Yale. Perhaps it was best I should go to Yale, as I purpose entertering the ministry," and Reuben flushed with pride when he announced this; "but I should have liked to have gone to Harvard, the society of Boston is so superior. But my uncle procured

me a situation in the French Legation, which has brought me on familiar and intimate terms with some of the most distinguished people of America and Europe."

So then the standing of Reuben in society was made plain. And I may add that his statement was not in the main untruthful, only colored by his fancy and aspirations. He omitted to state of course that his father was a small shop-keeper in the country, who retailed a few dry goods, groceries, candies, and patent medicines, and also supplied his customers with what in those days were regarded as not less necessities of life, — gin and tobacco. But the population was so sparse and the trade so light that the back part of his store had been converted into a shop in which he employed the intervals between waiting upon his customers in mending boots and shoes; while, for the sake of a necessary economy, he occupied the upper story of his store as a residence. This was not dishonorable, but it was unnecessary that Reuben should state it. Nor did he recount his struggles with poverty in order to obtain his education: how he had been partly supported by charity, been employed at times in a menial capacity in his uncle's store, and had in vacations sold religious books from house to house in order to turn an honest penny to defray his next term's expenses, — though all this would have been in the highest degree creditable to him. Nor did he say that his uncle had never admitted him to the inti-

macy of his family, while he was doing the rough work of the store. True, his uncle had somewhat relented since his graduation, and had procured him, as he was a good penman, a position as copyist in the French Legation, though he had never once invited him to his palatial residence, nor presented him to his daughter, Reuben's cousin Betsy, and his uncle's only child.

But Reuben was by nature irrepressible; and, not being endowed with sensibilities particularly refined and delicate, he never for a moment lost confidence in himself nor in his destiny. Like many theological students, he was somewhat conceited, and was very ambitious of rising in the world. The speech he had made after the evening service was chiefly an effort to bring himself into notice, and to display the natural and acquired gifts he felt sure were pre-eminent in him. Indeed, he believed himself a genius, and destined for a high position in the Church. He even thought it possible that he might some day be addressed as "Doctor Reuben Smith," and preside over the great congregation of which his uncle was a *magna pars*. He dreamed too — and what theological student has not had this dream? — of being called to a city church as soon as he was through the seminary, and then marrying into a rich and prominent family.

When, therefore, he found that the Winslows were a prominent family of Boston, and that he had unwittingly given them offence, he was led to

pursue the course he did. He worshipped wealth and respectability; and to obtain a high position in the world had really — though perhaps unconsciously — been the inspiration of his efforts to obtain an education. Not but that he was really pious, in the common acceptation of that term; for he had unusually early "met with a change," was given, when quite young, to reading "Pilgrim's Progress," and other works of standard piety. He had even, according to his mother's testimony, "devoured" tracts, and had delighted in distributing them by the way as he travelled from house to house, in vacations, obtaining subscriptions for family Bibles and commentaries. But, as I before said, he was gifted with an irrepressible spirit, and which, in him at least, was not inharmonious with piety, but rather its encouragement and support. In fact, no one at that time could get along well in the world without being pious. This was essential to success in almost every calling. Indeed, the more one was endowed with piety, the higher might he aspire; and so it came to be regarded as a token of success, if not of real genius, when early displayed, just as much as a poetical or mechanical talent. So far as regards the "inward call" to the ministry, he was perfectly satisfied. He had experienced it unmistakably. Perhaps his religious tastes, combined with his desire to take a high position in the world, had really determined his choice of a profession. More likely, however, the ministry was the only profession in which so awk-

ward a boy could hope to succeed; but, however that may be, when required to rehearse the evidences of his "inward call," he recited them in the usual form. Nor would I affirm that he did not think he had been called of the Holy Ghost, though it is not likely the call would have been heeded, had it not been in accordance with his inclinations. True, it could not be expected, now that the days of miracles have gone by, or at least supposed to have gone by, that he should have heard a voice saying, "Follow me," or seen, as Paul did, a vision in the heavens; though I have seen some ministers — and so indifferent ones, too, that I could not otherwise imagine what motive could have led them into the profession — who boasted having actually experienced calls quite as miraculous; but at least we should expect that one who assumes the ministry of Christ would be imbued in some degree with his spirit, and animated with his purpose. Reuben Smith had no such spirit nor purpose. Still, I say he may have thought he was called because he was pious, and because he wanted to be a minister; though he never would have thought of entering the ministry, were it not esteemed in the world an honorable calling, nor, when in it, would such a man be likely to study Christ's will as much as the popular will. He was incapable of braving public opinion in condemnation of any wrong, and still less of questioning the truth of any tenet of the creed upon which he might depend for liveli-

hood and promotion. Yet I would not single him out for condemnation; nor would I condemn the ministry as a body, for most are obliged to drift with the popular tide or starve. Nor do I regard professed Christians as generally hypocrites; for most think they are approved by God. But, in fact, the churches of our day are as different in their spirit and purpose from the Church of Christ as the religion of the Jews in our Saviour's time was from that promulgated from Mt. Sinai. While I write, the "Evangelical Alliance" is deploring the spread of infidelity, and attempting to account therefor in every way but the true one; but the wonder is that there is so little infidelity in the world, there is so little of Christ's spirit in the churches. Men do not love Christ less. He never was indeed loved so much as he is now: but they cannot love what is now called the Church; it is so unlike its founder. Still it is capable of reform; and when it does become Catholic once more in spirit and practice, as it inevitably must if it survives the progress of the age, it will awake to a new life.

"I suppose of course you are acquainted with President Dwight," said Reuben. "I think I have heard him speak of you."

The professor nodded stiffly.

"What did you think of the sermon we were compelled to listen to this afternoon? It seemed to me very unsound, — really shocking, in fact. Of course I do not refer to the Episcopal service,

for that was very impressive; but the preaching was of a very dangerous character, no better than Unitarianism. I am sure it could not have been Episcopal doctrine."

He spoke in so loud a tone of voice as to attract the attention of the whole table. The professor was uneasy. He had already penetrated the sophomorical character of Smith, and was now disposed to repel his advances. But with his habitual caution he did not wish to offend him, nor make public his own private religious views; so he replied evasively: —

"I presume M. La Tourette's views would not be regarded as strictly Orthodox by some. I suppose you have been trained in the Jonathan Edwards school. M. Deschamps, will you remain long in Boston before going West?"

"You should stop there by all means," broke in Reuben, not giving Deschamps time to reply, "long enough to see the place, — especially Harvard College. Boston is a charming place. The society is scarcely inferior to that of Paris; and what makes it particularly attractive is its literary culture." Then turning to the professor, he continued, "Yes, I belong to the Jonathan Edwards school. I consider him the greatest theologian the world has ever produced since the days of John Calvin."

The professor paid no heed to his remark, but still looked towards Deschamps for a reply to his question.

"I think we shall remain there a few days after landing; that is, if the people are not too refined for a backwoodsman like me, or too Orthodox to tolerate a sceptic." Then jocosely, "I believe you burn heretics in Boston, — certainly witches, — and I fear it will not be safe for M. La Tourette and me to tarry long."

The professor smiled, and a slight titter ran around the table; but Reuben did not interpret it. At that moment Victor and the captain entered. This was the first time the former had made his appearance since the afternoon service. After any unusual excitement, it was always a great relief to him to be alone. On this occasion, as soon as the door of his state-room closed behind him, his strength gave way, and he sank utterly unnerved into his chair. The glass opposite disclosed a face that startled him with its pallor. "I cannot endure this," he whispered. "Such excitements as I have passed through this afternoon!" and the tears started to his eyes. Though never betraying in public any weakness, when alone he was often childish. He had a habit of talking to himself, — "thinking aloud," — and frequently wrote in his diary in this mood. At this time he suffered the greatest mental anguish, and his heart was filled with bitterness. "Oh, if I were only home again! I did not dream that there were such people in the world. But I like the captain, the Deschamps, and the Winslows. Go out on the borders to preach? Fool! But I will — I must. I am good

for nothing else. Convert such people as Garvey and Smith to Catholicity? might as well ask a dog not to bark, or a serpent not to hiss. Do they really think they are right? Hypocrites! they cannot think God created men to damn them. Of course they are the elect, specially created to be saved. A good illustration of the Church as it is, the scenes of to-day. And it is just that way everywhere, — strife and hatred, and all about doctrines."

Then he sat long in silence, reviewing the scenes through which he had passed. Gradually he came to himself, and his spirits reacted. "It was quite encouraging, indeed. The effect was all I could have desired till Garvey spoke. I hate such cant; but perhaps he was sincere. How sweetly Louise sung! What a beautiful soul she must have! What tender and passionate expression! But I never can ask any woman to marry me. It would be wicked to tie such a delicate nature to so weak a one as mine. I think I would like to be an Episcopalian; but I never can subscribe those articles."

Here a gentle knock was given at his door. Instantly he recovered his usual self-possession. Opening, he was rejoiced to see the captain. "Come in. I am glad to see you," he said cheerfully.

The captain's face at first looked anxious. Though as unlike as two persons could well be in personal appearance, age, and experience, they were yet very congenial, and were instinctively

drawn to each other. The captain fully understood Victor's sensitive nature, and missing him on deck had divined the cause of his retirement, and so had come to cheer him up.

They sat long together, talking chiefly on religious subjects, until they seemed to become of one mind and heart in Christ.

When the two appeared at the supper-table, besides the captain's usual seat there was but one vacant chair, and that was nearly opposite Smith, and between Garvey and little Amie, who sat beside her mother.

Amie was delighted when she saw Victor. "Here is a seat," she called out, "here with me and mamma. He's coming!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands in high glee as Victor approached. All laughed except Garvey, who groaned derisively, though not loud enough to attract attention.

But there was hardly room. "This big man must move," said Amie. Garvey pretended not to hear.

"Will you please allow me to sit here, sir?" said Victor, politely.

Garvey started and looked up into his face with an insulting stare; and then, as if not comprehending what was wanted, uttered a surprised "Eh?"

"Will you move, sir?" said Victor, with a firm voice.

Garvey started up in pretentious haste, and

hitched away as far as he could get, and seemed anxious to get farther. One or two weak people tittered at this stupid insult; but Victor paid no heed to it, and began chatting with Amie.

The captain's face was livid with rage; but, seeing the indifference of Victor, and not wishing to have another scene at the table, he restrained himself. Nearly all were indignant; and from sympathy some strove to say a pleasant word to Victor. Amie's mother had enjoyed the afternoon service so much. Mrs. Winslow thought she had never heard the Episcopal service rendered more impressively.

"How did you like the singing?" said Gus. "We did not have much time to get it up; but we did our best."

All exclaimed together that it was grand. And then Victor told how surprised he was when he heard them begin the first chant. As for the singing, he had never been so transported in his life, — especially when the sailors joined in the last hymn.

The professor also expressed himself much pleased with the singing. But no person said any thing about the sermon. The captain and Deschamps said nothing, not having recovered from the indignation that Garvey had excited sufficiently to speak with calmness. The priest sat at the remote end of the table, and took no part in the conversation.

"Don't you like the Episcopal service, M. La Tourette?" inquired Mrs. Winslow.

"Indeed I do; and I am very much indebted to you for suggesting its use."

"Oh, I knew you would like it! I do believe you will be an Episcopalian yet."

Reuben had kept silence for some time; but his irrepressible nature now found an opportunity of expression. Though he had not been introduced to Victor, he now addressed him in a patronizing and ironical tone: —

"I presume, sir, you have not pursued a regular theological course?"

Victor looked a little surprised, but answered politely, "I studied, sir, with the view of taking orders in the Church of Rome."

"Yer might then," said Garvey, "be er 'pisco-pal well ernuff, I s'pose. Guess ther just 'bout erlike."

"A great difference, a very *great* difference," exclaimed Reuben, with a peculiar assumption of wisdom in his tone. "I should *hardly* think, Mr. — excuse me, but your name has escaped me," — bowing with a disagreeable and almost offensive effort at politeness, — "should hardly think your theological views would accord with those of the Episcopalians." Then turning to the Winslows, "Episcopalians — and I think I am familiar with their doctrines — are Protestants, and strictly orthodox. Some of our standard works in theology, such as Scott's Commentaries, — a very profound exposition, — were written by Episcopalians." As no person made any reply, Reuben enlarged on the

merits of "that remarkable work," and then began to display his school-boy acquirements in theology in relation to the history and doctrines of the Episcopal Church, when he was interrupted by Amie, who had vainly endeavored to engage Victor's attention, he being too polite to talk with her while another was speaking.

"What makes the man talk so much, mamma?" said she, her patience being quite exhausted.

Politeness could not prevent the company from laughing. Reuben flushed slightly, but tried to laugh with the rest.

Amie was frightened at the tumult she had raised and the chidings of her mother, and began to cry. Her mother was about to hurry her away, but she clung to Victor, who had taken her in his arms.

"G'ess yer'll 'av' ter farther that are child," said Garvey, breaking into a coarse laugh. "Hand it seems ter come kinder nat'ral ter yer. Mebbe ther's good reason fur't," again breaking into his characteristic and peculiarly offensive and disagreeable laugh.

The face of Amie's mother crimsoned; and she hastened away with her little boy, leaving Amie in Victor's arms.

The captain had already gone.

So coarse an insult was intolerable; but Victor for the moment could not notice it on account of the presence of ladies. His fiery nature was, however, fully aroused. He took little Amie on deck,

and, as soon as he could disengage himself from her, started in quest of Garvey. He was no longer himself. A new spirit was developed in him, so fierce and terrible, though for the moment held in check, that it imparted an almost superhuman strength to his delicate frame. He knew, indeed, that he was passionate; but his associations had never brought him in contact with such natures as Garvey's, and the fierceness of his spirit had never before been so aroused.

But Deschamps called after him in a low voice. "Louise wishes to speak with you," he said; and then added, "I hope you will take no notice of Garvey. He is so low that an insult from him will only exalt you in the estimation of all whose opinion is of any value. I have myself suffered a good deal from him; but it was rather an advantage than otherwise. Let the captain deal with him now."

Victor hesitated, but finally turned back with Deschamps. Louise looked up, with a pale face, when he reached her side, but with an expression in her beautiful eyes that quenched instantly the fierce flame that burned in his own. He had not seen this expression before, though he saw it often afterwards, in his moments of trial, when nothing else could subdue his wild passions, or inspire with patience his strangely sensitive nature. It seemed to express the language of inspiration, — "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." It saved his life

from utter wreck. Without it, so passionate a nature could never have struggled with the ignorance, brutality, and selfishness of a sinful world, and finally triumphed. It was like the still, small voice — the spirit presence — that subdued the fierce passions of idolatry-hating Elijah, soothed his soul by the murmuring waters of Cherith, touched his lips with live coals in the wilderness, and transported his impetuous spirit to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"It is as I thought," she said, letting her eyes rest for a moment in his with their full expression, and then turning them away with a glance of mingled reproof and sorrow.

"Surely, you would not wish me to submit to such brutality," said Victor, in a subdued voice, but which trembled with emotion.

Louise did not reply.

"Would you?" he persisted.

Still no answer.

Deschamps had gone away. The sun was setting, and the sky and ocean were ablaze with golden light.

He sat down, and the two looked out upon the tinted clouds and glowing waters for a time in silence.

"How beautiful!" said Louise at last.

"Yes, it is beautiful; but it is followed by darkness. Even now the rainbows are fading, and it will soon be night," replied Victor, sadly.

"But it will not be very dark. Look back: the

moon is rising. We would be tired of rainbows if we were compelled to see them all the time. The moonlight is just as beautiful. Don't you think that in heaven there will be shifting scenes, — sunlight, moonlight, and twinkling stars?"

"Oh, I don't know! I sometimes think heaven is but a dream," said Victor, striving in his sombre mood to resist the cheerful influence of Louise's words, but feeling happy in spite of himself.

But she seemed saddened by his reply. "Do you really think," she said in almost a whisper, "that there is any doubt of there being a happier world than this?"

Victor felt ashamed. "No doubt at all," he replied, smiling. "My words were but the expression of my ill-temper. Those rainbow clouds reveal possibilities of beauty more glorious than the imagination can picture; and every possibility must be a reality somewhere, because of the limitlessness of existence. If there is any thing, there must be more from whence it was derived. Every source must be unlimited; for otherwise there would be a beginning, which is impossible."

"Is not God the beginning? and surely he is not impossible."

"Oh, yes! in one sense he is; that is, if we mean by beginning the existence and source. But he has himself no beginning; and so what comes from him — and every thing is from him — has no beginning in substance."

Victor's thoughts were too philosophical for

Louise; and her mind turned to other reflections.

"You did not tell me what you thought of heaven, whether there are any changes there such as we see here. See! the clouds are getting dark now, and the moon and stars are shining."

"Heaven is just like earth, or as earth would be if there were no sin. All things are one. There can be no more differing plans of existence than there can be more than one God."

"Then there are there sun, moon, and stars?"

"Yes: what we shall call by these names, and what will in reality have the same relations to us."

"But there will be no night there, so the Bible says."

"No spiritual darkness, but a change corresponding to our natural night."

"And music, and birds, and flowers, do you think?"

"Yes."

"And trees, and green fields, and running waters?"

"Yes: every thing good, beautiful, and true."

"But where are they? why cannot we see them now?"

"Oh, I fear you are the doubter, after all," said Victor, laughing.

"No: I have no doubts; but I often wonder what heaven is and where it can be."

"It is near God. Place and nature and sub-

stance are determined by their relations to him. All space is full: there is no vacuum."

"Why cannot we see more?"

"Because we are finite and imperfect. As there are infinite conditions visible, so also are there infinite conditions invisible. What we see here are forms of every other condition. All things here are the embodiments of forms in another world. Otherwise they could not exist here. You see my form here, but my spirit is not of this world. Was it not Milton that wrote —

> "'What if earth be but the shadow of heaven,
> Things in the one each to the other like,
> More than on earth is thought'?"

"I wish I could look into the spirit world," said Louise, dreamily. "Since mother died, I have no fear of spirits; and should she come now and sit beside me, I should not tremble. Sometimes I think I do feel her presence. Do you have any fear of meeting the dead?"

"No fear, and yet an instinctive dread of the supernatural; and I used to be afraid of meeting ghosts. The faces of the dead, too, lying in their coffins used to fill me with shudderings: but I look on them now unmoved; for I realize that they are but clay. And perhaps, if I had lost to my life so dear a friend as a mother, I should feel no dread of meeting spirits."

"You have a mother, then?"

"Yes: both my parents are living."

"And you left them to become a missionary in

a foreign land?" and Louise turned her face, full of the most lively sympathy, upon him.

"Yes," he replied sadly; "but I fear I have been following a mere illusion, one which the experiences of to-day have well-nigh dispelled."

"Dispelled? You cannot mean what you say."

"Yes, I do. Had your father not called after me, I should have ever after been ashamed to raise my voice for Christ, and should have abandoned for ever what I had fondly dreamed was the mission to which God had called me. So weak is my self-control, and which my first conflict with the world has so plainly disclosed, that I fear I never can fulfil that mission. Besides, I find that it is not possible to convince men of the truth."

"O M. La Tourette!" exclaimed Louise, with glowing face and in tones of passionate entreaty, "do not let such a thought ever enter your mind again. Have you left your father and mother, whom I know you love better than your life, for the cause of Christ, and to preach his truth in a foreign land, and are now ready to turn back for the little trials you have experienced to-day? Think what Christ suffered, — mocked, derided, buffeted in every way, even while dying on the cross. Surely your trials cannot compare with his. And he was not less sensitive than you. Your mission has opened gloriously. You have already rescued two noble souls; and God sent you to save them. To-day is the happiest of my life; for I know that my father, for whose conver-

sion I have never ceased to hope and pray, is on the threshold of a new life; and nothing now could shake the faith of the captain in the truth of Christ. How can you be discouraged? Your infirmities are not greater than Paul's; and yet he was permitted to glory concerning them — " and Louise pressed her hands to her face, overcome with the intensity of her emotions.

From that moment Victor's purpose knew no shadow of turning, though it was many years, and only after great strugglings in spirit, before he attained a complete mastery over his passions, and could realize that perfect peace whereby one may glory even in tribulations. He felt that he could safely walk through the fiery furnace, or sleep in the lion's den without danger; that he could shake off every serpent that should fasten upon him, and receive no harm. But for a time he essayed in vain to speak: a tumult of emotions blinded him, a strange exultation of spirits choked his utterance.

Footsteps were heard approaching: he *must* speak: —

"Louise!" It was but a whisper.

She looked up, thrilled by the low, sweet utterance that seemed to have fallen from heaven as softly as the twilight. Only once more — in Victor's dying moment — did she hear that whisper repeated, or see the ineffable brightness that then shone on his face. And she knew its meaning then as afterwards, when death was swallowed up in victory.

He could not say more; but she knew that he would be true to his mission.

"Why, here they are!" "Indeed!" "How romantic!" "How exclusive!" Gus, Reuben, Mrs. Winslow, and Marie, all spoke together.

"We have been wondering what had become of you. I'm so tired of religious discussion! They have been disputing an hour, and papa and M. Deschamps are talking still;" and Marie looked really disheartened.

"Yes; and you not there, M. La Tourette. Mr. Smith has almost made us Calvinists." But Mrs. Winslow was only joking: she never could be a Calvinist.

"Well, don't mention it," said Gus: "you will get Mr. Smith and M. La Tourette a-going. I am as tired of it as Marie; though I don't see how she could be tired, for she was regenerated, you know, when a babe."

"If you say that again, Gus, I will never speak to you more. I just hope you will fall in love with one of those pious Methodist girls where you go so much. Mamma, how would you like to have one of them for a daughter?"

"Oh, I am going to marry an Indian princess, you know."

"An Indian squaw, you mean. Won't Gus make a sensation when he brings her home? Just think of it, — the feathers, the paint, the bracelets, and the beads, to say nothing of the tunic and moccasins."

Gus joined boisterously in the laugh. "That would be jolly! Will you introduce her among your fashionable friends, Marie?"

"Oh, yes! we will give Gus a reception, won't we, mamma? Just think how he will look, standing up with his squaw to receive the congratulations of the company. Will you come to the reception, M. La Tourette?"

"Certainly! Count on my being the first arrival."

"Then you will have the first kiss of the bride. We will have plenty of soap and water to wash the paint from your lips."

"What silly children! I am ashamed of you. Don't think, M. La Tourette, they are always so silly," and Mrs. Winslow patted Marie's cheek.

"Come now, Marie," said Gus, "I propose a truce. If you will say no more about the Indian princess, I will say no more about regeneration."

"Oh, you are a dear, good boy! See, now, I'll give you a kiss."

Reuben had adhered closely to the Winslows since tea, and had been alert for every opportunity of speaking. But every thing he had said in the way of small talk had made him appear more awkward; and so he had thought best to throw himself upon his ministerial dignity. Here was his opportunity.

"If Miss Winslow has met with a change of heart," said he, with a pastoral tone, "I trust she will not be ashamed to confess it."

This was too much. Marie snickered. Gus roared. None could restrain their risibilities.

"Oh, you need have no anxiety about that, Mr. Smith. Mr. Willoughby settled that matter, I reckon. But her heart may change again. Marie is a terrible coquette. Oh, this is jolly! Ha, ha, ha!"

"No such thing, Gus. Mr. Willoughby is nothing to me. I am not a coquette, am I, mamma?"

"What is all this fun about?"

"They are making fun of me. Won't you take my part, M. Deschamps?" and Marie sprang forward and took his arm.

"Indeed I will. Who is making fun of you?" said Deschamps, with mock indignation. "Mr. Smith, you look guilty."

Another burst of laughter.

Poor Reuben.

Deschamps saw he was taking the matter seriously. "I can't believe it was Mr. Smith," said he.

Reuben's face brightened. "Miss Winslow knows I am her friend," he said, with an insinuating tone, but really making an effort at gallantry.

Evidently Marie had made a conquest. She colored angrily as a smothered ejaculation from Gus foreshadowed the hectoring that was to follow.

CHAPTER X.

BETROTHED.

WHILE I find in my father's diary a minute account of his experiences and reflections during the first Sabbath of his voyage, the subsequent events are but imperfectly sketched. He seems to have been very much occupied, when alone, with the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church. The forms for baptism, confirmation, and ordination, particularly engaged his attention. So far as he could judge from the book itself, he could see no insurmountable obstacle to his entering that Church, unless it were the Articles of Religion. Most of these he could indorse in his own mind; but this did not remove his objection to them, for others who might believe in Christ as firmly as he might not be able to do the same; and no Church could be Catholic that required subscription to any creed but that which all believers in Christ could accept. But it nowhere appeared in the Liturgy that a subscription to any form of doctrine was required except the Apostles' Creed, which had always seemed to him to be very nearly Catholic, though he had some misgivings even of that. He did not wish, however, to be so radical as to be

impractical. He must, of course, take the world as he found it, and make the best of his opportunities. The question in his mind was to determine what position was best calculated to promote the cause of Christ, and at the same time neither violate conscience nor restrict the expression of his opinions. He was familiar with the history of the English Church. It was not at first revolutionary, but reformative. By casting out what Rome had introduced, it had, though perhaps unconsciously, gone back to the original and Catholic basis. What had been done afterwards, however, in the introduction of Protestant dogmas, had impaired its Catholicity. Was the same true of the American Church? Evidently it did not require subscription to the articles, either on the part of the candidate for baptism, confirmation, or ordination. Why, then, could he not unite with that Church? Was it not, in fact, his imperative duty to do so? If really Catholic in principle, it must be the true Church, whatever might be the spirit of its members. So far as regarded its discipline and forms of worship, he could submit without violation of conscience.

He had long talks with the Winslows; but their knowledge, aside from the ordinary Church forms and routine, was limited. The professor had really never studied into the question of Catholicity. He readily comprehended Victor's ideas, but, the subject being new to him, he could not say whether the practices of the Episcopal Church were Catho-

lic or not. He felt sure, however, that Victor would find obstacles in the way he did not anticipate. Its general spirit he thought was any thing but Catholic, being narrow, exclusive, and intolerant.

But Mrs. Winslow saw no difficulties at all in the way. She knew Victor would like the Episcopal Church. But her confidence rested in its respectability and refinement. She was sure, too, that it was Catholic, though the real nature of Catholicity she could not comprehend.

The Deschamps, while entering heartily into his purpose, could give him no information, having never been inside of an Episcopal Church, though they had frequently met with Episcopalians in society. In Detroit there were only Romanists, Puritans, and a few Methodists.

One day the professor came to him privately, and said: "How would you like to remain in Boston permanently, or at least long enough to familiarize yourself with the habits of our people? It is possible you may procure the position of instructor in modern languages in the college. As yet there has been no such department established there, but it was talked of when I came away. I should be glad to present your name in that connection to the trustees, and to exert my influence to procure the position for you. In the mean time you could make yourself familiar with the principles and practices of the Episcopal Church, and decide at your leisure what course to pursue."

The proposition impressed Victor favorably; and he thanked the professor warmly for the interest he had manifested in him.

The interest of the Winslows in Victor sprung from no sympathy with his purpose. On the contrary, they would have been better pleased if his religious views had been of the popular order. They were liberal; but their liberality resulted from no earnest convictions. Mrs. Winslow was somewhat devout, and was much attached to her Church, — so much attached that she would have made considerable sacrifice for it, if necessary; but she had very little apprehension of Christ's real mission. She was kind, but frivolous; devout, but worldly; sincere, but not reflective. The professor seemed totally different in character from his wife; and yet they were not altogether unlike. He was not frivolous, but was equally worldly; not devout, but outwardly religious; not sincere, but reflective. At heart he was a sceptic, but was too conservative and cautious to avow this openly. He saw clearly that Victor's views were correct so far as regarded the question of Catholicity, but he did not feel the inspiration of his spirit and purpose. Had he been a firm believer in Christ, he yet would not have perilled his reputation to advance unpopular views, however much he may have secretly cherished them.

Still they were much pleased with Victor, though unable to sympathize with his Christian spirit. Being really kind and liberal at heart, they did

not comprehend how much his views were in conflict with public prejudices, or into what difficulties they would be likely to bring him. They thought if he did become an Episcopalian he would be like other Episcopalians, and would be esteemed as such. Their liking for him sprung from his air of refinement, good breeding, scholarly attainments, and his familiarity with society. Besides, they judged that his family was highly respectable and wealthy. Mrs. Winslow, indeed, thought he would be a star in the cultured circle in which her family moved. She anticipated great pleasure in introducing him to her friends, and had even thought of him as a possible and a most desirable match for her daughter.

M. Deschamps comprehended at a glance both Victor's purpose and the difficulties that would be encountered in its promotion. He was a keen lawyer and an experienced and able practitioner; and his knowledge of human nature, acquired in his long intercourse with men, assured him at once that Victor could accomplish little or nothing in the furtherance of his views. In the first place, he believed there was very little real Christianity in the world, and that the spirit of all the Churches was for the most part opposed to the spirit of Christ, and hence that Victor would meet only hostility, contempt, and persecution, whenever and wherever he should attempt to preach. Some accounted sceptics, like himself and the captain, might receive him kindly, and be benefited by his

teachings; but such people were few. Most infidels, he admitted, were as cold, selfish, and heartless as others. Catholicity, if he rightly understood its meaning, would restore the Church to its original simplicity and purity. It would do away with all dogmatism, cant, superstition, and tyranny. To ask any sect, therefore, to become Catholic, would be to ask it to disband; for real Catholicity, if introduced, would inevitably overthrow the dogmatic basis upon which every sect was built. He told Victor how in his younger days he had entertained many schemes for promoting the interests of the poor and the laboring classes, but which he could never carry out because they would not support him in them. He had been a life-long anti-slavery man, and, although there never had been a nobler cause than emancipation, it had made little, if any, progress. On the contrary, the agitation of the subject had only seemed to rivet the chains more strongly upon the slave, and to bring obloquy upon all who advocated his cause. He had also done all he could for the Indians, with whom he deeply sympathized; but the more he strove to save them from abuse and intemperance, the less self-reliant they seemed to become, and the more easily victimized by such men as Garvey. "Now you will find," said he, "that your efforts at reform in the Church will turn out in the same way. The moment you attempt to preach Catholicity, the more dogmatic will the Churches become. They will be aghast at what they will assume to

be your wicked heresies. The clergy will preach against you with the greatest vehemence, knowing that, should your views prevail, their honors and livings would be lost. And, as for the people at large, they are utterly incapable of comprehending and appreciating the truth and honesty of your views. It may be that the Episcopalians, so far as regards their symbols and forms, are Catholic, — that is, one who is a real Catholic might unite with them without violating his principles, not being compelled to subscribe any human dogmas; but, from what I know of the members themselves of that denomination, he would, I think, find himself in most uncongenial company. Their Church may be the real temple of God, but be occupied by the money-changers."

"Would you then advise me to give up my mission?"

Victor and Louise were at this time engaged; and this was known and approved by Deschamps, though not suspected by the Winslows.

Deschamps laughed. There was something almost ludicrous in the idea of one so young as Victor supposing that a great mission had been imposed upon him by Heaven; one that, if successful, would completely revolutionize the Christian world. He had himself, in his youth, had heroic dreams, — dreams of becoming the champion of great reforms, — but had never entertained so wild a scheme as this. Without replying to Victor's question directly, he said: "How would it suit

you to study law? That would place you in an independent position, while you could still do something perhaps to promote Catholicity in the Church. Having established your reputation as a lawyer, you might by your personal influence accomplish even more than in the ministry, since at the best in that you could hope to attain nothing more than a little notoriety. Respect and influence are not often acquired by opposition to the popular will. And, now I think of it, you could write a book setting forth your religious views that would be likely to reach more minds than you could reach by preaching. Your conflict with the priest assures me that you would make a good lawyer."

As Victor made no reply at once, Louise feared he was tempted. She had listened to his conversation with her father with great interest, but had said nothing.

"Do not tempt Victor, papa; for I know it would only make him unhappy to abandon the purpose of his life now. And it would make me unhappy too. He has no taste for the law, and I do not think would succeed in it; and, if he should, he would yet always feel that he had been untrue to Christ. As for me, I am ready to go through all trials with him for Christ's sake; and I know we will have greater trials than we can anticipate now. But I think we shall be happy if we are true to him, whatever may befall us in this life."

"No, I can never abandon the ministry," said

Victor. "If I had any doubt at all, it was on Louise's account; for I could not bear the thought of involving her in the obloquy that I am well assured will be heaped on me. But that matter was settled at the start. Her faith is stronger than mine. I confess that I wavered, and might have given up my purpose rather than have given her up; for I felt that it would not be right to ask her to unite her fortunes with mine, which I knew could not be happy in this life, should I persist in my course. But she would not permit me to change my purpose. Indeed, she was so firm in this that I found that only by persevering in my previous plans could I hope to win her hand. So you see there is no alternative but to go on; and with her counsel and sympathy to support me I feel that I can endure any trials and labors that God may see fit to impose upon me, and even glory in tribulations."

"But you do not seriously expect to convert many to your views?"

"No; but somebody must begin this battle, and I ought not to shrink from the conflict. And I do hope to accomplish something, — to plant the mustard-seed that may hereafter develop into the great tree."

"But are you prepared for all disappointments? Suppose that, when you come to die, it should appear that, so far from having made the Church more Catholic, your efforts should seem to have made it even more narrow and intolerant?"

Victor hesitated.

"Papa calculates possibilities from his experiences in the cause of emancipation. But I am sure God will overrule all things for the best. The slaves will sometime be free. Do you not know, papa, that you at first stood up alone for emancipation, while now many sympathize with you?"

"Yes, there is some cause for encouragement," said Deschamps, thoughtfully. "It may be that all things will be overruled for the best, notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of the cause. 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad;' and perhaps the insane hatred which the slaveholders manifest towards us will result in their destruction. And I can see, too, that if professing Christians should become a little more intolerant they would revolutionize the Church through the reaction that would inevitably follow. Well, well, my dear children, I am willing you should go on in the path you have chosen. In fact, I am quite content as it is, and love you the more for your devotion to principle. You will have my sympathy and support as long as I live; and when I am dead, God, I trust, will be your helper. Without doubt all will be overruled for the best."

And Deschamps left them alone, after warmly shaking Victor's hand, who was much affected, and folding his daughter in his arms in a long embrace.

CHAPTER XI.

CATHOLICITY AND CALVINISM.

THE second Sunday of the voyage the religious exercises were conducted as at first, except that Reuben Smith, at the suggestion of Victor, officiated at the afternoon service, and preached a written sermon. He began with a short extemporaneous prayer. Then he read the eighth chapter of Romans, after which he prayed a half hour or more. After having first told God all about who he was, — great and terrible, and into whose presence we come with fear and trembling, — he thanked him for having given his Son as a sacrifice for sin, whereby his wrath had been appeased and the elect justified and saved. He declared that all were by nature totally depraved, and that every thing men could do was wicked till they had been regenerated; that those who had been foreordained to be lost would be lost in spite of any thing they could do; and that they had no right to complain, for God could do as he pleased, it being only for his own glory that he had determined to create any one to be saved.

His sermon was an expansion of the same ideas, the text having been selected from the chapter he

had read: "Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

He had often tried to draw Victor into an argument; but the latter had avoided him, having determined to have no more personal altercations. The captain and Deschamps had occasionally attempted to argue with him, but with little satisfaction. They were puzzled with the doctrine of election. Though they felt it could not be true, they did not know how to answer his arguments learned at the seminary. On this occasion, they were exceedingly anxious that Victor should speak, especially as Reuben, with his peculiar assurance, asserted that no person could refute what he had proved, and challenged any person to reply to his argument.

Garvey followed with a characteristic exhortation; and while he was speaking Deschamps whispered to Victor, "Don't you think you had better speak? It may give the impression that you cannot answer Smith's arguments if you keep silence. But do as you think best."

When Garvey was through, Victor arose. He said he was reluctant, for two reasons, to make any rejoinder to the preacher's argument: first, because he did not wish to arouse any religious controversy on such an occasion; and, second, because the doctrine of election was one of the most difficult to understand and combat in theology.

It was one about which men of equal piety and learning differed, and could not well be settled. It certainly, however, was not a Catholic doctrine, — not one upon which any person's salvation depended. In the times of Christ and his apostles it did not seem to have been even thought of. Certainly a belief in it was not required, but only a belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. And if not essential then, it could not be essential now. Still, it was well enough to discuss it, as a matter of inquiry and culture. Some might be troubled by it, thinking that, if it were true, there would be no necessity of personal effort, since salvation would, in that case, depend wholly upon whether one were foreordained to be saved or lost, and not upon any choice or effort of his own. Besides, churches had been founded upon this dogma, to which all were refused admission who did not subscribe it, thus thwarting the purpose of Christ, who had expressly declared he would have all men to be saved. What right had any man or combination of men to exclude any one from the Church who did not hold this doctrine? For his own part, his reason, his humanity, his sense of justice, revolted, not only against that ecclesiastical tyranny that would compel all who would come into the Church to subscribe this or any other human dogma, but also against the dogma itself. God was our Father. This was asserted in the first sentence of the Lord's Prayer. Is it credible that our Father should have begotten any of his children with the express pur-

pose of damning them to eternal misery? God is love. Is it possible that he should have deliberately created a sensitive being to torment him for ever? He says he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Why, then, should he have foreordained them to die? He says, "Why will ye die?" Is it possible that he should so mock our sufferings, when he knows that not only must we die if we are not foreordained to be saved, but that he has himself doomed us to perish? Could there be any more fiendish malice and cruelty than this?

There were two arguments from which this dogma was deduced,—one from the Bible, and one from reason,—neither of which, in his opinion, was sound. Some were called the elect or chosen in the Bible; but this could not mean that they were to be saved by the arbitrary decree of God, for the children of Israel were thus designated, and yet we read that some went down quick into hell. All the twelve apostles were said to be chosen, and Judas with the rest; and yet he was afterwards called "The son of perdition." The words "chosen" and "elect" were one word in the original, and hence we could not understand by the latter those who were foreordained by absolute decree to be saved. Any person who chose Christ was chosen of God; and yet, if he should afterwards reject Christ, he would be cast off, so that there was no absolute decree independent of our own choice. God did predestinate and fore-

ordain all to be saved who should believe in Christ; but this did not mean that he had decreed that any one should or should not believe in him.

And what did reason teach us? It was said that God must foreknow all things, and hence, having created all, must have known, when he created us, who would and who would not be saved, and must, therefore, have so decreed; for creating a man with the knowledge that he was to perish was equivalent to an absolute decree that he should perish. But this was assuming that to be true of which we knew nothing. It would seem, indeed, that God must have known every thing that was to result from his creations, and doubtless he did know what would result that he had decreed; but it is not certain that he knew in advance of its occurrence every thing he had not decreed. If the argument were good that he must have decreed any thing because he foreknew, then it would follow that he was the author of sin, if he had foreknown that Adam would fall when he created him. He must have known, too, that Cain would kill Abel, and therefore must have decreed that he should. So far as regarded the foreknowledge of God, the subject was confessedly obscure. Doubtless he did foreknow what would occur that was controlled by his will; but what was controlled by human will was probably not a matter of foreknowledge with him, and for this reason, that till there was a human will there were no

circumstances to determine positively what it would be. The volition was the first cause of the results that flowed therefrom, and hence it was impossible that there should be any foreknowledge of those results, these depending upon what the volition should be, and not upon any thing that had previously existed. Should you present a man two pieces of money just alike, for him to select one, what would there be to determine his choice? Nothing at all. He has no choice in fact, and yet he does take one. There was no reason for his taking the one he does take in preference to the other, and hence his selection could not have been anticipated. The whole question was involved in the question of free agency. If God had given men independent wills of their own, then it was not possible to determine what their choice would be. But if men were mere machines, then could their actions be determined by the one who controls them. If a mechanic, for example, had made a perfect machine, — a clock, we will say, — he could foreknow that it would run well; but, if the clock had a will of its own, he could not tell whether it would run at all or not. God made man perfect and with an independent will, and hence could not have known that he would sin. Of course he knew that he might sin. Should he not create him, then? That was another question; but Victor thought that if a single soul were saved, it was a sufficient reason for the creation of our race.

Finally, in the question of foreknowledge was involved a question of time. Time was not substantive; and though we divide it into past, present, and future, there could be no actual division of what was not a real substance. Time was simply the consciousness of change; and as consciousness could only be in the present, there was properly no time but the present. Foreknowledge was a knowledge of what would result in the present, either from the operation of natural laws or from the influence of mental activities. If the laws were established and controlled by God, as doubtless they were, he knew, of course, not only what results would follow therefrom, but also had determined what should occur. The same would be true of mental activities, if they were also wholly under the control of God; but this was not the case. He had given men the control of their own minds, and hence could not determine what they would do or choose.

When Victor sat down, the sailors, with whom he had become a great favorite, began to applaud by clapping hands; and so clear and convincing seemed his argument that nearly all enthusiastically joined in the applause. Even the professor seemed to catch the enthusiasm, and bowed and smiled.

"Do you mean to say," said Reuben, fiercely, "that God is not omnipotent?"

"I have never questioned his omnipotence," replied Victor, calmly.

"Yes, you have: you said he could not tell what men should will. If that is not questioning his omnipotence, I don't know what is. It is nothing short of actual blasphemy."

Victor still remained calm. "Omnipotence in God," said he, "means the power to do any thing he chooses, and I have certainly never questioned that."

"Any thing he chooses? It means he can do any thing at all. Does not the Bible say that nothing is impossible with God? Do you believe the Bible?"

"No matter what I believe. That is not the question. The possibilities of God are of truth and love, — not of falsehood, nor cruelty, nor of any thing absurd and foolish. I say he can do any thing he chooses; but he cannot choose to do any thing contrary to reason, justice, and mercy."

"Just as I said: you deny God's omnipotence."

"How so?"

"Why, you say he *cannot* do so and so. How dare you use such language of God? He can do every thing."

"Do you think he could change his own nature, or speak falsely, or do any thing contrary to right? Could he become like Satan, or delight in wickedness? Only to finite and imperfect beings are there such possibilities."

"He could if he chose."

"Well, could he so choose?"

"Of course he could, he being omnipotent."

"Then you think he could sin?"

"He could if he chose; but of course he would not."

"Could he blot himself from existence?"

"What a foolish question! I do not wish to argue with you, if you will not talk sensibly. The Bible says nothing is impossible with God, and that settles the matter. If you do not believe the Bible, there is no use in arguing with you. An infidel cannot be convinced."

"I quite agree with you that there is no use in arguing," said Victor, smiling; "so let us drop the subject."

Here the professor spoke. "I suppose," said he, slowly, "that this is a free meeting, and that others can speak as well as our young friends who are studying for the ministry. It is amusing to see them cross blades in this harmless contest; but they do not seem to keep to the question in dispute. Both admit that God is omnipotent, and I suppose would admit that he is also omniscient; but they do not agree as to what are possibilities. Suppose you let that question drop, except in one particular, as it is only partially involved in the question of foreordination. The two points of inquiry are, first, whether men are free agents or not, and, second, whether, if they are, it is one of the possibilities of God that he should foreknow what would be the will or choice of an individual. I suppose, M. La Tourette, you will admit that if a man is not a free agent, or that if God does

foreknow what each man's choice will be, then the doctrine of election must be true?"

"You are right in a partial sense," said Victor. "If man is not a free agent, I confess my theology is overthrown. I could not believe in any thing in that case,—not even in the existence of a God, and so not in foreordination, but rather in fatalism. Still, that we may not complicate the question, I will admit that Mr. Smith is right if men are not free agents, or even if God could have foreknown in each case what man's choice would be."

"Why do you say, in each case? If he does not know in one case, of course he does not know in any case."

"Let me explain," said Victor. "There are cases in which a man's choice may be determined almost or quite to a certainty. When the devil had got into Judas's heart, Christ knew that he would betray him. A man's disposition being known, and the temptations to which he will be exposed being also known, it is easy to tell what his choice will probably be. Perhaps, indeed, an omniscient mind could anticipate it with certainty. Now, suppose it to be true that God does know what every man will do or choose, yet even then it would not follow that he did know before man's creation, or before man had sinned. He created man perfect, and surrounded him with all things that could please the eye and minister to his necessities and comforts. There was no reason why he should sin, there being no evil in his nature, nor

any necessity of his being to tempt him. All the circumstances and conditions of his existence were such that there was nothing to indicate that he would disobey. He had the power, of course, to disobey; but there being no occasion for disobedience, there could have been no certainty of his fall. Now, if God foreknows, as I before remarked, it is because he so decrees, or because the conditions are such as to point to such a result as probable or inevitable. In the case of Adam, therefore, there being no decree, and no conditions that necessarily or probably pointed to his fall, his sin was not a matter of positive foreknowledge. It was possible, it is true; but a knowledge of a possibility is not a foreknowledge, — not such a foreknowledge, at least, as to imply an absolute decree. What has occurred since Adam's fall is not material. Though God should know what every man living will choose, that would not prove that he had foreordained any man to be lost or saved; for, not having known that Adam would sin, he could not have known, when he created our race, that any of Adam's posterity would sin. In short, the whole question of foreordination depends upon whether God knew that Adam would sin or not. I contend that he did not know, for the reason that there was no occasion or necessity for such an incident, — only a possibility through Adam's free agency."

The professor laughed. "Well, that is an original view of the matter, I confess," said he; "but,

if true, I think it must follow that God is not omniscient."

"How so?"

"Why, if he did not know that Adam would sin, he did not know every thing, did he?"

"That I do not think follows. Omniscience means a knowledge of *every thing*, — of all facts, conditions, and existences. Adam's fall, at the time of his creation, was not a *thing* either accomplished, decreed, or an inevitable or probable result of any circumstances in being. There can be no knowledge of what is not, and, therefore, could have been no previous knowledge of Adam's fall."

The professor was puzzled; and, the sailors beginning to cheer again, he became confused, though he bowed and smiled.

"You will have to give it up, Professor," said the captain, in a jocose tone.

"Not so fast, Captain; I will corner him yet. You have admitted, M. La Tourette, that God is omnipotent; and, if so, he could have kept the serpent out of Eden, could he not?"

"No; I don't think he could, and yet permitted Adam to live."

"You cannot mean that," said the professor, after the merriment Victor's reply excited, and which the professor seemed to enjoy as well as the rest, had subsided.

"Yes, I am serious. But I do not wonder you think my answer inconsistent with my avowed belief in God's omnipotence. The history of Adam

I regard as a symbol of man's origin. And yet, for all practical purposes, we may take it literally. So, too, in relation to the serpent. I do not suppose that, actually, a serpent crept into Eden and tempted Eve. The serpent is the form and expression of the most vicious, subtle, and loathsome conditions of existence, and is, therefore, the symbol used in the Bible to denote temptation. When I say that God could not have prevented the serpent from creeping into the garden, and yet permitted Adam to live, I simply assert Adam's free agency. Man could not have been created without a will of his own; for a creature that has not an independent volition would not be a man. He would be some other creature, — a mere machine, in fact. Self-consciousness necessarily implies free will; and as self-consciousness is what distinguishes man from other creatures, it is plain that, were he to lose it, he would cease to be a man. He could not have been created without it, and could not exist as a self-conscious being without it; and hence, as any thing unreasonable and absurd is not a possibility of God, man could not be deprived of free will and still exist. And this explains why God permitted, and still permits, sin in the world, for otherwise man could not have been created, or would be stricken from being."

The discussion had become dull. Most had already gone; but the professor still persisted: —

"This talk about free agency is a mere abstraction. The mind as well as the body — thought as

well as action — is governed by fixed laws. I do not believe any thing occurs without a cause. Men always do as the circumstances of their lives and as the impulses of their minds dictate. They are wholly governed by these. There is no such thing as independent will or action. Here are two men, one moral, the other immoral; and their actions correspond with their characters inevitably. Each chooses to do as inclinations prompt; and as he does not himself determine his inclinations, — they being the sequence of the nature that is born in him, — it cannot be properly said that he is a free agent. There is always something that dictates his choice to him. If one is hungry, for example, he chooses to steal a loaf of bread; if not hungry, he chooses not to steal. No two are alike, — one being tempted in one way, another in another; and all do as circumstances and inclinations prompt. One is born poor, another rich; and, though just alike in mental qualities, the former becomes a criminal, and the latter the judge who tries and condemns him. Is this the result of deliberate choice, or of outward circumstances over which neither at first had any control? Plainly the latter; and, if so, there can be no freedom of will. In short, men are not free agents at all, but are the creatures of circumstances by which they are wholly controlled."

"Your argument, I confess," said Victor, "is very strong. It is hard to reconcile facts with the theory of free agency, or to understand how God

can be just, and yet judge us by our actions, some being tempted more than others, and the circumstances of our lives being in a measure beyond our control. Still, the subject seems clear to my mind now, though it has given me a good deal of trouble. We should not take our illustrations from actual life, because our condition is not as it should be, nor as God wills, but is the result of sin. We must go back to the beginning, when every thing was as God willed, and as he made it. Suppose there had been two Adams, two Eves, and two Edens: is it necessary to suppose that the history of each would have been the same? There were no circumstances nor conditions that rendered the fall of our first parents inevitable; but, on the contrary, there was every thing to induce obedience. And yet they sinned. Were they the creatures of circumstances? Was not their fall the result of their own choice? Is it probable that another Eve would have yielded to the same temptation? They plainly sinned against knowledge, against an express command of God, and against their own nature and surroundings" —

"Oh! we don't know any thing about Adam and Eve," interrupted the professor, laughing. "They lived a good while ago. Doubtless an ideal state may be pictured in which man would be a free agent; but that is not our actual condition. And you say, yourself, their condition is only a symbol. Take things as we find them, and then we can arrive at some definite and practical conclusion."

"Well, then, let us suppose there are two infants born in the same circumstances in life, and just alike in disposition and faculties. One ends his career a criminal, and the other a judge. Do you not think their own choice had something to do with their ultimate fortunes? Could not the one have lived as honorable a life as the other?"

"You suppose an impossible case. I might grant that their fortunes were determined by their choice, if such were their fortunes; but it is impossible that two just alike in disposition and in outward circumstances should so diverge. They would in fact come out in the end just alike. At any rate, we have as much reason to suppose this as the contrary."

Victor was puzzled. He did not know how to illustrate his ideas. "You may be right in this," said he, "though I think not. Is it not true that sometimes one with every advantage fails, while another with every disadvantage achieves success? Of course I do not refer to success in business, in which this is undoubtedly true, but to progress in spiritual culture."

"I don't know about that. I never knew such a case."

"Take, for example, Judas and Paul. The former without hesitation became a follower of Christ, and yet proved a traitor to his cause. The latter was at first bitterly hostile, — a monster of cruelty, in fact, and, as he himself confesses, full of infirmities, — and yet made his life glorious beyond that of

any other apostle. So far as natural disposition and outward circumstances are regarded, the advantage was with Judas; and yet he failed, while Paul triumphed over every obstacle. The same was true of Esau and Jacob. The latter was plainly as mean in character as the other was noble. How shall we account for these differences in fortune, unless we attribute them to differences in choice?"

"Your illustrations are again obscure. Granting that there were such men, and that their histories were as you state them, it yet would appear that their fortunes were determined by circumstances beyond their control. Both Jacob and Paul were converted by miracles: each saw a vision in the heavens."

"True, there was a miracle wrought in behalf of each, but in neither case was there any compulsion. Paul was not compelled to be obedient to the heavenly vision; nor was Jacob. They chose, however, to be obedient, and this choice determined their destiny. The same is true in every case. For each has a like miracle been wrought. To every one is a promise made. All may see radiant visions. Our destiny in every case is determined by the choice we make. It is but cowardice to yield to temptation because one is more tempted than another. The children of Israel complained that God was unjust: their fathers had eaten sour grapes, and so the children's teeth had been set on edge."

"You do not think one can resist temptation as well as another?"

"I say that every one can resist temptation. Whether he will resist or not depends upon his own determination, and not upon the circumstances in which he is placed."

"But you dodge my question. Can one resist as easily as another?"

"Certainly not. But that is not the question we are discussing. It is whether one has any power of choice or not."

"Not exactly. It is whether one is a free agent or not. If one cannot resist temptation as well as another, what is the reason? Plainly because there are circumstances beyond his control that influence him; and of course, then, our destiny is in a degree at least determined by circumstances. And if this be true, we are not free agents at all. Is a starving man a free agent when tempted to steal bread?"

"He can resist though he starve."

"But he cannot be free when constrained by hunger."

"No, not free. That is not what I claim. By free agency is not meant that one can do any thing he pleases, nor that he is free from all restraining and impelling influences beyond his control. It means that he can choose the right or the wrong in despite of all restraints or impulses. He can also improve or become worse. Circumstances may excuse a man for certain acts that another could

not commit without great guilt; but nothing will excuse any one for not making effort to improve according to his opportunities and strength. Sin has made all slaves; but God has given us a chance to attain perfect freedom, if we choose to be free, and has promised that we shall attain it, if we put forth sufficient effort."

"You admit, then, that men's wills are under restraint."

"I certainly do not claim that men are omnipotent, and can do any thing they will. And I admit that the more imperfect and sinful we are, the greater the difficulties we have to contend with. Nevertheless, we are in all cases free to choose life or death. No matter how high we are, we can go down; no matter how low, we can rise."

"How is it with the heathen? Do you think they have the power to attain salvation?"

"Yes; all, however low or high in the scale of being, are responsible for the use they make of their opportunities. One can improve as well as another."

"So, then, you think one may be saved without faith in Christ?"

"Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. So also the way, the truth, and the life are Christ. The heathen do not know of him by name; but as St. Paul has taught, they have the law written in their hearts. They know something of truth, and will improve if they make good use of their knowledge. Their chances of salvation are the same as

ours, for salvation is simply a question of improvement; and any person who makes good use of his faculties and opportunities will be saved, whether he be Christian or heathen."

"What do you think of that, Mr. Smith?" said the professor jocosely.

"I think," said Smith, "that such doctrines are simply monstrous. The heathen who never heard of Christ be saved! How can you, Professor, condescend to argue with him?"

"You think, I suppose," said Victor, sharply, "that every person goes to hell who happens to differ from you."

"Never mind," interrupted the professor. "According to your view, M. La Tourette, — which I think very liberal, — there was no necessity for Christ's coming into the world, or dying on the cross for the atonement of sin."

"That is another question."

"I admit it; but I should like to have your opinion in relation to it."

"God is just and impartial," said Victor, "and gives each an equal chance. All men are judged by their works, — the heathen as well as the Christian. To the same degree that our opportunities and faculties are increased are our responsibilities also increased. God's purpose is to develop every soul into a perfect, happy, and immortal being; and if this purpose is not realized in any individual, he must perish. God will not permit any sinful man to remain as he is. He must go up

or down. But this purpose cannot be accomplished at once, but only by degrees or gradual approximations. As soon as men were capable of understanding his mission, Christ was sent into the world. That mission was the improvement of our race, for in improvement only is salvation possible. His gospel reveals the highest approximation of the earthly to the heavenly life. And now that he has come, it is impossible that any person who knows of him, and comprehends his purpose, should live up to his opportunities without obedience to his precepts. His gospel is the last link in the chain that unites God with his creatures, but there are other links, of which the moral law is one; and I do not think it is possible to understand the gospel till we have first learned this law. One, therefore, who is improving in any truth of God is approximating perfection, and is climbing the ladder that unites earth to heaven, howbeit that he is still afar off from God.

"And as for the atonement, I do not understand by it a bloody sacrifice to appease the wrath of God, nor a commercial transaction, nor a vicarious offering other than as a voluntary, necessary, and heroic self-sacrifice for the good of men that they might know the way, the truth, and the life, and be incited to noble actions and aspirations. Christ sacrificed himself to the cause he represented, and which he came to promote, — the cause of God and humanity. His sacrifice will ultimately make all who follow his example at one with God.

It will bring them back to their Father's mansion, who, like the Prodigal's father, is ever waiting their return."

"Then you do not think," said Smith, rising up in great excitement, "that Christ died to appease the wrath of God?"

"No, I do not,—at least not in the sense you attach to the expression."

"This is really shocking." And Reuben hastened away in great disgust.

There were none left but the captain, Deschamps, and Louise.

"You have driven him off as you did the priest," said the captain.

CHAPTER XII.

CATHOLICITY AND MATERIALISM.

AFTER Smith had gone, the professor's tone became more confidential. "I am surprised," said he, "that he did not quote Scripture against you, for there is a multitude of passages to sustain his view. I shall not, however, quote them myself, as I quite agree with you in relation to the atonement."

"All the passages usually cited in support of what is deemed the orthodox view of the atonement are easily explained," said Victor. "I am glad we agree in one thing, Professor."

"In more than one." This was spoken in a cordial tone.

"I do not exactly see," said the captain, "how God can be just and yet judge all men by the same rule. I think all can choose the right; but some seem very unfortunate, and almost excusable for their sins."

"And this visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," said Deschamps, "does not seem to me to be right."

"It is right," said Victor, "because, if this law were not established, greater evils would result. But God, I do not suppose, holds one accountable

for an inherited infirmity, nor for any thing beyond his control, but only for the use he makes of his faculties and opportunities. Our chances are just as good as Adam's were. Not having known suffering, he rushed blindly into it; but we learn by experience to shun evil. He fell through ignorance, as a child falls; but we may rise through knowledge. And I do not think any man can achieve greatness except by strugglings with infirmities. Paul became the greatest apostle because he was the vilest man. He had so many and so great infirmities that, by his strugglings with them, his life was ennobled more than it could otherwise have been. Doubtless it is impossible to achieve spiritual greatness except through trials and temptations. Adam typifies our innocent childhood as well as the infancy of our race. We were sinless when babes, but we would not like to be babes again for the sake of being sinless. So we ought not to envy Adam's estate; for I do not see how he could have been very great or very happy before he had known suffering. Nor ought we to complain because our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and our teeth have been set on edge. Our chances are as good as theirs. With such possibilities as are presented in the gospel, we have every thing to stimulate our efforts and aspirations. Besides, though we inherit the iniquities of our fathers, we also inherit what was good in them. The simple fact that every person is judged according to his opportunities for improvement fully

vindicates the justice of God. Where much is given, much is required; and of course, where little is given, little is required."

The professor shook his head incredulously. "Your theories are plausible," said he, "but hardly reconcilable with facts of every-day observation and occurrence, and not at all with many things stated in the Bible. I have been arguing from a semi-orthodox position; but, should I take the position of the sceptic, I could ask harder questions than any I have yet propounded. Speaking confidentially, I think the Bible itself could hardly stand very close scrutiny; and, indeed, the whole subject of inspiration is somewhat mythical. You said, yourself, that every thing was governed by fixed laws, which, if true, would overthrow all revealed religion, do away with all special providences, and render all prayers vain."

"Do you not believe in the existence of a God?" said the captain.

"Well, Captain, I am more inclined to ask questions than to answer them. Between us here, — and, of course, I do not expect my remarks will go farther, — I confess I have no positive opinions on religious subjects, — only negative opinions. I doubt every dogma I have ever heard yet in theology. It seems doubtful, indeed, whether there be a God, whether the Bible be true, or whether there be any life beyond the grave."

"And yet," said Victor, "you are a member of a Congregational church?"

"My connection is merely nominal. I united with it when I was quite young, and with very little, if any, serious reflection, and have not thought best to sunder my connection since. It would do no good to parade my doubts before the world; and until I can have a positive theology of my own it is useless to combat that of others."

"If you were fully persuaded of the existence of a God, I suppose you would have no farther trouble."

"I can't say exactly that, Captain. Still, an undoubting assurance that there is a Supreme Being of infinite power and intelligence would settle many questions in my mind. I think, indeed, I should become a partial convert to M. La Tourette's views of that case."

Here a long argument between the professor and the captain followed in relation to the existence of a God, to which the others listened with great interest, though they took no part. It disclosed how deeply the captain had reflected upon the subject since his first conversation with Victor. He was thoroughly in earnest. Every possible suggestion seemed to have been anticipated; and the professor, with all his subtlety, learning, and acuteness, was no match for him, though, with his accustomed tenacity, he continued the discussion, and finally contrived to confuse the captain by introducing subjects upon which the latter had not reflected.

The professor had admitted that if in a single

creature, either in its structure or in the means whereby it sustained life, there was undeniably forethought manifested, then there must have been an intelligent Creator; but he denied that there was any such forethought manifested. "All things as they are," he said, "are the result of attrition. By constant motion of the particles of matter among themselves, they have become arranged in natural and apparently intelligent orders. Each particle, by being moved around, has at last found its natural place, thus forming what seems to be intelligent combinations. The complement of all motions, however confused, must be a regular motion. So also with the elements of life, which, by constantly commingling, have finally resulted in the production of the various creatures that exist. It is no proof of forethought that the honey is provided for the bees, any more than it is that the air has been provided for all creatures to breathe; for if there had not been honey there could have been no bees, and if there had been no atmosphere there could have been no creatures to breathe it. By constant shaking up of all particles, each has at last found the place into which it fits; and thus all the factors that are essential to the structure of any form have been combined."

"Do you think," said Victor, "that a human being could have been produced by shaking together all the particles that compose his being?"

"I do not say I think so. I only say that possibly human beings have been produced by the

gradual and natural assimilation of the particles that compose them. It is of course a great mystery how our race originated, one which is not explained by the Bible account at all. No man, I think, of common sense can seriously believe that the first man was made of the dust in a day,—still less that the first woman was made out of one of his ribs."

"I partly agree with you; but do you not think that at least forethought has been evinced in his structure?—for that is the real question now, since you have admitted to the captain, that, if there has, there must have been an intelligent First Cause. The methods of creation, and the time required for the production of any creature, are other questions."

"Not necessarily any forethought. All his faculties may have been developed by use."

"That could not be. Take the human mouth, for example. It shows that there must have been foreknowledge that man would require food, or he would not have been endowed with that organ."

"It might have been produced by habit. The blacksmith's arm grows strong by using it, does it not?"

"Yes; but there must be an arm to use, or it could not grow strong. Now, an organic creature must have a mouth at the very beginning of its existence; for, if not, it could not eat, and so could not live."

This illustration gave rise to a good deal of merriment.

"Well, you seem to have cornered me there; but any hole might do for a mouth to start with."

"Do you really suppose that any hole might be developed into a mouth by putting food into it?"

"No,—not any; but some might by a certain absorption."

"You are not serious?"

"Yes, I am. Such a thing might be possible. I do not say that I think it could; but so long as there may be a possibility of such a thing, the proof of design and forethought is not complete."

"Do you say that every thing may have been produced by habit, the original elements having once been brought together?"

"Yes."

"Then if we find any one thing depending upon another thing for its existence, that other thing must have produced it by habit?"

"Yes. By habit I understand use and activity in some way. The air, for example, has produced all the creatures that depend upon it for life, by the action of its elements."

"You will admit, too, I presume, that if one thing has produced another *by* use, it has also produced it *for* use."

"I don't know about that. Why should I admit it?"

"Otherwise how will you account for the use or necessity of one dependent thing to that upon

which it depends, except by supposing some power anticipated and provided for that use or necessity?"

"I see your point, and think you are right. I admit that if a thing comes by use, and is of use, it is also produced for that use."

"Now, the bee could not have produced the honey for use, for the honey must have been produced first, or the bee could not have lived. We must suppose, then, that the honey produced the bee. And it must follow, too, that the honey produced the bee for its own use. Yet the contrary is true. The bee is of no use to the honey, but the honey is of use to the bee. How do you account for the fact that one thing which is of use to another is produced first?"

The professor betrayed some confusion. Finally he said: "I guess I erred in admitting that one thing always produces *for* its own use the thing it subsists upon. This is true, however, in some cases, but not in all. The vulture's beak has grown sharp and crooked perhaps by use and for use; but the honey could not have produced the bee by use and for use. I say now, therefore, that some things are produced by and for use, and others simply by use."

"Do you mean that A produces B so that B may be a means of convenience and support to A, but that C produces D so that C may be of use to D?"

"Yes; that is my idea."

"The honey, then, produced the bee, so that there might be a creature to which it would be of use. Also the mouse produced the cat for a similar reason."

"No, no. I deny that there was any purpose in either of these cases. The bee lives because there is honey, and the cat lives because there are mice; but it does not follow that there was any design on the part of the honey to produce the bee, nor on the part of the mouse to produce the cat."

"Very well! Then you admit that there was not a purpose in the production of the bee on the part of the honey, and that the honey did not produce the bee for use nor by use. And yet you claimed that not only was every thing produced in this way, but that the apparent forethought that was manifested in the production of any creature or thing resulted simply from its having been produced by use or for use by some other creature or thing. Now, there is, evidently, a purpose served in the existence of the bee; namely, the gathering of the honey for the use of man. And, if that purpose resides neither in the bee nor in the honey, whence did it originate?"

"I do not pretend to know. I only say that some things come by use simply, and that other things are produced for use by the design or habit of the producer."

"But, if we show that there was a purpose served in the production of any thing, and that that purpose does not reside in the creature, then,

as you before admitted, there must be an intelligent First Cause. The purpose of the honey could not have been in the bee, nor of the bee in the honey. Must not the one who created the bee have provided the honey for the use of the bee?"

"I say the honey produced the bee naturally. That is, there being the means in existence whereby such a creature as a bee could live, the bee came into being spontaneously. In other words, the bee was evolved from the honey."

"But we are not discussing the manner in which, nor the means by which, any thing is made. The question is, whether there be an intelligent Creator; and you have admitted that there must be, if it can be proved that there is forethought manifested in the production of any thing. But, when I suggested that there was forethought manifested in the structure of the human frame, you avoided the illustration by saying it came by use. I then suggested that the human mouth could not have come by use, since there must have been a mouth to use in the very beginning, or the creature would have died. Still you persisted. And you sought to explain any evidence of forethought there might be by imputing it to the creature that had itself produced what was necessary to its convenience or support by use. I then suggested that the bee could not have produced the honey in this way, since the honey must have existed as soon as the bee, or the bee would have died. Then you admitted you were mistaken in saying every depend-

ent thing was produced *for* use, and said some things were for use, and others simply by use. But when I asked you, then, to account for the purpose and forethought manifested in what was produced for use, and which yet did not come by use, you only reply by telling me *how* the thing was produced. Now, if you cannot account for the purpose of its production from any natural cause, you must, in accordance with your previous admission, confess that there is an intelligent First Cause. To say that the bee was evolved from the honey does not account for the forethought that provided the honey for the sustenance of the bee."

"I am not sure that there is any forethought manifested in the production of the honey. The fact that the bee uses it does not prove that it was provided for him. The bee exists because the honey exists; and, of course, if there were no honey there would be no bees. The bee is simply the natural sequence of the honey."

"Then you would say, I presume, that the production of the fruit-tree is no proof of any purpose to produce fruit."

"No certain proof."

"And because men love honey and apples, it does not follow that the bee and the apple were made for man's use; nor, indeed, that any of the many things necessary to his convenience and use were made for him; but the existence of these things has simply caused him to exist."

"That may be true."

"But you surely cannot believe that the fruits of the earth were not previously designed for the use of man, or that he is simply the natural sequence of their existence."

"I do not say I think so, — only that such may be true."

"Impossible! It could not be true."

"Why not?"

"Because we know that like must produce like. A man is not an apple, nor like an apple; and so we know that the apple could not have produced the man."

"All flesh is grass," said the professor, laughing. "My theory is, that, if one thing makes use of another thing, the former has been produced by the latter, or has been an element in its production. Man makes use of the air, and so I infer that the air is an element in his production."

"Well, if that be true in one thing, I presume you will admit it to be true in all, for there could not be more than one theory of existence or creation."

"Yes; all conditions are the natural sequences of previous conditions, according to my theory."

"And the same would be true in relation to the emotional and intellectual nature?"

"Doubtless."

"Then, because man is pleased with the singing of the birds, it must follow that the birds have produced man, or at least that element of his nature that delights in and appreciates their music.

The flowers, too, must have had part in the production of the eyes and nostrils of the young lady who loves their fragrance and beauty. Matter made the sciences, and the sciences produced mind, that there might be something to understand and appreciate the wonderful conditions and shapes into which the particles of matter had been shaken. Nay, the universe made God, and not God the universe."

At this moment the servants came in to arrange the tables for supper. "Well, well," said the professor, with some impatience, "I suppose we should not reach any definite conclusion if we should talk all our lives."

"Perhaps not," replied Victor, "with our present knowledge and acquirements. I do not doubt that there is a good deal of truth in your theory as regards the methods of creation; but certainly any theory of creation and existence, except that from one Supreme and intelligent First Cause all things emanate, and in him exist, must involve the greatest contradictions and absurdities."

CHAPTER XIII.

END OF THE VOYAGE.

IT was a bright May morning, just as the sun was rising, that the ship touched her pier in Boston Harbor. Victor had been on deck since early dawn, partly impelled by the interest one naturally feels in the sight of a new country, but chiefly that he might spend as much time as possible in company with Captain Holt before taking leave of him. The ship had come to anchor several hours before to await the coming of daylight before landing, and though he had been up all night, the captain had not retired, but had continued pacing the deck till Victor had come. The interest which had been awakened in each other at the time of their first conversation had now ripened into an attachment stronger than mere friendship, — so strong, indeed, that they could not meet nor separate afterwards without the strongest emotions. During the years that Victor remained in Boston, they met frequently, and, in the intervals between the captain's coming and going, were constantly together. Victor was always the first to grasp the captain's hand on his return, and the last to leave the ship at his departure.

The captain had already entered upon the Christian life, and with a resolution and purpose that nothing could shake. His mind was now busy with schemes for benefiting others. "I am sure," said he in conversation with Victor some days before reaching Boston, "that I can do a good deal for the sailors, and doubtless can best serve Christ's purpose by labors among them. There is no class of people that need more than they religious instruction, and none that more readily appreciate kindly interest and sympathy."

Victor entered heartily into his spirit, and the two discussed many plans by which it was hoped the captain's purpose might be promoted. It was finally decided, among other things, that a building should be erected as a sailor's home. Its plan was not then fully determined; but its design would be to afford rest, recreation, assistance, and instruction. At Victor's suggestion, a subscription had been started on the ship, for the new building, to which all the sailors and many of the passengers had contributed. The captain headed the list, with an amount equal to his entire wages for the voyage. Victor and Deschamps followed, with a sum of equal amount from each. The professor also gave liberally. So great an enthusiasm was awakened that it was thought a sufficient sum had been raised to warrant the immediate commencement of the work.

Still another subject occupied their thoughts. The captain was anxious to be baptized; but there

was a difficulty presented to his mind similar to that which Victor had encountered in relation to the ministry. There was no church, he feared, that he could enter without being compelled to subscribe uncatholic dogmas. It was hoped that the Episcopal Church would prove an exception, though that was as yet uncertain.

Victor had preached frequently during the voyage, and especially during the last week, in which he had held a service every afternoon, and had so powerfully persuaded the sailors and many of the passengers of the truth of the gospel, that all who had not already been baptized were willing and anxious for an opportunity to profess Christ before men. Besides his first sermon, and another on Christian manhood, he had devoted all his attention to an exposition of the parable of the Prodigal Son. The themes he derived from it were: "The Household of God;" "The Temptation;" "Separation from God;" "Riotous Living;" "Hell, or the Famine of the Soul;" "Feeding the Swine, or the Servitude of Sin;" "Coming to Himself, or Conversion;" "Penitence, or the Return Home;" "Resurrection, or Re-entrance into the Heavenly Mansion." The sensational idea that had at first, in the minds of others, been associated with him on account of his peculiar views, gradually gave place to a serious interest in his preaching, inspired by his marked earnestness and sincerity; and this interest finally to a full conviction of his truth, through the persuasion of his resistless eloquence

and reasonings. His preaching was supplemented by private conversations, which, however, were never sought by himself, though he was always glad of the opportunities they afforded of meeting every objection and difficulty, and for suiting his teachings to each individual's necessities. The impressions he produced, though not accompanied with any excitement, were deep and lasting. Even Augustus, after listening to the sermon on Christian manhood, was deeply impressed. "I never heard religion defined as true manhood before," said he. "I always thought it just the contrary, — a maudlin matter, which one could not have any thing to do with, without a long face, a whining tone, and a sheepish look. But if it means what Vic preached to-day, I shall think a good deal more of it than I ever have before."

The professor was still non-committal. "I have a good many hard questions to ask M. La Tourette yet. There are some facts that will be hard for him to reconcile with his theories, especially in relation to the Bible and prayer. But I don't care to interfere now. I wish him success most cordially, and I must say I sympathize with many of his opinions. I only fear he will not be as successful on land as he has been on the sea."

As for Mrs. Winslow, her enthusiasm knew no bounds. Victor having used the Episcopal liturgy in all his devotional exercises, she regarded the work that had been done as pertaining to the Episcopal Church. She was a good worker, and

had already planned the organization of a society of ladies among the members of her congregation, to assist in the effort to establish a Seaman's Home.

M. Gensonné, the Romish priest, had been almost entirely lost sight of after his encounter with Victor. He kept aloof from all company, except of persons of his own religion, of whom there were some among the passengers, and upon whom no impression could be made. They were careful not to listen to any thing Victor said, and, while not stirring up any noisy opposition to his work, had done all they could to thwart it by their personal influence. Garvey had become remarkably quiet, his former companions having one by one dropped off until he was left quite alone. His confidence, however, had not deserted him; and only a wholesome fear of the captain, who, after the insult offered to Victor, had given him a private admonition, and had watched him closely, could have restrained his otherwise irrepressible nature. As for Reuben, he had become almost an object of pity; but, while clinging still to the Winslows in spite of all slights and neglects, and even of ridicule, his hatred of Victor, though carefully disguised, had gradually become more intense.

This was the way matters stood on the ship on the day of its arrival at Boston. Before the sun had risen, all had come on deck eager to look once more upon the land, and many anxious eyes were strained to catch sight of familiar and loved faces

they hoped to see again after a long separation. But the gladness of a safe arrival in port was not unmingled with sadness. Many pleasant acquaintances had been formed, and some warm and lasting friendships contracted, during the voyage; and now the thought of separation, perhaps never to meet again on earth, filled many breasts with sorrow. There is nothing more sad than separation. Even when those in whom we feel little interest, but whose faces have become familiar, pass from our sight, a shadow is cast upon our lives. The echoes of retreating footsteps, the fading from sight of a distant sail upon the horizon, the place where paths separate, awaken unhappy impressions. The world is so wide, life so mysterious, and the future so uncertain and shadowy, that separation is associated in our minds with sad forebodings, loneliness, and loss. Still more sad are those separations by which ties of mutual love and sympathy are sundered. By association we seem to grow together. Our thoughts, emotions, and impulses gradually assimilate; and, if minds are naturally congenial, the more readily they assimilate, and experience the more pain at separation. We know not what it is that unites soul with soul. Doubtless there are real bonds which, though invisible, intertwine our souls, and bind them together. Though regarded as imaginary, they yet cannot be without substance, for otherwise even the soul itself would not be substantive.

As the ship was being lashed to the pier, the

passengers engaged in a general shaking of hands, and the interchange of kind farewells and good wishes. Little Amie, who had been Victor's constant companion, clung to him to the last, and was quite inconsolable at the thought of parting. But her father, M. Derambert, a Boston merchant, was one of the first to come aboard; and her grief was, for the moment, forgotten in the joy of meeting him; but she insisted on running back again and again to Victor, to remind him of the promise he had made her parents that he would not leave Boston without seeing them. The Winslows, the Deschamps, Victor, and Reuben, who could not be shaken off, lingered after the rest had gone. But at last the Winslows drove away, having first arranged for an early meeting. Reuben soon followed. Deschamps, Louise, and Victor waited yet a little time, that they might bid each of the sailors a good-by, who had gathered around them, eager to grasp their hands once more. They expected, indeed, to meet again, for Victor had promised to hold a service on the ship once more; but they knew that, at the best, they must soon finally separate. Louise was deeply affected. She had become acquainted with all the crew, had learned the name and circumstances of each, and had manifested the greatest interest in them. I was told by the captain, many years afterwards, that she was never forgotten. During the time she remained in Boston, she visited the families of the sailors who were married and resided there;

and each sailor's wife and child received from her some little souvenir that was always sacredly preserved. "The names," said he, "of Victor and Louise are very common among my sailors' children." What was still more remarkable, not one, so far as he knew, had ever proved false to his profession of Christ. Not any profanity or vulgarity was afterwards known among them, but each became sober, industrious, and economical. Many built comfortable homes, and reared families that it was a pleasure to visit. Their houses were neat, their wives smart and tidy, and their children well instructed. Some of them became officers of ships through their exemplary habits; and, indeed, Captain Holt's sailors became somewhat distinguished in the commercial world, so that it was deemed a quite sufficient commendation for one seeking promotion, that he had sailed with him.

CHAPTER XIV.

GATES AJAR.

THAT afternoon Gus called at the hotel, in company with the Rev. Mr. Willoughby. The latter was a dark-complexioned young man of about Victor's age, dressed somewhat daintily in a clerical suit of black broadcloth, spotless linen, and white neck-tie. He wore also a heavy enamelled cross suspended from a guard of the same material. His manner was a little stiff and affected, resulting, no doubt, from the consciousness of his ministerial office; but on the whole he seemed kindly and affable in disposition.

Gus brought a note from his mother for Victor, which ran as follows: —

"My dear Friend, — How fortunate! The bishop is to be here to-night, and on a special mission to our chapel. He will be here over Sunday, and will preach and confirm on Sunday evening. He has always been my guest, and will come directly here as soon as he arrives in town. I shall tell him all about you when I see him, and, as soon as possible after his arrival, will arrange to have you meet him here.

"I have spoken to Mr. Willoughby of you, but only for a moment. He will call upon you this afternoon.

"Adieu till we meet.

"MARIE WINSLOW."

They came in a carriage; and Gus invited Louise to ride with him around the city, and over to Cambridge. M. Deschamps had gone out on business, so that Victor and Mr. Willoughby were thus left to themselves.

"Mrs. Winslow tells me," remarked the latter, "that you have some idea of taking orders in the Church."

"Such a possibility has been suggested. I am, however, but little familiar with the polity of your church; and, until I become more definitely informed in relation to it, I shall not be able to decide positively. Mrs. Winslow writes me that the bishop is expected here to-day. Where does he reside?"

"Our bishop resides in Newburyport, where he is rector of a church, but is now in so infirm health that I presume some other bishop will officiate here."

"Is this a large diocese?"

"There are as yet but few churches; but we are growing, and hope to develop into a strong diocese in time. More men are needed in the ministry; and if you should join us, I have no doubt you will be able to obtain a parish. The bishop thinks of starting another mission here; and there are many large and growing towns in the interior where the services of the Church have not yet been held. You have been confirmed, I presume?"

"Not in the Episcopal Church. The thought of uniting with you has but recently been suggested. Your parishioner, Mrs. Winslow, to whom

I was indebted for the use of a copy of your Liturgy in some services I conducted on the ship, first suggested the idea."

Victor did not care to enter into full explanations then, being intent chiefly upon making himself familiar with the history and practical workings of the American Church. The first point really to be settled was, whether he and his friends could unite with the Church without being required to answer respecting matters of doctrine farther than appeared in the offices for baptism and confirmation.

"I understand you have a confirmation in your church on Sunday," he continued.

"Yes, there will be a small class for confirmation. I should be glad to have you join it. Have you been baptized?"

"In the Romish Church, in infancy."

"There is nothing, then, to prevent your being confirmed."

"You do not baptize a second time then?"

"Oh, no! We hold that baptism in any denomination is valid; at least, such is the view generally entertained."

"What do you require in the matter of belief?"

Mr. Willoughby took from his pocket a prayer-book, and pointed out the form of questions and answers in the office for baptism.

"Is that all you require?" said Victor.

"That is all. We usually instruct the class for confirmation in a course of familiar lectures in

relation to the obligations they are about to assume, and also expect them to be familiar with the Catechism, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments."

"Do you not inquire as to their belief in the doctrines enunciated in the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"Not critically, not at all in fact. Some clergymen do perhaps, but it is not usual."

"If, then, I should conclude to be confirmed next Sunday, no questions would be asked me, so far as regards matters of belief, but those set forth in the office for confirmation?"

Mr. Willoughby hesitated. He began to feel a little suspicious that all was not right. But, recalling what Mrs. Winslow had said of Victor, he replied: —

"Mrs. Winslow, who is one of the pillars of my Church, spoke very warmly of your character and abilities. With her indorsement I could not hesitate to receive you into the Church."

"Suppose I could not subscribe to all or any of the Thirty-nine Articles?"

Mr. Willoughby again hesitated. "Do you not believe all those articles?"

Victor smiled. "You ask me a question before answering mine. I will say, however, that I have not very critically examined them. My question had no regard to the merits of the articles, but simply to the principle involved in their insertion in the Liturgy. And I do not inquire simply on my own account. The officers and the entire

crew of the ship in which I crossed the ocean, and also some of the passengers, are desirous of being baptized and confirmed in the Church, and yet they know very little of theology. They could assent to the simple questions in the offices for baptism and confirmation; but, if you should attempt to question them on the articles, they would probably be uncertain, and quite likely would be prevented thereby from uniting with the Church. My purpose, therefore, is simply to ascertain whether you can receive us without questioning us further in regard to matters of belief than the office for baptism calls for."

Mr. Willoughby was highly elated. He was very anxious to have a large class for confirmation, because it would give him distinction in the Church. The number confirmed, indeed, was the chief test of a clergyman's success. But, after having carefully canvassed his parish, he knew of only three young girls to be confirmed, and one of these was doubtful. The thought, therefore, that he might yet have the largest class that had ever been confirmed in the diocese inflamed his imagination with glowing anticipations. They would hear of it in New York and Philadelphia, and it might bring him a call to a large parish.

"You need have no fears at all," said he, "in relation to the articles. I never ask any questions about them. It is not expected that a candidate for confirmation should be instructed in all matters of theology; and, if you and your friends will join

my class I promise you that you shall not be catechised at all. How many do you think there will be?"

"I have the names of more than fifty. Of these I am sure of about twenty-five. Probably there will be forty. Some, after landing, may change their minds, and some may object to uniting with the Episcopal Church. The matter was left somewhat indefinite; but I have the addresses of all, and promised to communicate with them. A few may leave town before Sunday; but most will remain, and some reside here."

"What will the bishop say," exclaimed Mr. Willoughby, almost in ecstasy, "when he sees so large a class come forward for confirmation? And no matter if most of them are sailors; they will count as well as others. But I suppose the passengers were mostly wealthy people?"

Victor did not notice the interrogation. The two spent some time in looking over the names of the passengers, and arranged to devote most of the next day in calling together upon them. They then went over to Mr. Willoughby's study, where Victor spent some time in examining the canons of the Church, and informing himself in relation to its history and present status, when they separated.

M. Deschamps and Louise had returned when Victor reached the hotel, and both were very anxious to know what was the result of his interview with Mr. Willoughby. Though they had,

themselves, very little confidence that he would find the Episcopal Church to be what he had anticipated, yet for his sake they hoped he might, lest otherwise the disappointment might have a depressing effect upon his sensitive nature; for the more he had reflected upon the possibility of his uniting with that Church, the more probable had it become, until a disappointment would have been a severe blow.

Louise, who had been watching his return, came forward to meet him, as he entered the door of their private parlor. And before their lips met, she had caught the joyous expression of his face. "I am so glad you were not disappointed," she said.

"But you do not know, I have not told you," he replied, passing his arm around her slender waist, and looking down fondly into her upturned face.

"How is it, my boy?" said Deschamps, grasping his hand warmly. "Have you found at last a truly Catholic Church?"

A shade flitted over Victor's face. "I have only had a little conversation with Mr. Willoughby, and been in his study a little while looking over his books," he replied. "On the whole I am favorably impressed. So far as regards the Church itself, I am convinced that it has the true foundation, and is very nearly Catholic. There is no more required for admission than appears in the office for baptism. Exactly why the articles should have been inserted in the Liturgy, I am not yet clear.

Doubtless they are a declaration of the belief that is usually held in the Episcopal Church; but, as subscription of them is not required for admission, they do not destroy the Catholicity of the Church. It really makes very little difference what Episcopalians are, or what they believe, if the Church itself is rightly constituted, will receive all who believe in Christ, and is capable of development into the kingdom of heaven. As yet, however, I am not fully informed in relation to it. The bishop will be here to-night; and, after conversation with him, I shall be able to decide definitely."

Victor then related all his conversation with Mr. Willoughby, and also gave them the results of his examination of the history and canons of the American Church. Fortunately the captain came in, and, soon after, Mr. and Mrs. Derambert and little Amie. Mrs. Derambert was as firm as ever in her resolution to unite with the Church, and she hoped her husband would also unite with her. Her children, too, she was desirous should be baptized. Some of the sailors, so the captain said, had expressed great reluctance at being baptized by any one but Victor, and could not clearly understand why he should not perform the ceremony; but he thought all would finally assent to any arrangement he should make, though it would be a great cross for them to go into the church, some never having been inside of any place of worship in their lives.

After tea, Professor Winslow called, in company

with two gentlemen, trustees of the college. There was to be a meeting of the trustees on the Monday following, at which they would like to have M. La Tourette present, and bring his diplomas, as Professor Winslow had suggested his name as instructor in modern languages. The gentlemen calling were Judge Pickering, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and Dr. Miller, pastor of one of the principal Congregational churches of the city. The judge spoke German, and Dr. Miller had some knowledge of Spanish and Italian. Victor was at home in either language, and, in fact, in all branches of a university education, and produced a very favorable impression upon his visitors.

In the course of the conversation, Dr. Miller remarked, "By the way, Deacon Smith was expecting a nephew of his on Captain Holt's packet, who has been an attaché of the French legation. Was he aboard?"

The question was addressed to Victor, M. Deschamps being at the moment in conversation with the judge, and the professor with Louise, who was his special favorite.

"Yes; he was one of the passengers."

"The deacon tells me he is a very promising young man, and purposes entering the ministry of our church. Did you see much of him?"

Victor colored slightly. "I made his acquaintance only formally. Professor Winslow and family saw more of him than I did."

"Who was that, Doctor, of whom you were speaking?" said the professor.

"A nephew of Deacon Smith's, who was a fellow-voyager of yours."

The professor's countenance fell, and he would have renewed his conversation with Louise had not the doctor continued: "I expect to have him as a private student in theology. The deacon tells me he is a young man of great piety and learning."

The professor nodded.

"What did you think of him?" persisted the doctor.

"Well, really, Doctor, I do not know that I am a good judge of one's piety; and as for his learning, there was little opportunity of testing that on the ship. He preached one Sunday afternoon, and handled his theme quite adroitly. I should judge he had some ability; but the young people became better acquainted with him than I did."

The doctor noticed that there was a little embarrassment on the part of Victor and the professor, and this served to quicken his curiosity. "I hope I shall not be disappointed in him. I am very careful what students I receive into my family. You say he preached once: was there any thing peculiar in his doctrine or style? Young men now-a-days are becoming imbued with latitudinarian ideas. I cannot, myself, tolerate unsound doctrines in the ministry; and if young Smith has got any strange notions in his head during his residence abroad, or contracted any loose habits, I

shall have to decline to receive him, even at the risk of offending his uncle."

"Oh! you need have no fears at all on that score," replied the professor, laughing. "He is a zealous Calvinist, — I can vouch for that, — and is strictly orthodox all through."

"Why, Doctor," exclaimed the judge, in a bantering tone, "I do not doubt you would be able to eradicate any heretical notions any of your students might entertain. At any rate I hope you will not refuse to receive Deacon Smith's nephew, even if he should entertain some progressive ideas. The world moves, and the Church must also move, or it will become only a relic of the past. I think, however, no relative of Deacon Smith is likely to become very progressive in theology."

The judge was a Liberal in his views, and occupying an independent position, — the judges being appointed for life: unlike the professor, he was unreserved in the expression of his opinions.

Doctor Miller did not quite relish his remarks, and hesitated for a reply. But the professor interposed, humorously: —

"Please do not start any theological discussion, gentlemen. You might get M. La Tourette a-going; and, when he begins, he does not stop till he has put all adversaries to flight or silence."

"Indeed! I did not know that it was possible to put any one to silence in a theological controversy. Every creed I supposed could be defended,

if not by reason, at least by Scripture passages *ad infinitum*. My curiosity is excited."

The professor saw that he had made a mistake by connecting Victor with theological controversy, — the subject above all others he wished to avoid, — as he knew his chances of obtaining a position in the college would be slight if his religious views should become known. So he spoke up quickly, and before the doctor could reply, at the same time casting a deprecating glance upon the judge:

"I see what the judge is after. Don't let him draw you into an argument, Doctor. I was merely joking M. La Tourette. He has not yet joined any Church, but my wife has been trying to persuade him to become an Episcopalian. By the way, M. La Tourette, I had almost forgotten to deliver my message. The bishop is at our house, and Mrs. Winslow requested me to bring you up there this evening to meet him."

When the visitors rose to depart, Judge Pickering shook Victor's hand most cordially, and expressed his hope that the college would be able to offer him sufficient inducements to secure his services. The doctor was polite, but less cordial. His suspicions had been aroused. He felt a little sore, too, at the remarks of the judge, and had, moreover, previously determined that no more persons of doubtful orthodoxy should be engaged as instructors in the college, if he could prevent it.

CHAPTER XV.

GATES BOLTED.

"I BEG your pardon for my allusion to our theological controversies," said the professor, as he and Victor left the hotel together. "I do not understand how I could have been so imprudent. Judge Pickering is a great controversialist, and nothing delights him more than a conflict in religious questions. In a moment more, if I had not given him the wink, he would have drawn you out. You understand my motive in desiring to conceal your religious views, which would neither suit the orthodox nor the liberal elements in the college. Of course it will be proper for you to declare your opinions whenever the occasion may require; but just now it would be injudicious. It could do no good, and might detract seriously from your future usefulness. When the time comes for you to speak out, you will be in a position to maintain yourself. At present, however, I advise you to be cautious. We want to liberalize the college; but we have to exercise some prudence, as the Puritan influence is dominant at present. Should you unite with the Episcopalians, you will be in a good position, as they occupy a middle

ground. There is a strong prejudice against them, it is true, but not so uncompromising as that which is felt on the part of the orthodox elements towards the Liberals. In fact, the Episcopalians are almost entirely overlooked in this controversy that has lately sprung up, and which is becoming every day more interesting."

"I am very grateful," said Victor, "for your kindness, and for the interest you have taken in me. I would really like to obtain the position in the college, that I may have time to look around and determine at my leisure my future course; and, so long as silence is all that is required, I think I can be prudent. Of course, if I enter the college, it will not be for the purpose of teaching religion, but the modern languages, and I should really have no occasion and no right to teach any thing else. But I do not know that I can honorably conceal my views from the bishop, who will probably question me closely."

The professor made no immediate reply, and they walked on for a time in silence. At last he spoke somewhat hesitatingly: —

"I do not see why you should make a confidant of the bishop. He is not your father confessor, and has no right to inquire into your views farther than may respect your admission to the Church. And I understand you are as yet undecided whether to apply for orders or not. I think I would say as little on the subject as possible."

"But I am fully decided to enter the Episcopal

Church, if it is really as Catholic as it now appears to me to be."

"Oh! you need have no fear. Episcopalians are not very strict in regard to the requisites for admission. It is my impression that the bishop has nothing to do with the candidates for admission, except as a matter of form."

By this time they had reached the professor's residence. There were many ladies and gentlemen in the parlor when Victor was introduced, who had called to pay their respects to the bishop; and what was his surprise to see among them Reuben Smith sitting beside a fine, elderly man, whom, by his clerical dress he inferred at a glance to be the bishop.

Mrs. Winslow came forward with even more than her usual *empressement* to greet him, and with much vivacity introduced him to the company, and first to the bishop: "I am glad to present M. La Tourette, a much esteemed friend and one of my own countrymen," she said.

The bishop arose, and received him with formal courtesy. The company probably did not notice the slight reserve in the bishop's manner, though Victor's impressible nature detected it at once. It was not his patronizing air, nor the result of a common Episcopal conceit, for these were to be expected, but a certain uncharitable expression of the eye, that Victor noticed.

A nod was the only sign of recognition that passed between him and Reuben.

A lively conversation ensued. The first question asked him was how he liked Boston. One complimented the French nation for its sympathy and aid in the revolutionary struggle. Another expressed surprise that he could speak English with so little foreign accent. He heard a matronly lady inquire of Mrs. Winslow if he were married.

The visitors, however, did not linger long, as it was already late when he arrived; but long enough to enable him to judge of their general character. Of course they were Episcopalians, and a fair illustration of what Episcopalians were. They were, for the most part, stylish and fashionable people, refined and agreeable in manners, though not generally highly cultured; and there were some whom he designates in his diary as *parvenus*, but whom now-a-days we should call "codfish." There was much said about the Church, but little about religion. Plainly their estimate of religion was limited to their conception of the Church as it was. It was *the* Church, — all other Protestant bodies only sects. And it was *the* Church, not from its Catholicity, but because it was believed to be from the original root. Its spirit and purpose were not considered, but its form only. It had retained the three original orders of the ministry; its clergy had been episcopally ordained. Apostolic succession was the one thing requisite to constitute the Church, the key of the kingdom of heaven. It was, therefore, just as Catholic as

the Roman Church, having the same foundation. Another denomination, no matter how Catholic in spirit, or how fruitful in works, could not be Catholic, because it lacked the apostolic succession. In short, this seemed to be their idea, that they were all going to heaven through the merits of their Church, derived from apostolic succession. This had tended to give them a disagreeable conceit, blind their eyes to the real spirit and purpose of Christ, and make their religion merely cold and formal.

Victor was chilled and disheartened. He heard no noble sentiments uttered; no liberal and progressive ideas were advanced; no warmth and glow of real charity animated and inspired the hearts of the people. On the contrary, they seemed to be of narrow sympathies and illiberal views. He could not tell why it should be; but evidently, so far as he could judge from this brief interview, the English Church in America was narrow, bigoted, and superstitious, — judged from the character of its people. It was the aristocratic and fashionable Church. It was exclusive and snobbish. It was heartless and formal. Its spirit was cold and conservative. There was in it no spirit of liberty and toleration. It sneered at democratic ideas. It had no sympathy with any reform.

In conversation with Deschamps, Victor had learned of the movement for the emancipation of the slaves, and had come to sympathize deeply with it; but he heard fall from the lips of a gen-

tleman present, who he afterwards learned was the senior warden of the church, an expression of contempt and disgust for all abolitionists.

Reuben had been one of the first to leave; and, when he was gone, Mrs. Winslow whispered that she had not invited him there, but that he had made his call ostensibly upon the bishop.

It was with these impressions that Victor found himself alone with the bishop, who began the conversation abruptly: —

"Mrs. Winslow has informed me that you desire to have a conference with me in relation to becoming a candidate for holy orders."

He spoke in a restless, hurried way, as if it were a matter he wished to despatch as soon as possible. His tone, too, was superior, and calculated to repel any confidential advances.

Victor was slightly touched, and rose to his feet at once. "I presume, sir, you are very much fatigued this evening. Another occasion will do as well, when you feel more at ease."

"No: bishops never have any leisure. Please be seated. This is the most convenient opportunity, — possibly the only one."

Victor had often met with Romish bishops, and had always experienced from them the greatest kindness and courtesy. They were, for the most part, devout men, hesitating at no sacrifices necessary for the promotion of the interests of their Church, and, though clothed with great authority, were most amiable in their bearing towards their

clergy. If this Protestant bishop was a fair sample of the rest, he thought there was nothing to be gained by the exchange. As even faith might be dead, so even the Church, though Catholic in form, might be dead also. Plainly neither these people nor their bishop had any conception of what Christ's purpose and spirit really were. A living body, however deformed, was more useful than one dead, however symmetrical. What the Episcopalians called "sects" might yet be more useful to Christ, though deficient in form. What did reformation mean? Simply stripping Rome of its tinselries and fond conceits? Was the spirit of Christ of no consideration, if only his dead body were retained?

Fortunately, however, Victor had, to some extent, anticipated these impressions, and so endeavored to restrain himself on this occasion. No matter what the spirit of the people might be, he had determined to accept the Episcopal Church, if its capabilities were the same as those of the original. Why should such people be permitted to monopolize the Church, which was the common heritage of all who believe? Would it not be cowardly for him to refuse to enter its portals because others not in sympathy with its purpose had possessed it? Was not this the true battle-ground upon which the conflict must be fought? Did Christ refuse to recognize the sacredness of the temple, or stand aloof therefrom, because it had become a den of thieves? Did he not, in fact, enter it for the pur-

pose of expelling the money-changers and all who had made it a place of traffic?

So he sat down, as requested, though with reluctance.

The bishop repeated his question: "Do you desire to become a candidate for holy orders?"

"Such a thought has been suggested to me."

"Do you mean that you are not clear in your mind in relation to your inward call? A thought of entering the ministry would hardly be sufficient evidence of such a call. Do you think you have been called of the Holy Ghost to preach and administer the sacraments?"

"I do not know that I have had any peculiar experience, — certainly none of a supernatural character. From boyhood it has been my purpose to enter the ministry; and I was only prevented from doing so by scruples as regarded the Catholicity of the Roman Church."

"As regarded its Catholicity? I suppose there is no question as regards the validity of the orders of Rome. I presume you mean you could not accept its tenets. A similar cause was the occasion of the secession of the English Church. So far, very good. But we were speaking of the inward call, which in your case does not seem very satisfactory; and I do not think one should enter the ministry unless specially called to the work."

"What do you understand by a special call?"

"Excuse me; it is not proper that you should

ask me questions. I am desirous that you should give me the evidences of your call, that I may judge of their sufficiency."

Victor's face flushed. "I think you misapprehend my position, sir. I am not now applying to be received as a candidate for orders, but only seeking information. Upon the character of that information will depend my future action in the matter. Yet I think I can say now, in order to avoid any future misunderstanding, that I should not, under any circumstances, give my personal religious experiences and emotions. If I seek the ministry I shall do it honestly, and should be desirous of the fullest and closest scrutiny of my past history, of my moral character, and of all my acts and qualifications. But so far as regards my private emotions, or my opinions on theological questions, aside from the essentials of a Christian faith, I should decline to answer any questions in this connection."

The bishop was quite astounded. Besides, his dignity was wounded. "Do you not recognize my authority to ask you any question I choose, or to insist upon any qualifications I deem requisite for the holy office you seek?"

"Certainly, so far as regards the essentials of the Catholic faith, but you have no discretionary authority, any more than the successors of St. Peter have; and so cannot insist upon my revealing my private emotions and opinions. Discretionary power has never been conferred upon any

tribunal of earth, but pertains only to God. And, indeed, this is the information I seek; namely, whether I can be admitted to the ministry of the Church in the manner and form prescribed in the canons and in the offices of the Liturgy, and without being required to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, or to answer to any questions respecting private doctrines or emotions."

"You cannot," said the bishop with emphasis, and in a tone of sarcasm. "Indeed, sir, I am amazed at the misapprehension you evince of our character and polity. Doubtless your proper place is with the Unitarians, — certainly not with us."

"Then you claim discretionary power similar to that which the Bishop of Rome exercises?"

"I claim the power," said the bishop, somewhat imperiously, "to exclude any person I choose from the ministry of this Church."

"From what source do you derive such power?"

"It is inherent in my office, sir."

"Does your office confer upon you any power other than was delegated and defined by Christ?"

"It is delegated and defined by the Church."

"I have seen no such authority delegated and defined in any rubric or canon. But I may have overlooked it. If, however, the Church has conferred upon you such power, I confess I have mistaken its character and polity. If, according to the whim, caprice, prejudice, or private opinion of any bishop, one with the requisite qualifications,

and honestly seeking its ministry, can be excluded, I was mistaken in supposing it to be Catholic."

"Your language, sir, is not respectful. I have not asserted that I could exclude one on such grounds."

"Pardon me, I understood you to say you had discretionary power, and could exclude any one you chose, and that I would not be received. Please explain why you would exclude me, and why you define my proper place to be the Unitarian ministry."

"It is needless, sir, to enter into explanations. I will say, however, that your inward call does not appear to have been satisfactory; and evidently, from your refusal to be questioned in relation to your private opinions, your views must be unsound."

"Do you think I am not a believer in Christ, and that I cannot assent to the Apostles' Creed?"

"I cannot say; but there is much more required."

"Do you think I am deficient in education and natural ability, or immoral and irreligious in character?"

"I did not refer to your ability or moral character."

"And yet you say you would not accept me as a candidate for orders, should I apply?"

"I said you could not be received without first being subjected to questionings to determine your fitness."

"I did not decline to be questioned in relation to essentials. On the contrary, I am quite willing to answer all inquiries respecting them."

"What do you call essentials?"

"Whatever is necessary to salvation, — the same that was required of a candidate for baptism in the early Church; namely, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, such a faith as will lead one to obedience and good works."

"Do you not believe in each and all of the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"I decline to answer here, though I have no disposition to disguise my opinions. The articles are not Christ, nor is faith in them faith in Christ. They were set forth neither by Christ nor by his apostles, but by uninspired men, whose opinions are no more infallible than those of the Pope of Rome. Satan himself might believe them all. And, further, neither by the rubrics nor canons is one required to subscribe them."

"But they are the doctrines of the Episcopal Church."

"Not if the Episcopal Church is a Catholic Church, as she claims. They are the doctrines of the uninspired individuals who framed them, and not necessarily of the Church. They may be true, however, and I may believe them all; but for the sake of the principle I decline to answer whether I do or not."

"For the sake of the principle? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Catholicity — that charity, breadth, and universality that would have all to be saved, and that would comprehend all believers in Christ in one fold and under one Shepherd — is absolutely essential to the constitution of the Church. Though I may believe all those articles, yet another may doubt every one of them, and yet be as firm and true a believer in Christ as I am. And if he should be required to indorse them before being received into the Church, they would exclude him, and would in so far thwart the purpose of Christ. They are not, therefore, Catholic. They may be true, but are not essential, representing as they do merely the opinions of uninspired men."

"But the Church evidently expects all who would enter her fold to believe in them; and I as her representative have not only a right, but am required, to exclude any person of unsound doctrine."

"The Church is Christ, — not the people who are in union with it; and, as he has never required subscription to these articles, you surely will not claim the power of enforcing them. Who shall determine what is unsound doctrine? Do you claim infallibility in settling all the disputes in theology?"

"Then you believe in tolerating all heresies in the Church?"

"I believe in tolerating all honest differences of opinion. Heresy does not consist in doubting the infallibility of the Thirty-nine Articles, but in sub-

version of the vital, essential, and fundamental principle of the Church, which is faith in Christ; and there is no other heresy, though there are a thousand false doctrines of men, originating from ignorance, prejudice, and uncharitableness."

The bishop betrayed in his manner great irritation. "Your views, sir, are exceedingly loose; and I think our interview may as well terminate at once."

"Then you call Catholic views loose, and would exclude me from the Church because I entertain them?"

"I merely say that one holding your views cannot enter our ministry. Indeed, after what I learned of you from Mr. Smith, it was quite unnecessary that any interview should have occurred at all."

Victor arose at once. "Well, sir, if I cannot enter the ministry, it is because I am excluded by the exercise of an arbitrary, uncatholic, and tyrannical power on your part; and I assure you that, having refused obedience to one pope, I certainly shall not submit to another. Good-evening, sir."

At that moment a servant entered with refreshments, and Mrs. Winslow appeared at the door. "Going so soon?" she exclaimed in surprise. And then, noticing the flushed face of Victor and the indignant attitude of the bishop, she stopped in blank amazement.

"The bishop and I are so much at variance in our

views," said Victor, calmly, "that it is needless to prolong our interview."

The embarrassment was so great that he made haste to withdraw. Mrs. Winslow followed him to the door, and said in a low tone, —

"I am so sorry it has turned out so. I had set my heart upon your uniting with us. And Mr. Willoughby will be dreadfully disappointed."

Victor walked slowly towards the hotel. A fierce tempest was raging in his breast. "Hypocrites! do they actually think this whited sepulchre is really the Church Christ died to establish? Why, if Christ himself should return to earth and apply for admission to the ministry, this high priest would exclude him. What person of any manliness at all would consent to be questioned authoritatively of his private emotions or opinions? No wonder the clergy are what Deschamps says they are, — mere fawning sycophants, their preaching to sinners, like the barking of well-fed house-dogs at the beggars on the street. I will have nothing more to do with bishops or priests. The Church, so called, is a den of thieves; and the farther I keep myself from it, the happier shall I be. If in it, I should always be tormented with its narrowness and intolerance, to say nothing of its worldliness and sin. Served me right for attempting to conform to the ways of this Babylon of the world. I feel as if I had fallen down to worship a golden calf. I would die sooner than submit to such arrogance and impertinence again."

Here the thought came into his mind, "What shall I do?" Somehow he sickened at the idea of preaching without regular ordination. He recalled his purpose to enter the Episcopal Church if it were on the true Catholic basis, whatever might be the character of the people that were in it. "It is true, I have as much right there as this bishop has. There must be a system, an outward visible form of the Church; and plainly the Episcopalians have that, though they have no adequate conception of its purpose and its possibilities of development. I would I were in; it is my true position without doubt; and I can go nowhere else. What shall I do? I am good for nothing, — utterly impractical."

His spirits sank within him. The old feeling of depression after great excitement, and when his sensibilities had been wounded, came upon him, though he strove fiercely against it.

Passing an isolated building, over the doorway of which was written in gilt letters illumined by a lamp, "The Wayside Inn," a beggar clamored for charity, — an old man with a besotted face. Victor paused abruptly. The beggar began his story with great volubility, the story, perhaps, he had told for years to the passers-by, — had been sick, — wife and children starving, — could not get work. Victor hesitated. He would not encourage beggary, still less refuse a needed charity. A little questioning convinced him that the man sought only the means of ministering to his depraved appetite.

The beggar finally grew angry, and cursed him as he turned away. Two men, coming out of the inn at the moment, paused to listen. They were Reuben and Garvey, and both were slightly intoxicated.

"Oho!" exclaimed Reuben, "here is our great reformer."

"Oh, his hit?" and Garvey peered around insultingly into Victor's face. "Hi wants ter git my grip on 'im. Hi'll take ther starch out er 'im."

"Take care!" said Victor, fiercely, thrusting aside Garvey's brawny hand.

A coward at heart, Garvey shrank back, startled at the fierce spirit with which Victor confronted him, and which was wholly unexpected.

Reuben affected to interfere. "It won't do, now, Garvey; let him go."

Victor walked away slowly, and with a firm step.

"Here are some pennies, old man." Reuben spoke loudly. "I'll show my faith by my works."

The beggar clutched them eagerly, and, muttering a blessing upon the giver, hobbled towards the inn.

The two then followed behind Victor, insulting him by their conversation, purposely carried on in a loud tone, that he should hear it. Coarse, brutal natures not only seem to know instinctively what to say and do in order to wound the sensibilities of those who are delicate and refined, but to especially delight in this kind of torture.

"Say, Garvey, a'n't La Tourette a g-r-e-a-t theologian?"

"Ha'n't 'e? Why, the 'postle Paurl wa'n't nothin' ter 'im."

"Didn't you know he was a g-r-e-a-t reformer?"

"Whew! Yer don't say!"

"Won't there be a crowd when he begins to preach here? It will beat Paul in Athens."

"Won't hit be jolly w'en 'e gits ter our town? That nice coat er his ul be spiled has ther old habolitionist's was."

But the reaction in Victor's mind from the extreme depression he had previously felt to the fierce resentment with which he had met Garvey, prevented the derisive words from troubling him. On the contrary, he was now altogether indifferent to any thing his enemies might say, and walked along leisurely, rather slackening his pace than otherwise, while they adjusted their pace to his, so as not to approach him nearer. When he reached the porch of the hotel, he remained standing in the bright moonlight. Reuben and Garvey stopped short. There was something in his manner that intimidated them, and they turned back, not daring to pass him.

He knew that Louise would be waiting for him in the parlor, but he could not meet her yet. He sat down, with the moon shining full upon him; and, as he gazed into its face, a strange joy and peace gradually possessed his soul. The depression that had followed his interview with the

bishop had been dispelled by his encounter with Reuben and Garvey. The two influences had neutralized each other in his mind as two conflicting waves produce a calm. His manhood had asserted itself against the weak despondency of a momentary disappointment, and which too often induces noble and sensitive natures to shrink from further conflict with wrong and prejudice.

"Neither this conceited Pharisee nor the wagging heads of these brutal men that just crossed my path shall deter me from my purpose," he said. "The Episcopal Church is on the true basis. I cannot resist that conclusion. At any rate, it is as nearly Catholic as the Apostles' Creed, which is near enough for now. It must, despite the worldliness and pride of its members, be capable of unlimited development; it must be the Church of the future. Why should I be discouraged at one failure? There are other bishops than this, — possibly none so bigoted as he; and, if I cannot enter at present, I may hereafter. I can bear any thing, I think, now. All I need is more coolness; and I am not bound to tell the bishop all my views, — especially when not asked, or when he transcends his authority, — for that would be casting pearls to swine."

He was becoming more practical. He had no disposition, and never could have, to compromise with wrong or prejudice; but he began to comprehend that without the exercise of a certain discretion he could not make the best of his oppor-

tunities. Christ's spirit was not uncompromising in this sense. He conformed to the law, paid taxes to Cæsar, ate with publicans and sinners, and even tolerated the kiss of the traitor who betrayed him, while at the same time he did not abate his efforts or his purpose. There was need of patience, of waiting his opportunities. He did not regret what he had said to the bishop, — would say the same again in similar circumstances; but he was ashamed that he should have taken the matter so much to heart as to be ready to renounce his purpose of entering the Church. To enter it he had not only an undoubted right, but was impelled thereto by a sense of duty. But why were its people so illiberal? Was it because there was so little of the spirit of liberality and toleration in the world? Plainly not. His success on the ship in converting so many to Christ was evidence of this. The truth was that many of the most progressive minds kept aloof from the Church on account of the bigotry that was in it, thus surrendering the body of Christ to his enemies. It was plainly the imperative duty of every lover of Christ to enter the Church; and enter it, too, not only for the purpose of placing himself in proper relations to it, but also to restore to the Church its proper relations to the world. Any person not in the Church, who finds fault with it on account of the imperfections of its members, ought to be ashamed of himself. It proves his own neglect and indifference that he is not in it, laboring for

its purification. Every person, to the extent of his influence, is responsible for what the Church is, whether he be in it or not. Christ died to establish it, and is inseparable from it; and his purpose in the world can only be accomplished through this agency.

Still, Victor's position was most embarrassing. Exactly how to accomplish his object was not clear. At last he rose up and entered the hotel. Though it was past midnight, a light was burning in Deschamps' parlor. Louise was still waiting for him. He knocked gently at the door; but she had heard his step, and her hand was already on the knob. Yet she did not meet him with that eagerness of expectation that some lovers encounter when they return from a doubtful mission, and which makes it so hard to bring back disappointment. She met him always gently; and now, when he pressed her heart to his, she seemed forgetful of all things else but his love. Perhaps she read, at the first glance into his face, his experiences of the evening; for it was ever to her an open book, and revealed his thoughts like a spirit face. And so she seemed for a time to have forgotten all about the bishop, she had so many pleasant things to tell him. He must see her work, — the handkerchief she had embroidered for the captain's wife, and the little things she had purchased for his children.

In such an atmosphere Victor could not feel his disappointment very keenly; but at last he said: —

"But you do not ask me about my interview with the bishop. It was a complete disappointment."

"Did you feel very much disappointed?" This was spoken almost indifferently, as if she did not think he could.

"Why, Louise, I believe you do not care much about my perplexities in this matter. Do you?"

She leaned her face against his. "I am sorry you were disappointed. Did you really have it much at heart to enter the Episcopal Church?"

It was easy, now, to tell her all about it. Indeed, they made quite merry over the recital.

But gradually their conversation became more serious, until the whole situation was discussed, and Victor's plans for the future were settled. Louise gently intimated that he had been too hasty in his conversation with the bishop. She even attempted to excuse the latter, who, of course, had all sorts of people to deal with. And she laid particular stress upon his not having understood Victor's ideas fully, at least not till he had become somewhat irritated. His mind, too, had been already prejudiced by Reuben Smith, who had doubtless greatly misrepresented Victor's views. And as for Episcopalians, she did not doubt they were about like other people, certainly not worse. Most people were proud and worldly. He could not expect to find many in sympathy with his views. It was his mission to teach the Church Catholicity; and, if all were already Catholics, he

would have no special work. Christ came to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

"What do you think I had better do now?" said Victor. "Mr. Willoughby was to come here to-morrow, to go with me to see my friends about joining his class for confirmation."

"God will point out the way," said Louise, in a low voice. "When he has already done so much for us, we cannot hesitate to trust him for the future."

CHAPTER XVI.

"COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."

MR. WILLOUGHBY had been around among his parishioners, and had been very successful in obtaining additional names for his class for confirmation. The encouragement Victor had given him had inspired him with an enthusiasm which he had imparted to others wherever he had gone. Some who had hesitated before, not liking to go forward to be confirmed alone or with only one or two others, hesitated no longer, when they were informed that the class would be very large; and even Augustus had begun to think seriously of uniting with the Church. But when the young rector heard from an adjoining room the termination of Victor's interview with the bishop, he was filled with dismay. The professor, too, who had set his heart upon having Victor appointed instructor in modern languages in the college, became alarmed.

As for the bishop, he was seriously offended. His dignity had never before received so rude a shock. It was bad enough to have his authority questioned, but to be compared to the Pope of Rome was more than he could endure. He must,

however, necessarily say something to relieve the embarrassment, though, when he spoke, his voice trembled.

"I regret — regret exceedingly, Mrs. Winslow, that I find your friend not qualified to become a candidate for orders. His theology is quite unsound. Besides, he was not as respectful as one seeking admission to the ministry should be to his bishop. In fact, he seems rude and ungentlemanly."

Mrs. Winslow's French blood flushed her face. "Indeed, Bishop, M. La Tourette is a gentleman of wealth and refinement. I certainly should not have introduced him to you if he were not; and" —

The professor, knowing his wife's quick temper, had hastened in as soon as the bishop had begun to speak, and here interrupted her: —

"There must be some mistake, my dear. I am afraid that meddlesome Reuben Smith has misrepresented our friend to the bishop. I hope no unpleasantness will arise."

The bishop was a good deal startled by Mrs. Winslow's words. It would not do at all to have a quarrel with his hostess. It would make a fearful scandal in the community, and was not to be thought of. He was, therefore, glad of the opportunity of putting the responsibility upon another.

"Thank you for the suggestion, Professor. I hope Mrs. Winslow will pardon me. Mr. Smith did say some very severe things of your friend,

and which, doubtless, led me to misjudge him. Ah, Mr. Willoughby, I am glad to see you. I had not noticed your presence before."

All was soon lovely again. The reaction in Mrs. Winslow's temper rendered her even more vivacious than usual. The bishop, too, became extremely affable. He listened with great attention to the professor's guarded exposition of Victor's theology, and professed, at least, to become greatly interested in him; and, when Mr. Willoughby also made known his relations to the class for confirmation, he even expressed a desire for another interview, when he hoped the unfortunate misunderstanding would be removed.

Victor slept soundly that night; and, when he opened his eyes to the sunlight the next morning, he felt that something joyful had happened, even before he was sufficiently awake to recall the experiences of the previous day. When, however, he did recall them, his spirits drooped a little, but he still felt strong and confident. Going down to breakfast, he heard voices in Deschamps' parlor; and, pausing to look in, he saw Mr. Willoughby in lively conversation with Louise.

"Good-morning, Mr. Willoughby."

The young rector sprang up at the sound of Victor's voice, and came forward hastily. He had expected to find his new friend in any thing but an amiable mood. Besides, a kind of awe had been inspired in his mind for one who should have dared to arouse the anger of a bishop. Indeed, he rather

dreaded meeting him, and had prepared to overwhelm him at the outset with the most conciliatory and pacifying expressions, before he could have time to utter any surly or uncompromising speech. But the happy tone of his voice quite reassured him.

"How do you do? Why, how do you do?" and both laughed heartily, though neither knew exactly what to say. Louise helped them out of their embarrassment. She began joking Victor about rising so late. It was past nine o'clock, and he would have to breakfast at the second table.

Victor hurried away in mock alarm, but came back in a moment. "Willoughby, come down and take a cup of coffee with me, and we can talk over our matters."

When the two were seated, Victor introduced at once the subject uppermost in their minds.

"What success have you had canvassing for your class for confirmation?"

"First-rate. I have eight additional names since I saw you; and, best of all, I think Gus will come. He is a good fellow, — a first-rate singer; and, if I can only get him into the Church, he will be a great help to me."

"Glad to hear it. I began to fear your confirmation would be almost a failure when I found I and my friends could not come in. Did you hear how my interview with the bishop ended?"

"Yes, I heard all about it. That is what brought me up here so early. But it is all right

now. You've got two good friends in the professor and his wife. Nothing but a misunderstanding. There was a man there by the name of Smith; you know him. Well, he made all the trouble. But the professor explained your views to the bishop. It was just a misunderstanding, — that's all."

"You don't really think he will take me in now, after what has passed, do you?"

"Of course he will." Then, lowering his voice, "He could not help himself anyhow. He has nothing to do with my class except to confirm it; and it is his duty to confirm any persons I present who are able to make the proper responses. All that is needed is to humor him a little. The truth is, he is very Low Church. I don't belong to his party; but of course, as he is a bishop, we have to get him to officiate in confirmation. Bishops really have but little power in this country, — mere machines. They can make some annoyance at times, especially for one who is entering the ministry; but, if you are once in, you are as independent as they in your theology."

"You quite surprise me. Are you sure he will not interfere if I present myself for confirmation?"

"I am certain of it. You had better not see him at all in the mean time. He will keep quiet. The truth is, he is afraid of the Winslows, who are the chief support of the Church here, and might take it into their heads to go over to Freeman; and I have sometimes thought, myself, they would go."

"Who is Freeman?"

"He is the rector of King's Chapel, the first Episcopal Church here, but which is now virtually Unitarian. He was chosen reader soon after he graduated, stipulating, however, upon his acceptance, that he should be permitted to omit the Athanasian Creed. But he finally became a pronounced Unitarian in his theology; and so, when he applied to Bishop Provost for ordination, the bishop refused. The Church, however, stood by him, and so became independent. The loss of King's Chapel was a great blow to Episcopacy here, and has tended to make us cautious."

"I infer from your saying the bishop is Low Church that there is also a High Church party?"

"Yes; I am reckoned a High-Churchman, because I bow in the creed and observe the saints' days."

"The one have Romish and the other Protestant tendencies, I presume?"

"That is the general impression, though not strictly true. But you need have no fear of parties. You need not belong to either unless you choose. And, now I think of it, I presume, from the little I know of your views, that you would be classed among latitudinarians, or Broad-Churchmen."

"What are they?"

"Well, I hardly know, myself. There are a great many of them in England, and now and then one here. They are a kind of free-thinkers or

philosophers; excellent Christian men, of course, and very learned and progressive, though not very popular."

A thrill of delight shot through Victor's breast. He comprehended the situation perfectly. The Catholic Liturgy was bearing its fruits in spite of all bigotry. Surely, if Freeman's congregation had stood by him, the Episcopalians as a class could not be very bigoted; and, if latitudinarians were tolerated, there must be some degree of liberality in the Church. But here a thought was suggested, and he inquired:—

"Why are such men unpopular?"

"I do not know that they are unpopular in England, for they have good livings there. In this country they are not strong enough to exert much influence; and their ideas are novel and startling. In fact, I do not know of a single pronounced Broad-Churchman here, though doubtless some covertly hold latitudinarian views."

"Is it not because they are in advance of the age? The pioneers in all reforms have been unpopular in their day."

"Perhaps so. But I am not a proper judge in this case, as I have no sympathy at all with Broad-Church ideas."

"Why should there be fewer Liberals in the Church here than in England?"

"I do not know, unless it be that the Church is yet so weak in numbers, or that there has not yet sufficient time elapsed since its establishment here

to develop all the various schools of theology. Freeman was a Broad-Churchman; and, if he had not declared his views till after ordination, he would doubtless still have been in the Church."

"Is there not less culture here than in England? and has not the prevalence of Puritan theology tended to make the Church more narrow and conservative?"

"Perhaps so; for, unless we can make it appear to the people that we are as Protestant and orthodox as other denominations, we should hardly be tolerated at all."

"That, I think, was a mistaken policy, and accounts for your weakness. If, in the first place, you had taken Catholic ground, — a position of antagonism to the dogmatism of both Rome and Geneva, — and, instead of rejecting such men as Freeman, had invited them into the Church, your final ascendency would have been assured; for a reaction against both Romish and Protestant superstition and bigotry is sure to occur sooner or later. Indeed, from what Professor Winslow has told me, I infer that it has already begun. The Church is Catholic, and why should not its people be Catholic also?"

"I agree with you that we erred in attempting to conform to Puritan theology; but the Low Church party is responsible for this. Our very name, 'Protestant Episcopal,' is the standing proof of the compromising and timid policy that prevailed at first. But we probably should not agree as to

what is Catholic doctrine, as you are a Broad-Churchman, while I am High."

"Are the High more tolerant of differences of opinion than the Low?"

"Not at all; but so far as toleration is concerned that is not properly a word that pertains to our theology, but only to rites and ceremonies; for if one has been regularly ordained, and does not violate the rubrics and canons, he must necessarily be tolerated."

"Are there no trials for what is regarded as heresy?"

"There may be in extreme cases, but they are very rare. The Church is broad enough to contain within its fold all Christians."

Victor was more than satisfied. He felt that he could conscientiously enter the Episcopal Church, in spite of the general narrowness and bigotry of the people. Without doubt, Mr. Willoughby had presented the facts *couleur de rose*, and he understood from the first his motive; but it yet seemed plain that here alone could real Catholicity be asserted and maintained. "Come," said he, springing up with alacrity, "we must be going if we visit all my friends to-day. I will do all I possibly can to persuade them to join your class, and I hope we shall not be disappointed."

The ambitious young rector was again full of bright anticipations. The two returned to the parlor, where they found Gus and Marie, who had just come in.

"We will begin our work right here," said Victor. "Here are four for confirmation. Mr. Willoughby has persuaded me to join his class, and I hope he will be as successful with the rest."

He then sat down and signed the paper that Mr. Willoughby had brought, and which contained the names of his candidates, and then handed it to Deschamps. The latter's face flushed slightly, but he affixed his signature without hesitation.

"Will you sign now?" passing the paper to Augustus.

The light, cheerful tone that Victor had maintained prevented any embarrassment.

"Are you going to sign it?" said Augustus, turning to Louise.

"I have not yet been invited."

This brought out Mr. Willoughby. He did hope Miss Deschamps would not decline to affix her name. He was sure she would never repent such a step. The Episcopal Church was, without doubt, the true Church, — he verily believed the only true Church. She would find the society congenial, most intelligent and refined. Were there any difficulties in her mind? Perhaps she thought she was not spiritually prepared for such a step. One should, of course, be sincere; but the efficacy of the sacraments was sufficient to atone for all imperfections of our nature. Once in communion with the true Church, our salvation was secure, if we remained faithful.

Deschamps became exceedingly restive. Augus-

tus began to look ashamed. Victor saw that there was danger of losing what had already been gained.

"Baptism," said he, "is a straightforward, manly declaration to the world of faith in Christ, and a covenant whereby we promise on our part to do his will, and he promises to aid us."

"Yes," said Mr. Willoughby, "and it is also the regeneration of our nature by the Holy Ghost."

"He means that it is the beginning of a public Christian life. Regeneration means the beginning, the genesis of a new life; that is, if the covenant is entered into sincerely, and the promises are kept. He does not mean that there is any miraculous inwrought change of nature effected at once. But, Mr. Willoughby, we must hasten, or we cannot get around to-day, and so cannot discuss theology."

Louise whispered to Gus, who came gallantly forward and affixed his name. At this, Marie clapped her little hands in great glee. "We won't quarrel any more now, will we, Gus?"

Louise followed, though with a pallid face and trembling hand. Mr. Willoughby began a congratulatory speech, but Victor hastened him away.

The captain and his crew were overjoyed to see Victor; but they did not seem well impressed with his companion, who, when introduced, shook their hands daintily with the tips of his gloved fingers. The captain, to whom Victor first made known his errand, manifested but little enthusiasm. Taking his friend aside, he said: "Any thing you decide upon I shall do my best to carry out; but I fear

that I never can persuade my men to go up to the church to be baptized by this young man. You had better get them together in the cabin and explain matters before you go away. I will entertain your friend on deck in the mean time."

Victor went into the cabin, and, at a motion from the captain, the other officers and sailors followed him. He reminded them of their former profession, and expressed confidence that all were still true to Christ. They crowded around him, some with tearful eyes, to assure him that they had not changed, and never would change, their purpose. He then spoke of the large contribution that had been raised to establish a seaman's home and mission, and said they were to be the practical founders of it. They were to be the first members; but it was necessary that they should first become members of the Church by baptism and confirmation, when they could, if they chose, form with their wives and children a separate congregation. It did not make any difference who baptized them. Their public declaration of faith in Christ was what was required. Mr. Willoughby was at heart a very kind man, only he was not used to sailors, never having met them before. It was for Christ's sake that he asked them to unite with the Church. He told them how dear the Church was to Christ, and what was his purpose in it. Would they not all come in, and do their part in carrying on the great work?

They asked him a great many questions about

the ceremony of baptism, and he explained all they would have to do. Still they were reluctant. They could not understand why he should not perform the ceremony. But at last one of the officers signed the paper, and then all consented that their names should be affixed. Still there was evidently so much reluctance that he had great misgivings as to the result.

Going on deck, he found the captain quite unsettled in his purpose. His conversation with Mr. Willoughby had filled him with positive aversion to the Church.

"You must not judge of it by men," said Victor. "Christ died to establish it; and his purpose in the world can only be accomplished through its agency. The Episcopal Church, so far as regards its members, is as full of religious conceit and bigotry as any other; and yet in its nature it is Catholic. You enter it by a declaration of belief in the Apostles' Creed, — the simplest formula known in Church history, — and by promise in baptism to do the will of God. I should prefer a simpler formula still, but am satisfied with this as the best that can be had at present. There is nothing in it that the most Catholic Christian cannot indorse, though of course it is possible to construe it in a narrow sense. There are, perhaps, more liberal people than Episcopalians, but none who have so Catholic a system. Indeed, I am confident it is on the original basis, and capable of development into the plan and purpose of its

Founder. Our relations to the Church need not be at all dependent upon the character of the people. Is it not our duty to enter it, and strive to realize in it and in ourselves what Christ sought to accomplish?"

"Well, well," replied the captain, the shadow on his face for the moment giving place to a more cheerful expression, "I will think about it, and I do not doubt all will come around right. That my men are in earnest about this matter you cannot doubt, since, as you see, they have all kept together as you requested, though many of us who live some distance from Boston are anxious to get away, as our vacation is short. We are all desirous of making a public profession of Christ, and I think we will be at the church at the appointed time. But if we are not there promptly at the hour, do not wait."

"But don't fail, Captain. It would be a great grief and discouragement to me, should you not be there."

Tears came into the captain's eyes, and he grasped Victor's hand tightly: "I shall not fail in faith: you may be sure of that; but I cannot promise certainly to come into this movement now."

Victor went away with a heavy heart. He began himself to be half sick of the business. Not that he wavered in his purpose, for he had no reason to doubt the correctness of his previous conclusions; but he felt oppressed with that repugnance which many true lovers of Christ feel to

the details of religion, as presented in the practices of the churches, and which constrains them not unfrequently to keep aloof therefrom. No matter how true and manly their motives may be, they cannot be wholly insensible to outward and humiliating influences. How often is it said that such men lack courage to come forward and profess Christ in baptism! and in fact they do often feel a shrinking and shame they cannot overcome. But it is not shame of Christ they feel, nor of his gospel, but of the weak, drivelling sentiments and superstitions associated in the public mind with the act. Mr. So-and-So is "under conviction," or has "experienced religion," or has "met with a change of heart," or "has become pious" — and all similar expressions fill their minds with aversion and disgust. The assumption, too, of goodness and piety of those who think they have been "regenerated," and their Church conceit and self-righteousness, excite repugnance and contempt. To be called "impenitent sinners" by canting hypocrites, to be "labored with" by unreasoning zealots, to be treated with supercilious scorn by proud, cold-blooded formalists, is more than men of ordinary spirit and manliness can endure, however great their confidence in the truth of the gospel.

The two walked along in silence for a time. The young rector was not aware of the impression he had made upon the sailors, but he had not enjoyed his interview with them.

"You seem to have obtained great influence

over the captain and his crew," he remarked at last. "But I must say I never should have patience to labor among so rough and ignorant a class of people. And to tell you the truth, I have great misgivings about receiving them into the Episcopal Church. The Methodists are better fitted to labor among this class, as our people are too intelligent and refined to associate with them. I am really afraid to have them come into the Church, lest they may give offence. I suppose, however, they will be more tidily dressed, when they present themselves for confirmation, than they were to-day."

Victor's first impulse was to return to the ship and advise his friends to keep away from Episcopalians and their Church for ever. But he restrained himself in accordance with his previous purpose. "This is an unfortunate confession you make, Willoughby, — that the Episcopal Church is not comprehensive of all conditions of men. No wonder Wesley marked out a new and independent course, and became, though unwittingly, the founder of a new sect. But I apprehend that the fault is not in the Church, but in the people. Otherwise it could not be Catholic. But, to set your mind at rest, I assure you that my sailor friends will bring no disgrace upon your Church, either through ignorance or untidiness. Mrs. Winslow is much interested in them, and has, perhaps, informed you of a plan set on foot during the voyage to establish a seaman's home."

Mr. Willoughby seemed more at ease after Victor's words, though not at all enthusiastic. "I wish you were to perform the ceremony instead of me," he remarked; "for really I fear it may be embarrassing."

"You must not show them any disrespect," said Victor, with a little acerbity in his tone. "They would resent it fiercely, for they are sensitive and high-spirited. I think I should say, in order to put you on your guard, that their chief objection to being baptized was, that you were to perform the ceremony. Not that they had any objection to you personally, but that your style was too reserved to please them. They are the most frank and generous people in the world, and make the warmest and truest friends; but one must be on familiar terms with them to be popular. I explained your reserve, however; and, if you take a proper interest in them, I have no doubt you will find them of great assistance in your work, — that is, if you seek to reach with the influences of the gospel all classes of people."

The rector sought to change the conversation. His companion's words awoke no enthusiasm in his breast. "I presume those we are to visit now," he said, "are a different class of people, and that I shall feel more at home. What! are you going in here?" he exclaimed, in great surprise, and with evident mortification, as Victor stopped at the door of a plain boarding-house.

"This is the street and number Mrs. Derambert

gave me, and I remember she said she was boarding temporarily. I presume they are a plain family, but you will find them warm-hearted and intelligent."

The summons was answered by the landlady in person, — a stout middle-aged Frenchwoman, her broad, good-natured face and bare arms covered with perspiration, and bringing with her to the door the aroma of the kitchen and a bevy of rollicking children. She was somewhat abashed at first at sight of the two young men, and did not seem to understand Victor's inquiry for Mrs. Derambert. But Amie, who had been frolicking with her children, came running in wild delight to meet her old friend; and little Pierre, with eyes gleaming roguishly through his tangled locks, followed close behind her. Neither of the children's faces were quite clean; but Victor bent down and kissed them, and, lifting them both in his arms, carried them into the house. The rector followed reluctantly. He was exceedingly chagrined and embarrassed. "I can't stand this, La Tourette," he said, in a low voice and with a flushed face, when the landlady had gone to call Mrs. Derambert.

Victor laughed. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," he said, passing his hand over the flaxen heads of the children, and glancing at the throng of mischievous elves that hung around the doorway, and peered in with curious eyes upon the visitors.

The rector was not of an unkindly disposition. He tried to laugh, but his tone was derisive. "I suppose so," said he, "but they have a very earthly look."

"Of course they will romp and get soiled, but I never saw more beautiful children. What an accession they would be to your Sunday-school, Willoughby! Here, go and speak to the gentleman;" and Victor gently thrust the children towards his companion, hoping to put him in good humor before Mrs. Derambert should appear. "This is Mlle. Amie, one of my best friends; and this is Master Pierre, a very brave little boy."

But the children drew back shyly. Pierre hid his face on Victor's knee, and Amie shook her head contemptuously. "I don't like him a bit," she said.

"You see your chances are ruined, Willoughby."

At this moment Mrs. Derambert herself appeared at the door, — a sweet, sunny-faced woman, plainly but neatly dressed. She shook hands enthusiastically with Victor, and greeted his friend with a quiet grace, when introduced.

"I am sorry you find my children so untidy," she said; "but they would be unhappy if they could not romp with the rest. We have a very kind landlady; but I shall be glad when we can afford to keep house. My husband has but recently started in business here, and we find it necessary to be economical."

Victor expressed an earnest hope that her husband would succeed.

"I think he will," she said. "He is not easily discouraged. And, indeed, our income is already more than it was in France, where my husband was only a clerk. He came over to establish a branch house here for his employers, and has succeeded so well they have now given him an interest in the business."

While she was speaking, she was arranging Pierre's curls, which, by a few skilful touches, were restored to order. Fortunately, her husband came in at the time, it being near his dinner hour. He was a small, active man, very Frenchy in his manners and conversation, and, of course, polite and overflowing with good humor.

But nothing could break up Mr. Willoughby's stiffness and reserve. Victor was quite in despair, and even thought of taking his leave without alluding to the subject that had brought them there. At last, however, he ventured to introduce it.

Mr. Derambert said he had not seriously thought of uniting with any Church until his wife had suggested it and urged it upon him. He had been to the Episcopal Church a great many times since he had been in the country, and had liked the service very much; but the people had seemed so unsocial that for a time he had been going to the Methodist Church, where he had found the people to be very much in earnest and very warm-hearted. They had often urged him to unite with them; but he could not conscientiously say that he had

experienced what they called a change of heart, or that he believed in their doctrines. What his wife had told him of M. La Tourette's sermons on the ship had set him thinking, and they had discussed the subject of religion thoroughly. If there were a truly Catholic Church anywhere, he would like to unite with it.

Mr. Willoughby assured him that the Episcopal Church was Catholic. It was sound in doctrine, and had come down from the apostles. As for the Methodists, they were mere fanatics and religious enthusiasts.

"But they seem very sincere, and are certainly doing a great work among the poorer classes."

Victor began to grow uneasy. He saw that if the merits of the Churches were to be judged by their works, there could be no good reason shown why any person should become an Episcopalian rather than a Methodist. Taking an Episcopal Liturgy from his pocket, and turning to the office for baptism, he said, "This is the ground of our claim for Catholicity, — that the conditions are so simple, and yet comprehensive of all that is essential."

Mr. Derambert read the questions and answers over several times, and then said: "There is nothing in this to which I could not conscientiously assent; but is there no private examination held in relation to other matters of belief, and also as regards the fitness of the applicant spiritually for admission to the Church?"

"None at all. That is all that is essential. God alone is the judge of one's spiritual fitness. If no more was required by the apostles, no more is requisite at the present day."

"But do you think it is essential that one should unite with any Church at all? Cannot one lead a Christian life without?"

"Christ died to establish the Church on earth. It is his kingdom. Without it his ultimate purpose in the world cannot be accomplished. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should require all his followers to unite with and uphold it."

"Do you not think one can be saved otherwise?"

"That is a question we should not consider. If we enter the Church simply to save our lives, doubtless we shall lose them, for this would be a selfish motive. We should enter solely as a matter of duty, — to promote Christ's purpose, — to save others, and not ourselves. That spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others that led Christ to die for men can alone make us one with him."

"You astonish me. I never heard such a view advanced before. But it strikes me favorably. It looks reasonable, and explains that passage in the Bible I never could understand before: 'For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.' But I should judge that very few do really enter the Church from any such motive."

"I fear that is but too true. And this accounts

for the intolerance, dogmatism, and bigotry there are in it. The motive that impels most to enter being selfish, it produces pride, narrowness, and hypocrisy. It accounts, also, for the superstitions universally prevalent in the Churches, not the least of which is an idea that holiness is infused by the sacraments, or by some superhuman agency independent of personal knowledge or effort. Some think that, by baptism, or by the manner in which baptism is administered, their nature is so changed that they will be received into heaven. Others think that in paroxysms of excitement the Holy Ghost changes their hearts, and makes them acceptable to God. But, in fact, the only way of getting to heaven is by following Christ's example, carrying forward his work, fulfilling his purpose, and being animated with his spirit. By personal effort to benefit others, and by aspirations for that which is above, are souls born into the heavenly life, raised from the dead, new creatures."

Mr. Willoughby became restive. His face flushed, and he seemed on the point of interrupting Victor several times. But the latter continued speaking with such emphasis and so hurriedly that no opportunity was given.

"Now, if one really believes in Christ, it is his duty to go before men and tell them so. This he can do in baptism, and in no other way; for this is Christ's appointed method. Baptism is the beginning of a public Christian life, the symbol of spiritual purification. It is called regeneration;

that is, the begetting of a new life, — the genesis, or beginning, of a new immortal manhood. If you are determined to enter upon this new life, and are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, then I hope you and your wife will come forward with us to-night."

"We will," exclaimed Derambert, springing up and grasping Victor's hand. "I see my duty clearly in this matter, and shall not shrink from it."

The rector was quite amazed at Victor's words, and, as soon as possible, began to express his dissent. "I don't agree at all" —

"Come, Willoughby, really we must be going. You can explain all that hereafter," interrupted Victor, rising hurriedly.

So, shaking hands warmly with Monsieur and Madame, and kissing the children, he hurried his companion out.

When they were on the street, he hurried along at a rapid pace. "See here, Willoughby, it is past one o'clock; and we shall not have time to see half the rest on my list, unless we hasten."

"But, La Tourette, this is too bad. I am afraid you are getting me into trouble. Your doctrine is — I was going to say monstrous. It is certainly unheard of. I really don't know as I ought to receive people into the Church with such ideas."

"Oh! you can give them such instructions as you like afterwards. Let me manage this matter. These people are my converts. I am simply taking you at your word. This is the test of the sincerity

of your statements. You said there was to be no catechising, and that the Church was broad enough to receive all who believe in Christ."

"Yes, I did, but I did not anticipate such views. They are altogether strange and unheard of. Men not enter the Church for the purpose of saving their souls? Really, La Tourette, that is too much."

"Well, we will argue that question at length hereafter. Certainly it will do no hurt to enter the Church from an unselfish motive, — for the good of others. But if you really regard this as so serious a matter, it is not too late to shut the door against me and my friends. Freeman will, perhaps, receive us; or, if not, we can form a congregation of our own."

The rector walked on in silence for a time. The temptation of a large class for confirmation was irresistible; and yet he feared his reputation would suffer therefrom. He shuddered at the thought of any suspicion attaching to him of unsoundness in doctrine. Finally he said: "If you will agree not to compromise me at all, I will assent that you have your way. Nothing must be said publicly, that will be likely to get to the bishop's ears. Doubtless it can be managed so that he will know nothing about the matter. And, in fact, I have not said any thing myself, that I should fear to have repeated."

Victor smiled grimly. "No, there is no danger *at all of* your being involved in the guilt of my

heresies, if you are yourself sufficiently prudent. But if, contrary to your promise, you attempt any catechising, I shall withdraw; for I will not enter the Church except on Catholic principles."

"Very well. Of course I need not say any thing, except to instruct those who have never been present at confirmation, in relation to the order of the ceremony."

"That is all that is necessary. It is proper, however, that you should, if you see fit, give a little exhortation to faithfulness, — though I hope your remarks will not be so churchy in tone as to disgust any who may not have been fully brought to think that it is impossible to enter heaven unless one of your bishops has had his hands upon his head."

"I will be as cautious as you could wish, I assure you, trusting to your honor not to expose me."

Every thing went on smoothly after this, the rector appearing more at ease in their interviews with the people. He even seemed to have become imbued with the most liberal and Catholic spirit, and made no objection to any, though they encountered almost as many shades of religious opinion as there were persons visited. One doubted that there was a hell in the next life at all; another, the doctrine of the Trinity, as stated in the formulas; another, that all the books of the Bible were authentic; and another, while believing

in the future life, could not say that he had no doubt of its existence. One was a strong Calvinist, another was Arminian in his views. The rector was quite pleased with one, who had very high notions in relation to the sacraments. Most, however, would start out as Low-Churchmen. All were firm in faith, and all were Catholic, so strongly had Victor persuaded them of this while on the ship. Of course there was surprise manifested that he should have decided to enter the Episcopal Church; but, by calling their attention to the office of baptism, all were easily persuaded of the correctness of his choice. And, fearing that the bishop's sermon at confirmation might be narrow and dogmatic, he particularly charged them not to be prejudiced by any thing they might hear or see; for they must remember that as the Church was Catholic, there was entire liberty of opinion in unessential and doubtful matters. Not one individual in the Church, nor all together, could change its character, as Christ had established it.

CHAPTER XVII.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

IT was near six o'clock when Victor reached the hotel; but he did not feel weary, so deeply absorbed and interested had he been in his work. The experiences of the day had confirmed him in the course he had marked out the night before, and had quite driven away all morbid impressions that had resulted from his interview with the bishop. He felt that he had become a more practical man, and could, now that it was clear what course he should pursue, overcome every obstacle.

Deschamps was alone in the parlor. Louise, he said, had gone down to the ship early in the afternoon with the captain, and had not yet returned. The latter had come up in great perplexity, to talk with them in relation to the approaching baptism. He said that after Victor and Mr. Willoughby had left the ship, so strong a prejudice had been developed against the latter that a very great reluctance to be baptized by him had been expressed, — so great that he feared not one would come forward that evening. As for himself, though he had not signed the paper, he felt that it was his duty to profess Christ before men, without

delay, and had endeavored to persuade his men to go forward with him; but could not overcome their prejudice. They said they would wait till Victor had become a minister, and would then be baptized by him. But he thought that, if Louise would go down with him, she might overcome their reluctance, as no other person — not even Victor himself, — had so great an influence over them.

"But I think it is all right now," he added; "for I have just received a note from her, saying that she would not be back to tea, but would meet me at the church."

After tea, Victor's friends began to come in, as it had been agreed that they should meet him there before proceeding to the church. All who were married were accompanied by their wives or husbands and children, and the gathering soon became quite joyous and enthusiastic. Not one was absent, and some brought with them friends and relations.

When they reached the church, they found it already nearly half full. A rumor that there was to be a large number baptized brought many together. Quite a sensation was caused by the entrance of so many at once. Headed by Deschamps and Victor, the candidates went forward and occupied the front seats that had been reserved for them.

The rector was evidently much excited. His voice trembled as he whispered to Victor, "The

bishop will be here. He heard of the baptism, and I could not avoid inviting him to be present. What shall we do?"

"No matter. I do not see how there is any trouble to be apprehended from him."

Just then the Winslows, accompanied by the bishop, came in. The latter went directly to the vestry-room, and was soon followed by the rector.

Victor was in great suspense lest the captain and his men should not come; but, just as the hymn had been given out, the sound of many footsteps was heard at the door. Turning to look, he saw Louise, leaning upon the captain's arm, just entering. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she walked with inimitable and unaffected grace up the aisle. She manifested no embarrassment, except that the slight flush habitual to her face was somewhat deepened. Her dress exhibited the most refined and delicate taste, and fitted exquisitely her slender and graceful form. As for the captain, his appearance was stately and dignified. He could not have been more imposing and self-possessed had he been pacing the deck of his own vessel. The other officers and sailors followed; some of them with their wives and children, all neatly dressed, and each bearing in his hand a prayer-book that had been purchased for the occasion.

The rector had been in great trepidation, fearing, most of all, the effect, upon his fashionable congregation, of the advent of the rough sailors. But

his anxiety was dispelled when he saw them enter. They caused, indeed, a most profound sensation. The bishop had read the two first lines of the hymn he had given out, but paused abruptly in the reading to look upon the imposing cortege. There was a deep hush for a moment after all had found seats, when he again announced the hymn, and, with a fine, impressive voice, recited it through: —

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God, —

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last."

The singing that followed reminded Victor of his first service on the ship. The voices of Augustus and Louise were prominent in the first two lines. Then the sailors, who were accustomed to be led by them, caught the inspiration, and joined in, wild and high. The effect was tremendous. Passers-by on the street paused to listen. Some came in, and many gathered about the door.

When the singing was through, the bishop sat down, and Mr. Willoughby came forward to the font. He was very much agitated, and, for a moment, was unable to speak. Victor, who sat front, seeing his embarrassment, stood up and whispered to him: "Many have brought their children. Will it not be best to baptize them first? It will give all a chance to recover from their embarrassment, and will take up so much time that the bishop will not be likely to make any remarks."

His confident and familiar manner helped to reassure the young rector, and all went on smoothly afterwards. Eighteen children were baptized, and nearly double the number of adults. When the baptisms were through, the rector announced the confirmation for the next day, and, after giving some formal instructions to the candidates, made haste to dismiss the congregation.

Victor felt quite as much relieved when the service was through as the rector; for he had feared something would be said that would disgust some of his friends. All had come promptly forward, and had made answer to the questions in the service without hesitation. Himself, Deschamps, Louise, and several others had been baptized in infancy, but all stood up together either as candidates or sponsors. The captain was baptized first. Augustus followed, much to the joy of his mother, who was his sole sponsor, the professor declining to take any part. After the service, the bishop came forward and shook hands with seeming cor-

diality with Victor, and was introduced to Deschamps, Louise, the captain, and all the rest who yet lingered. The young rector was overwhelmed with congratulations. The members of his congregation, especially the ladies, gathered around him, and bestowed upon him all manner of compliments. Like most other young ministers in similar circumstances, from that evening he was spoiled; and a spoiled minister is one of the most weak, pitiable, and helpless of human beings. Having lost his manhood and independence, he becomes really of little use to the Church or to the world, a mere parrot or puppet set up in the pulpit for ornament and admiration.

Many sought introductions to Victor, Deschamps, Louise, and the captain; but the rest were mostly neglected.

The confirmation the next day was equally successful. Never before had so large a class been confirmed in Boston, and probably not in the whole country. The bishop's sermon fortunately was indifferent; but his address after confirmation so disgusted the captain and some others, that they would not have been confirmed, had they not been already. It was devoted in part to matters of Church ceremony, but chiefly to the necessity of continuing sound in doctrine. They should teach the catechism constantly to their children, and should read and study carefully the Thirty-nine Articles; and he particularly warned them against latitudinarian tendencies. Both sermon and address

were full of Church cant and insipid platitudes; and yet after the service, Victor overheard a lady say, "What a beautiful sermon and address!"—laying a particular and long-drawn-out accent on the "beautiful." A gentleman said in reply, "Yes, a very powerful discourse. The bishop is certainly a very able man." Victor was amazed. Excepting the fine voice and imposing presence of the bishop, there was no merit in his preaching. Not a single striking or original thought was developed, and none of the real spirit and purpose of Christ was manifest.

As Victor was going out of the church, he was accosted by Judge Pickering, who had been attracted, as many others had, to the church that morning, to witness the ceremony of confirmation. The two walked along together, their routes lying in the same direction. After some general observations, the judge said, "I was quite surprised to see you among the number confirmed to-day. Though Professor Winslow had said his wife had thought you would make a good Episcopalian, I hardly supposed him serious,—only striving to throw dust in Dr. Miller's eyes. From what he had previously hinted, and has since said, in relation to your views, I hardly thought you could unite with the Episcopal Church."

"You expected me to become a Unitarian, I presume," said Victor, smiling.

"Well, yes, I did,—or at any rate not to take sides against us. The bishop's allusions to us were

quite uncalled for; and, in fact, all he said to-day was exceedingly weak and narrow in my estimation. And it was this same narrow and dogmatic spirit that compelled us to secede from the Episcopal Church."

"Then you were once an Episcopalian?"

"Yes, King's Chapel was originally an English church. It was, in fact, the first Episcopal church in America, but is now the first Unitarian; and I am greatly mistaken if other churches do not follow our example."

"I think I understand your feelings in relation to the Episcopal Church, and I fully sympathize with you in your aversion to the spirit manifested in the bishop's remarks. But you do not understand my motives fully. I judge the Episcopal Church, as I do all others, by its Catholicity, and not by the spirit of its members. In uniting with it to-day, I professed faith in the Apostles' Creed, and in nothing else. That there is no more required, renders the Church, so far as faith is regarded, very nearly Catholic. Without doubt, your people are far more liberal than Episcopalians, and I doubt not I should be better received, and feel more at home with you; but I do really believe you have no permanent foundation or system. The first requisite of a Church is belief in Christ, which, I fear, you have seriously impaired. Doubtless, had you remained in the Episcopal Church, you might have made it broad and Catholic; but by withdrawing the leaven of Catholicity you have left the lump cold and lifeless."

"I admit there is some truth in what you say," replied the judge. "I have myself doubted whether we had any permanent foundation or system. Doubtless if the battle for religious freedom could, from the beginning, have been fought out within the Church, more would have been accomplished in the same time; for the multiplication of sects has been one of the chief impediments to the progress of Christianity. But, if there is any guilt or indiscretion in schism, it attaches equally to the Episcopal Church; for it came off from Rome."

"I think not," said Victor; "for in its separation from Rome it did not attempt a revolution, but a reformation. Rome was not the original Church, any more than the Church of England. Both rested on the same foundation, and both were alike corrupt. By rejecting what Rome had arbitrarily and without authority introduced, the English reformers did in fact, if not in design, restore the Church, in a measure at least, to its original simplicity."

"Do you really attach any importance to apostolic succession, so called, and upon which Episcopalians lay so much stress?"

"It is important only as a matter of order, unity, and systematic and permanent development. It has no sacred significance, and is not an absolute essential of Christianity and the Church. All that is absolutely essential is that the Church, as an individual Christian, should be as its Master."

"I would like to talk with you farther on this subject," said the judge in a confidential tone, as they were about separating. "If there were really a Catholic and apostolic Church, I should be glad to become a member of it; but I cannot think the Episcopal Church is such. I feel certain its spirit is narrow and sectarian, and I think the position I occupy, in the present state of Christianity, is the true one."

"You may be right," said Victor. "Indeed, you are right so far as regards the outward aspect of the Church. I confess I had some misgivings and reluctance in the step I have taken to-day. But I have endeavored to act conscientiously; and, looking to the future, — to the ultimate end and aim of the Church, which is unity in Catholicity, — I am confident it is the duty of all true Catholics to take their stand on the original foundation."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING AND TWO STRANGE GUESTS.

THE next morning Victor had another and protracted interview with the bishop. Though both were very guarded in their utterances they succeeded in making each other well understood. One was Catholic in theology, and the other styled himself Evangelical; and hence they differed less in regard to what was true than in regard to what was essential. Both believed in the Trinity of God, in the Atonement, in the Divinity of Christ, in the necessity of regeneration, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, in the resurrection of the dead, in the judgment, and in future rewards and punishments. In short, so far as regarded the primary principles of systematic divinity, there was little difference in their views. But when they came to discuss the essentials of salvation, expositions and definitions of doctrines, conceptions of truth, and the limits of theological inquiry and research, they differed totally, the one being broad and Catholic, and the other narrow and dogmatic. The bishop thought that Catholicity consisted in sound doctrines, such, of course, as he himself held, and in apostolic succession. Victor defined it as the

spirit of Christ that would have all men to be saved, and hence as tolerant of all differences in unessential matters. The Church and Christianity did not consist in dogmatic conceptions, but in eternal and immutable principles. The gospel was to be regarded as the revelation and enunciation of the law of spiritual development and life.

At the conclusion of the interview, the bishop said that, when Victor should apply in due form to be admitted a candidate for orders, he would carefully consider his case, and decide whether to receive him or not. But Victor never made the application, as he heard indirectly that, should he apply, his application would be rejected. Subsequently he had an interview with another bishop, —a High-Churchman, who came into the diocese, as the previous one had done, to officiate for Bishop Bass, the regular diocesan, but who, for some time, had been too infirm in health to discharge the duties of his office; but it terminated, if possible, with less satisfactory results than the other. He was, however, finally received by Bishop Bass himself, his ordination being one of the last official acts of that prelate. It was brought about mainly through the influence of friends. Had he been a young man, poor and friendless, he could never, entertaining the views he did, have entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, or, indeed, of any other denomination. Such was, and, to some extent, still is, the bigotry and narrowness of the Church, that the elements it most needs to impart

the spirit of progress and enterprise are repelled. Should the apostles themselves again appear upon earth, and seek admission to the ministry, they would doubtless be rejected, — and that, too, on the ground of unsoundness in doctrine; for we do not think either of them could, without qualification, indorse the creeds and practices of a single denomination.

On the week following his confirmation, he was appointed instructor in the college, though Doctor Miller vehemently opposed him, alleging that he entertained extremely dangerous religious views. The fact, however, that he had recently joined the Episcopal Church caused the trustees to believe that the doctor's opposition was inspired mainly by sectarian motives.

The Deschamps, after remaining two weeks in Boston, departed for their home in the West. Before going, the engagement of Victor and Louise was made public. Mrs. Winslow and Marie received the announcement with great surprise and evident disappointment. Augustus immediately left Boston, and joined the army. Mr. Willoughby, whose attentions to Louise had become quite marked, abruptly ceased his visits, and it was soon announced that he and Marie were engaged. Within a month they were married, and eventually removed to a distant city, the young rector having realized his anticipation of a call to a large parish. He afterwards became a bishop.

Victor remained in Boston two years, when he

resigned his position and entered the ministry. He was offered a professorship, but declined it, having steadily adhered to the purpose that had first led him to America, though the knowledge he subsequently acquired of the different religious denominations, and especially of the Episcopal Church, early convinced him that little could be done at that time for the promotion of Catholic ideas. While engaged in teaching, he was a faithful worker in the Church, and through his labors and influence contributed even more than the rector to its growth and prosperity, constantly visiting among the poorer classes, ministering to their necessities, temporal and spiritual, and bringing them into the Church and Sunday school. His plan of establishing a seaman's home was successfully carried out, the captain, Louise, and Mrs. Winslow being his chief coadjutors in the work.

His religious views became very well understood, but made very little impression upon the Church, the members being persons of little enterprise or inquiry in relation to theological matters, or otherwise narrow and bigoted; but his ideas were tolerated through his personal popularity and influence, being regarded as pardonable eccentricities. He formed many acquaintances and intimacies among people of all denominations. The Unitarians were the most cultured and congenial, — he and the rector of King's Chapel having early contracted a warm and intimate friendship; but even the members of the Puritan denomina-

tions seemed quite as congenial and liberal, notwithstanding the narrowness of their creeds, as those of his own Church. This he could not well explain, but attributed it to the force of habit. The Episcopal Church, from the fact that it was the Church of England, had, from the first, been regarded as exclusive and aristocratic; and this reputation, which had attached itself to it from causes wholly independent of its real nature, had imparted to it its outward character. Though he found no difficulty in bringing the poorer classes into the Church, they could not well be retained there, being driven away by neglect and social repulsion. Still he adhered as firmly as ever to the conviction that had led him into the Church; and, to the day of his death, this conviction was never shaken. He believed the time would come, and at no distant day, when the outward character of the Church would change, and hoped, himself, to contribute something to that result. He looked chiefly, however, to the reaction against the excessive dogmatism of the day to bring it about. Scepticism and indifference, he thought, would so prevail, and scientific culture become so developed, that the Churches would be compelled to take more advanced and Catholic grounds in order to retain their influence. When confidence in formal and dogmatic religion had become impaired, a stronger faith in Christ would be developed. Ecclesiastical and rational materialism would then give place to a living, loving, and practical faith.

He was married to Louise in the first summer vacation that followed his engagement. It happened that just before this event occurred Lieutenant Winslow was ordered to Detroit. There had been some perplexity in relation to the marriage ceremony, there being no Episcopal minister in Detroit; and so, at Mrs. Winslow's suggestion, it was arranged that Mr. Willoughby should go on there with Gus and Victor. Eventually, it was decided that she herself, the professor, and Marie, now Mrs. Willoughby, should join the party.

I cannot dwell upon the many pleasant incidents of the journey, and which are fully recorded in Victor's diary. He had travelled a good deal before coming to America, but had never seen any thing, except it were the ocean, that had so impressed his mind as the vastness and solitude of the wilderness through which the greater part of their journey lay. And the impression he then received seems to have so grown upon him in after years that he could not be contented except in the forests in communion with nature. "One loses," he wrote, "his own identity, and almost his personal consciousness, in society. His individuality seems swallowed up like a drop of rain in the ocean. He forgets his own soul, — is scarcely sensible of his own existence apart from others. But in the solitude of the wilderness these are vividly restored. He realizes then his personality, communes with himself, and seems brought face to *face with* God." In the frequent descriptions I

find afterwards in his diary of his visits to the forests, he writes as if unconscious of any presence in the world but his own and that of God, to whom he talks in the most familiar and childlike language. He has, too, long talks with the brooks and trees, and tells in one place of stooping down to look into the face of a shy, little wild blossom, and gives at length his conversation with it.

Deschamps and Louise, with a few friends, were at the landing when the company arrived. It was a joyous meeting. Mrs. Winslow was in ecstasies; had enjoyed herself, she declared, more than she would, had she taken a trip to Paris. The professor seemed to have forgotten his wonted stiffness and reserve, and affirmed that he felt at least ten years younger than when he started. Mr. Willoughby and his bride did not seem much changed since their marriage, no more than was natural to their altered relations; though one might have seen even then a slight approximation to the stately bishop and benignant matronly lady they afterwards became. As for Gus, he seemed suddenly to have developed into full manhood. His tall form arrayed in uniform, and his soldierly bearing, gave him a most imposing appearance.

Deschamps' residence was on the northern limits of the town, — a bright little cottage near the shore of the river, — and surrounded by ancient maples that stood out like veteran sentinels from the dark, unbroken wilderness to the west. It contained few of what are styled luxuries, but pre-

sented without and within a rare delicacy of taste and refinement. But its greatest attraction was its air of comfort and simplicity, that caused the guests to feel at home and at ease as soon as they entered its enclosures.

The wedding took place on the day after their arrival, in the evening, and was conducted in a quiet way, and with little formality. There were a large number of guests present, most of them in plain attire, characteristic of a frontier settlement, the most noticeable of whom were two Indians, who had come out from the forest just as the sun was setting on the evening preceding the wedding. Their sudden apparition quite startled the Bostonians, who were sitting on the back porch. Mrs. Winslow uttered a faint scream, and Marie came near fainting, when they first appeared approaching the gate. Deschamps was not there; but Louise sprang up with exclamations of delight, and hastened forth to meet them as they strode up the path side by side with rapid steps. The greeting was most tender and affectionate, and all wondered to see Louise clasping the neck of each as they bent over in turn to press their lips to hers.

They were dressed in fawn-skin tunics, gathered at the throat with brooches formed of the union of a circle, square, and triangle, — the symbol of their race, — and at the waist by broad belts, on which were wrought singular devices, representing their religion and traditions. Their limbs were *encased* in tightly fitting garments of doe-skin,

soft as velvet, and colored a dark crimson, and their feet in yellow moccasins. Over the shoulder of each was gracefully flung a light fur blanket. Their heads were uncovered, their glossy hair hanging loosely upon their shoulders. Their mien was noble, every motion betokening strength and grace of body, and manliness of mind. Victor had often heard Louise and her father speak of Kear and Ottokee, and at once suspected that these splendid Indians were the great prophet and noble chief of the Lenni-Lenapes.

Louise blushingly presented him, — first to the prophet, and then to the chief. He says in his diary, "I experienced a momentary embarrassment; but when I found that our strange guests acted and talked like other human beings, and even with greater ease and naturalness than any persons I had ever met before, I was soon on familiar terms with them. Ottokee at first was somewhat reticent, but with Kear there was not the slightest reserve. There was in him no affectation, conceit, nor pride. His bearing was wholly natural, and always suited to the character of the person with whom he was conversing, seeming to comprehend it at a glance. I do not mean that he was obsequious, but that he was always entertaining, respectful, and attentive."

Mrs. Winslow, though so much frightened at the first appearance of the two "awful creatures," soon became perfectly enthusiastic in their praise. She would not be ashamed of them in her parlors,

and even gave them a pressing invitation to visit Boston. Marie declared it was quite romantic. If she were not already married, she would "set her cap" for Kear. She did really hope Gus would marry an Indian princess, after all.

"Do not talk in that way, my dear," said her husband, reprovingly. "These men, you must not forget, are savages, and would doubtless murder and scalp us, should we encounter them in the wilderness. If they were converted to Christianity, I would not object so much to their visiting us, though it would not do to be too familiar with them even then, lest it should be unbecoming our station."

Ottokee, from his more frequent intercourse with the whites, could at first express himself more freely than Kear. The latter, however, easily made himself understood by the skilful use of symbols in connection with the few French and English words he had learned. His memory retained every thing he saw or heard. The expression of one's face, of a gesture, or of the tone of voice in which words were uttered, was sufficient to convey to his mind the thought sought to be imparted.

Deschamps, in conversation with the professor, had often spoken of Kear, and had explained, so far as he could comprehend it, his philosophy. He had even asserted that Kear knew more of God and nature than was comprehended in all the *science* and theology of the schools. The professor

was incredulous, of course, and even derisive, though he had expressed the greatest curiosity and desire to see this Indian philosopher. Being himself, as he supposed, master of all the sciences, of which this untutored Indian must be altogether ignorant, he did not entertain a doubt of his own superiority. Doubtless Kear had developed certain natural instincts by his life in the wilderness, and to perhaps a remarkable degree. He might be able to follow a trail, for example, that was invisible to an inexperienced eye; but he could not know any thing about trigonometry, astronomy, chemistry, or any of the natural sciences. Still, so intelligent a man as Deschamps would not have been likely to have made so confident assertions, unless there had been some foundation for them in fact; and so, feeling extremely curious to know what Kear's real acquirements were, he began to revolve in his mind, as soon as he saw him, how he should put them to the test. An opportunity was soon afforded him.

The evening following the arrival of the guests was remarkably bright and beautiful. The sun had set in a perfectly cloudless sky. As they all were sitting on the porch after tea, the professor congratulated Louise upon the prospect of a pleasant day for the wedding. "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, they say; and I sincerely hope this saying may prove true in your case."

Deschamps laughed heartily. "I hope the saying will prove false in this instance," he said; "for

Kear tells me it will rain to-morrow and the day after. I fear, Professor, if you attempt to prophesy, you will not add lustre to the title I gave you, when I invited our guests from the wilderness to be present at the wedding. I told them I expected a pale-faced prophet here, — one of great learning and wisdom."

"Much obliged for the compliment," said the professor good-humoredly. "Ordinarily I should not like to stake my reputation for wisdom on my power to forecast the weather, for I think that can be done with certainty only by Him who controls the storms; but in this case I think I may safely do so." Then, addressing Kear, he said, "Are you sure it will rain to-morrow?"

Kear bowed, and yet seemed to hesitate somewhat, either from reluctance to question the professor's wisdom or from surprise at his ignorance.

"Two days of storm!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "How dreary! I hope you will prove a false prophet this time, Kear."

"Oh! his prophecies never fail," said Deschamps. He can tell you not only what the weather will be to-morrow, but also for an indefinite time to come."

"I shall credit that if it rains to-morrow," said the professor in an incredulous tone. "But can he tell when the next eclipse of the moon will be?"

"You will see," said Deschamps, making known to Kear the inquiry, which the latter had not exactly comprehended.

The professor was quite amazed when his question was answered correctly, and without hesitation, and suggested that Kear must have had access to some almanac.

Deschamps laughed. "Oh! he is his own almanac; and mine, too, when he is present. They do not have any use for such things among the Lenni-Lenapes. Boston is, you see, behind the age."

The conversation that followed is recorded in its minutest details in my father's diary, but was so extended, embracing almost every subject known in natural science, religion, and metaphysics, that I cannot insert it here. Should this simple narrative, however, be kindly received by the public, it will be followed by another volume, in which I shall endeavor to unfold, so far as I have been able to comprehend it, the philosophy of this great priest of nature; for even the professor so designated him after the conversation was through, and in after years often alluded to him as the most remarkable man he had ever met. Indeed, it is at the professor's suggestion, often made to me before his death, that I have undertaken, after much delay, to unfold Kear's philosophy and traditions, embracing all matters that pertain to spiritual and physical culture, the relations of things seen and unseen to each other, and even social and political ethics. He had, of course, no technical knowledge of definitions and terms used in the schools. What he knew he had acquired by observation and tradition, the latter embracing only historical events

and elementary principles. When, therefore, the professor questioned him of what was contained in text-books, he could make no answer. His sole text-book was Nature; and from this he had derived his knowledge. What ordinary minds could only understand through the most labored analyses and demonstrations, he comprehended at a glance. The professor, for example, drew a right-angled triangle, and, after erecting squares on the hypothenuse, base, and perpendicular, asked him which contained the most space, the square of the hypothenuse, or the sum of the two remaining squares. He replied instantly that they were equal.

But how did he know that they were equal?

He had measured them with his eye.

The professor then drew the usual lines by which the proposition was demonstrated. But Kear shook his head. These were only to assist the eye, and were mere artifice, and opposed to his theory of culture, which allowed only of the tradition of principles, observation, and reflection.

The brooch he wore, and which was the traditionary symbol of the tribe, occupied a good deal of their attention. It consisted of the union of a circle, a square, and a triangle. This, Kear said, represented Existence. The triangle represented the infinitely little, the ultimate form and essence, and the source of existence. The square was the symbol of creation, or combination, of growth, and of infinite progression. The circle was the infinite

of infinites, the limitless in essence, duration, and extent, and the sum, perfectness, and completion of all being. The first was the figure 3, the smallest complete number. The second was the figure 2, the largest complete number. The third was the figure 1, the infinite number, and the sum of all numbers. In combination they were the symbol of God and man, representing the number 7, the trinity of trinities, the infinitude of qualities and combinations.

For a time the professor insisted that Kear was mistaken in saying that the figure 1 was the infinite number. On the contrary, he said it was the smallest. Two men, for example, were more than one. But Kear said that all things in combination were one thing. Two men and one man represented but fractions of the one whole. When figures were applied to concrete substances, they were used arbitrarily, and with no reference to their intrinsic meaning. Two men could be represented by ½ with as much propriety as by 2.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the discussion related to language and expression. It would, however, occupy too much space, if inserted here.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

SEVEN happy years followed the union of Victor and Louise. Two healthful children, a daughter and a son named after themselves, were born to them, and filled their home with merriment, and their hearts with gladness. Our Grandfather Deschamps spent much time with us, though he still retained his home in Detroit, which we visited each summer. But political disturbances prevented our grandparents in France from coming to America, though we were constantly anticipating their coming the next spring. Once my father had made every preparation for crossing the ocean for the purpose of bringing them over, but was prevented by the disturbed state of Europe.

Immediately after his ordination to the ministry he took charge of a little parish in the country, not far from Boston, where he passed all but one of the years of his brief ministry. His success was most marked, and not only fully vindicated the practical nature of his ideas, but also proved that Catholicity was best suited to the development of real charity and progress. His parish was but a mission, and was overshadowed by other

denominations, each of which had large congregations. The business, political, and social interests were at first all against him, not only on account of the prejudice that existed against the English Church, but also on account of the paucity of its numbers; those who were ambitious of political preferment, or success in business, though otherwise favorable, being indisposed to unite with so small a congregation. From the first, he asserted and maintained the Catholicity of the Church. He had, of course, his own private opinions on all questions of theology, which he maintained with earnestness, but did not preach them as essential to salvation, being careful to reiterate, so frequently that it could not be misunderstood, that, in the matter of belief, nothing was absolutely essential but faith in Christ, — such a faith as would induce obedience, and bring forth good works; and Christ he preached constantly and with the most vehement and passionate earnestness.

As soon as his views and teachings became fully manifest, he was assailed with a storm of denunciation and abuse. The clergy of the other denominations in the place, moved partly by jealousy of his pre-eminent ability, and partly by alarm at the depletion of their own congregations, were the first to denounce him. "Sensationalist," "fanatic," and "heretic" were some of the favorite epithets applied to him. But when it became evident that, despite all opposition and detraction, his influence was steadily increasing, and sure to

become ultimately firmly established, they gradually became more friendly, and finally even quite Catholic in their policy and teachings. In fact, the whole religious thought of the community became revolutionized; and, while the various church organizations were still maintained, the utmost friendliness and good feeling prevailed. This, of course, was not brought about at once, nor was the apparent friendliness and Catholicity of other denominations altogether sincere. It was found that no church organization could be maintained except on Catholic principles; and hence, as a matter of policy, each denomination strove not to be outdone in liberality. From early associations, or from preferences as regarded forms of worship, in relation to which my father had very little to say, most of the members were constrained to adhere to the Church organizations with which they had before been allied. Indeed, he did not seek to draw any from other Churches, but advised all who, through personal regard for him, might seek to withdraw from their own Church and unite with his, to remain where they were, and use the influence they had acquired to promote Catholicity among their own brethren. When all denominations had become Catholic in spirit, he did not doubt that unity in all essentials would follow. Most of his accessions were from the large number of those who before had been accounted sceptics, or as indifferent to all religions, but who became *the most* earnest and practical members.

From his Episcopal brethren my father experienced throughout his ministry the most bitter and persistent detraction. High Church and Low were alike hostile to his views. His great success at home, however, prevented any steps being taken to depose him from the ministry, though many thought it should be done. He had no calls to other parishes. His name was often suggested, as many would have been glad to have secured so brilliant a preacher; but malice, envy, and slander were at once aroused at the mention of his name. A strong effort was made to call him to Boston, when Mr. Willoughby had resigned his parish, but the senior warden rolled up his eyes in pious horror at the suggestion; and there was otherwise so much opposition developed that the project was abandoned. The opposition, doubtless, was somewhat inspired by a certain sermon he had preached there, which, though it discussed no question of doctrine, gave great offence to many members. It was entitled "The Self-satisfied Man." A young, pretty, and unmarried man — the pet of the ladies — was finally called.

It would be impossible to record one of a thousand of the petty slights, injuries, and insults to which he was subjected. The bishop, when officiating in our parish, always preached an offensive sermon. But nothing could daunt my father's resolution or abate his efforts. Secure in the confidence and esteem of his own people, and supported by my mother's sympathy, he continued his

endeavors to fulfil the mission to which he believed God had called him.

The members of other denominations often expressed great surprise that he should remain in the Episcopal Church. Judge Pickering and the rector of King's Chapel strongly urged him to unite with them. Professor Winslow also joined his entreaties with theirs. "Why will you," he said, "waste your life, talents, and education in the Episcopal Church, when you can attain the highest eminence elsewhere? Whatever it may itself be, you can do nothing to promote Catholicity among its present members."

My grandfather Deschamps also became very tired of the Church, finally ignoring it altogether, except when in our parish. But my father remained firm in his purpose. "If I should withdraw," he said, "I should be compelled to abandon the ministry, as the motive that first induced me to enter would prevent my uniting with any other Church. And I have experienced no greater opposition than I anticipated, and am sure the cause I advocate must finally prevail."

My mother was, if possible, even more resolute than he. "I am certain," she said, "that God put it into your heart to do this work. If, in your situation of pecuniary independence, you shrink from this duty, your life will prove a failure, and its opportunities will be lost. By this course only can you illustrate the true spirit of our Master."

Meantime my grandfather had become very much

enfeebled in health; and, as he could not be induced to give up his home in Detroit and make his permanent residence with us, my parents finally determined to remove thither. I pass over the painful incidents of our separation from our dear people, who clung to us to the last moment, and wept with us at the hour of our departure. The whole village was filled with regret, the members of other denominations gathering around us, and equally sorrowful with our own people for the necessity that had compelled our departure. The poor, upon whom my mother had bestowed our large income, saving only what was necessary to the support of our economical household, and the laboring classes, with whom my father had exhibited a deep and constant sympathy, advocating their interests and rights on all occasions, showered their blessings upon us as they bade us farewell.

It was hoped — and this somewhat mitigated the grief of separation — that we would return again when my grandfather's health should be restored; and, clinging to this hope still, the parish for a long time declined to call another pastor, though urged to do so by the bishop. But God willed otherwise. None we left behind — save those only who with my parents have entered into their rest — have seen their faces more. But I forget, — nearly all are gone. I, myself, then but a child, am now old in years, and have uttered over many we left behind the words, "Earth to earth, ashes

to ashes, dust to dust." Many years after my father had completed his earthly ministry, I returned to take up his unfinished work; and the joy with which I was welcomed back was only equalled by the grief of our departure. Here, with my father's people, have I spent all the years of my long ministry. Meantime the progress of Catholic ideas has been slow; but the many able and resolute spirits that maintain them now give the most confident assurance of their final triumph. Ah! the Church of the future! What anticipations — so bright that we count as joys our labors and sufferings in Christ — cluster around that golden city, the New Jerusalem, the last and brightest vision of the disciple whom Jesus loved!

CHAPTER XX.

OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

IMMEDIATELY after we had become settled in Detroit, my father resumed his labors. There was no Episcopal church there, and he determined to found one on Catholic principles. Detroit, it will be remembered, was Garvey's home. He was, in fact, one of its most influential citizens, not only on account of the wealth he had amassed by his traffic with the Indians, giving them, in exchange for their valuable furs, cheap articles of merchandise and intoxicating liquors, but also on account of his confident and assuming manners and ostentatious style of living. Really coarse and vulgar in nature, he was yet not profane, and was a strict observer of the letter of the law. Mean and sordid, he contrived to obtain a reputation for generosity by certain gifts, which, while requiring little sacrifice, were calculated to draw attention and excite applause. Blustering, pompous, and garrulous, and naturally overbearing and brutal, he yet contrived to make himself popular by a coarse wit and jollity, and by a carefully studied patronage of a large element of society, which, if not positively bad, was far from high-toned.

But from his piety, perhaps, more than from any other source, was his influence in the community derived. Even those not religiously inclined liked him none the less for this, since, perhaps, they had a dreamy idea that somehow his righteousness was imputed to them, and that, when they became intoxicated on his bad liquors, his piety somewhat mitigated the offence. And, on the other hand, the really religious part of the community were prone to overlook his faults, lest in their exposure some reflection would be cast upon themselves. At the religious gatherings he was always foremost in prayer and exhortation, and was even accustomed to administer private admonitions to sinners. He was also somewhat of a theologian, sound in doctrine, and particularly jealous of all heretical notions.

He had an only child, a son named Martin Luther, whom he had sent to Boston to be educated, and who, he hoped, would become a minister. And in this hope he was really sincere. He did really desire his son to become a minister. All his own respectability and influence had been nursed by his piety, and no person in town was more respectable, none wealthier, and none more eminent in piety. But even his sincerity in this respect was mainly selfish. He would not have liked to be a minister himself, for the love of money was his ruling passion; but he desired his son to become one, as this would serve to assure his own standing and reputation in the community. It is not likely,

however, that he was conscious of any misgivings in his own mind as to the genuineness of his purpose. I doubt that the worst hypocrites are really conscious of their own depravity. Certainly they are not addicted to self-scrutiny; for a disposition to know one's self is a Christian virtue. The Pharisees, whom our Saviour repeatedly charged with hypocrisy, and so aptly likened to whited sepulchres, were unquestionably sincere in one sense. They really believed themselves to be pious people. They might have known better, had they chosen; but, as they did not, this rendered them hypocrites. Having eyes, they could see, but saw not; and having ears, could hear, but heard not. Still, there is in most depraved minds an instinctive knowledge of their meanness, though it does not often become a real consciousness. They cannot look squarely into the eyes of an honest man, except it be in brazen effrontery or reckless defiance. This seems unaccountable that one should be instinctively ashamed of that, of which he is not distinctly conscious. Even the worst criminals, when found guilty and condemned, for the most part deem themselves greatly wronged and abused, though not one would have liked to have had his crimes made public, even had there been no penalty to be incurred. Instinctively Garvey felt that he was a hypocrite, though of this he may not ever have been distinctly conscious. And this, doubtless, induced him to seek to educate his son for the ministry. It was an instinctive effort — perhaps

might be termed a sort of sacrifice — to fortify his own respectability; and having once resolved to make it, or — to use his own language, often repeated — having "sot his 'art hon it," he became extremely solicitous in relation to his son's religious training. "Martin," said he, "are all the boy I've got; but I han't got only one hinterest in 'im. Yer might think I'd want 'im ter help me in ther store, hand ter take care uv me hand my hold woman, w'en we git ter be hold. But children are ther gift of God, hand if I 'ad my quiver full uv um, I'd feel I horter give um all back. I feel, my Christian brethren, that er fond parent carn't do better than ter give his sons ter God. But if one an't got but one, it seems 'ard ter give 'im hup. I've often thought it must 'av been 'ard fur Elkanah and Hannah ter 'av gin up Samuel, seein' Samuel was the only boy they 'ad; but they knew they wouldn't 'av 'ad him only on condition he should be a minister. Hand so I tells my old woman, who wants Martin ter stay 'ome, 'tan't likely she would 'ad any son er tall, if it 'adn't ben understood he were ter be gin ter God. I've sot my 'art on making er minister on 'im, hand there ha'n't er more likelier boy, if I do say hit. I don't mean ter go back on ther Lord, who gin me er son in answer to my pra'ars, hand make er trader uv 'im now, though the boy wouldn't like nothin' better, and there ha'n't nothin' more 'spectable. Boys, 'fore they git religion hand er change uv 'art, are purty much erlike; hand I don't git

discouraged, though Mr. Lawton, his teacher, when I write ter inquire if Martin shows any signs er piety, says he car'n't give me much hincouragement. Hit would be er great 'fliction ter me if Martin shouldn't be one uv the 'lect. I've sarved ther Lord goin' on now forty year, hand I ha'n't sorrer fur't yit. He 'az prospered me hand ben my comfort in all my 'flictions."

As hinted at in Garvey's remarks, the reports that had reached him in relation to his son's promises of piety were any thing but encouraging. He had been expelled once already, and only reinstated at the earnest entreaties of his father, to which were joined the pathetic solicitations of the Rev. Timothy Baker, who ministered to the spiritual interests of the congregation of which Garvey was a member, and who pictured in plaintive and touching language the grief and disappointment of Martin's "aged and pious parents," should he not be reinstated in school. He even hinted that the shock to Mrs. Garvey's health might be fatal, as she was very delicate.

Though Mrs. Garvey is not to occupy a conspicuous place in my narrative, I do not like to pass her by without further notice. I know little, however, of her character or fortune, except what is recorded on her tombstone. This testifies that she was "a dutiful wife and adorned with piety." She was Garvey's third spouse, and the last but one, and, as said of all the rest, was "greatly beloved." She died "A.D. 1808, ætat. 45 years, 3 months,

and 6 days." A row of four granite slabs, now covered with rust, mark the resting-places of Garvey's wives. These are not of uniform height, but rise one above the other, as if each later wife rose higher in his esteem, the fourth forming the last regular gradation up to the costly and imposing monument that marks the spot where Garvey himself, "fervent in piety," and "zealous in good works," is "asleep in Jesus." Whether Martin's mother died, as the Rev. Timothy Baker feared she might, of grief and disappointment because her son did not become a minister, or was simply a victim of the cruel fortune that robbed her husband of so many wives, cannot now be certainly determined. Deschamps simply said of her that "she was a poor, weak woman, wretchedly unhappy, and so impressed with her husband's piety, that, though greatly abused, she was never known to utter any complaint."

After Martin's reinstatement in school, matters went on smoothly for a time, he being promised, in a letter from his father, a double supply of spending money, if he would "try 'ard ter git larnin'," and would "allers go ter meetin'." With such an incentive we may presume that he did make some effort to keep within the limits prescribed by his excellent teacher, Mr. Lawton, whose school I myself afterwards attended for a number of years. But, if we may credit Mr. Lawton's statement, Martin's character and genius were peculiar. "I never had a pupil," he said, "however unpromis-

ing, except Martin Garvey, in whom I could not discover some hopeful trait of character. His nature was a strange compound of cunning, viciousness, ignorance, and stupidity. He could learn nothing from books, except the simplest rudiments of English, while he excelled in every kind of mischief. Strange to say, he was popular with a large number of his schoolmates, partly through his generous prodigality, but mainly by a certain coarse jollity, very enticing with some boys. Some disliked him, but yet stood so much in awe of his brute nature that they treated him with a rude respect. In fact, had I not finally peremptorily dismissed him, he would have completely demoralized my school. His vicious propensities were only equalled by his ability to conceal his mischief."

It is rarely the case that any person, however eccentric in nature, does not find some mind congenial in sympathy and taste. Martin was not an exception to this rule. Before going to Boston his father had corresponded with Reuben Smith, who had, after considerable delay, just completed his theological studies, and was then acting temporarily as assistant to Doctor Miller, in relation to placing his son at school there. Naturally this brought the two young men together. Though there was eight or ten years' disparity in age, and though unlike in genius and acquirements, they yet possessed so many qualities in common, that a close intimacy was contracted between them. This was favored by the fact that Mr. Lawton, whose school

Martin attended, was a member of Doctor Miller's Church, and required all his students who had no permission from their parents to go elsewhere, to attend there. Besides, Garvey had, in his correspondence with Reuben, made known his desire that his son should become a minister, and had expressed a hope that through Reuben's influence this might be brought about.

Reuben was teaching a class of young men in the Sunday school, and persuaded Martin to join it; and, moreover, considering it his duty to call frequently upon his pupil, the two came finally to understand each other perfectly.

One of the first developments of a congeniality of tastes was a fondness in each for strong drink; and this was frequently cultivated at the Wayside Inn, to which I have once before alluded. Mr. Lawton had, from its well known character, designated this house as "The Whited Sepulchre," and had forbidden his students to enter it under any circumstance. It was kept by a middle-aged man, evidently a foreigner, but of what nationality could not well be determined, whom everybody called "Pete." His full name no person had ever heard; and, indeed, he had been so long and so familiarly known by this, that it is not likely any person had ever thought to inquire. He was a spruce, nimble little fellow, exceedingly polite and loquacious, but always, when quiet, wearing a sly, knowing look, partially concealed under an expression of injured innocence.

Pete was a great and constant annoyance to the dignified Mr. Lawton, who, after having so often warned his young men against "The Whited Sepulchre," and forbidden them ever to cross its threshold, of course did not like to appear on terms of familiarity with its landlord. But he could not well avoid passing the house on his way to town; and it rarely happened that he went by without receiving a most polite and friendly salutation from Pete. At first he returned these recognitions, though coldly, having often told his boys that they should never suffer themselves to be outdone in politeness, and not wishing to preach what he did not himself practise; but they became finally so familiar that he could no longer endure them, and passed them by unnoticed. It was amusing, so I have been told, to see how he stiffened up and hastened his steps as he approached the spot. Pete, however, could not be discouraged, but always took off his hat and bowed with the utmost deference, notwithstanding his politeness received no appreciation except to call up a look of dignified disgust on the professor's face.

One would naturally be surprised to find such a person as Pete in the suburbs of Puritanical Boston at that time. Not but that tippling-houses were as common there as elsewhere, and their keepers as respectable, — for it was not considered disreputable then to indulge moderately in strong drink, — but that Pete was not of Puritan stock, and had evidently drifted into Boston by some

chance; for at first he could not speak a word of English, and was a devout Romanist. He never told what the circumstance or chance was that had brought him there, but often alluded to it as a providential matter. It had, he said, been the means of his conversion to the true faith; for Pete, I presume, was not an exception to the general rule, that one's religion is determined mainly by his social surroundings and business interests. But, however that may be, he was a convert to Protestantism, and was thereby not only tolerated, but even patronized and prospered. He was an Episcopalian, but prided himself in being liberal or Low Church in his views. He liked very much, especially after his acquaintance with Reuben and Martin, to attend the revival meetings, sometimes even leading in prayer, and telling his experience in a strange jargon of mixed languages. The story of his experience ran always, as nearly as it can be represented in print, about as follows: —

"Me feel, mee Kreeschun frenz, it goot be 'ere, vare 'Oly Speerut por oot. Me get reeleezhon long tim 'go. Me vas Romany Catoleek. Me vas werry bat, — vas een tarkneesh ant te shatow ob teth. Oh, ven me teenk ob tat tim! Ugh! shutter to teenk ob eet. Te veeket prees let me no hab Beeble. Teenk ob tat! No reat Got's 'Oly Vurt! He make heeself Got. He make me 'fess to heem. He take monee. Boot Got breenk me here. Me go to meeteenk; me get reeleezhon; *me reat* Beeble, and prae. No veeket prees any

more; no 'fess seens. Releezhon veetoot monee ant veetoot preece."

Of course he did not mean that he could have religion without cost; for he rented a pew in church, and was a contributor in a small way to missions and other Church charities. Doubtless, by "getting religion," he thought, all sins were forgiven without expense or further trouble; and, while it did cost something to maintain his pew in church, the profit in a worldly sense far exceeded the cost. Every one knew the character of his house; but no person, on account of his attendance upon worship and occasional contributions, thought of molesting him. In fact, he had made himself quite popular by his eccentric and obsequious ways.

CHAPTER XXI.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

NOT long after Martin's reinstatement in school an unusual degree of religious interest began to be manifested in Doctor Miller's church. Reuben had developed quite remarkable gifts as an exhorter, and the revival was generally attributed to his influence. And this was doubtless true; for being young and unmarried, and hence very attractive to the ladies, it needed only reputation for smartness to render him popular. The week-night service, which, under the conduct of the aged and somewhat prosy minister, had become exceedingly dull and ill attended, suddenly became quite animated. The young people, and particularly the ladies, thronged to the lecture-room on Wednesday evenings; and of course where the young ladies go the young gentlemen are not slow to follow. The result was that the lecture-room became so crowded that the meetings were held in the body of the church. Doctor Miller was quite thrown into the background. He usually, however, for the sake of decorum, occupied the central seat in the pulpit, and opened and closed the meetings; but it was evident that he was regarded as

rather ornamental than useful. Being a sensitive man, and, withal, not wanting in the vanity and conceit a long and successful pastorate — for he had been settled for life — is almost sure to engender, his natural or acquired humility and grace were not sufficient to sustain him, when he saw himself compelled to act a subordinate part, and even treated with contempt in his own parish, and that, too, by his recent pupil in theology. But the religious interest, as it was called, deepened so rapidly, that his jealousy and wounded vanity, though not wholly concealed, were for a time unnoticed. Conversions multiplied, the meetings became more frequent, until almost the entire week and the entire interest of the parish were devoted to them.

Mr. Lawton, though a sincere Christian, and, moreover, somewhat rigid and Puritanical in his faith, was not an enthusiast in religion. He believed, of course, in revivals, and in the ordinary methods of conversion, — never, indeed, having questioned that the Holy Spirit was poured out on such occasions, and that only by a sudden change, wrought through miraculous agency, was it possible to become a religious man. Still, he was averse to excitements of any kind, and but rarely took any part in revival meetings. His students being mostly sons of pious families, their parents were desirous they should have good religious training, and were quite willing, if not specially desirous, that they should attend the revival meetings.

Poor Mr. Lawton became sorely perplexed. To his mind, "getting religion," and at the same time acquiring a knowledge of text-books, were not incongruous duties. But the revival sadly demoralized his school; for he could not well refuse to allow his pupils to attend the meetings, though necessarily the evening hours of study were thereby interrupted, and, as would naturally follow, the morning recitations of many became but little better than a farce. With most, indeed, study became an irksome duty, and wholly impracticable to some, who, having been "struck with conviction," moped in their rooms, or maintained a sullen silence in recitation. Mr. Lawton became thoroughly disheartened, not to say disgusted. While theoretically he did not doubt that religion was of more importance than secular knowledge, practically, as is natural with a faithful teacher, he gave much more attention to his text-books, as if a thorough knowledge of them was the paramount duty of life. And as matters grew worse and worse, he not only absented himself from the meetings, but even contemplated, in his vexation, prohibiting his students from attending. But this he was too sensible and judicious to really attempt, as he knew that the interests of his institution, which he had built up by years of patient and assiduous toil, would be irretrievably ruined by such a course; for the high reputation of his school was in a great measure due to the religious character that he had imparted to it. After much delibera-

tion, he concluded that the most judicious course would be to remit the wonted discipline till the religious excitement had abated. He therefore announced that the students who desired to attend the revival meetings could do so without special permission, and that the evening hours of study would be for a time remitted. The consequence was, since the meetings were protracted to a late hour, he almost wholly lost sight of his pupils during the interval between evening and morning worship.

Reuben's intimacy with Martin could not be very well maintained without attracting attention; and hence the former became exceedingly anxious that his friend should become pious, and also improve in social accomplishments; for Martin, though far from diffident, was extremely awkward and unpolished in manners. There was between the two a real congeniality; but this would hardly have sufficed to have bound them together, had not Martin's purse, which his fond parent always kept liberally supplied, been so attractive and essential to Reuben's tastes and enjoyments. Their visits at night to the Wayside Inn were not discontinued during the revival, but became even more frequent than before; for, owing to the lax discipline Mr. Lawton had permitted, Martin could the more easily escape detection, while Reuben more than ever, on account of his unwonted labors and excitements, felt the need of refreshment and recreation. At these meetings the subject of religion was

often discussed; and at one of them in particular, Martin's funds having run low on account of their frequent dissipations, his friend urged upon him more strongly than ever the expediency of becoming pious. "Your father," he said, "will double your allowance, if he hears from me that you have been converted. Do come up to the anxious-bench, Mart, to-morrow night, and I will make it all come right. I will write to your father myself, and tell him of the fact. Then you write and ask him for more money, saying you go so much in company with me you need to dress better, and, moreover, want to contribute more in the Sunday school. My word for it, Mart, the old man will shell out liberally."

Martin was still a little reluctant. "I hate to go forward, Reub, but I'll try; and mebbe I'll git religion, after all. How did you feel when you first got it?"

"Why, I felt happy all at once; and, if you should feel so too, then you may know you've got it. I think you are under conviction, Mart, and have thought so for some time. And you must be one of the elect, having such pious parents. It is time you had come out. All you need do at first is to get up and say, 'I love Jesus,' and then sit right down. When you come to tell your experience, I will tell you what to say; but you won't have to do that for some time."

Shortly after the above conversation, Martin "*came* out." The first night, with his head down

and with his handkerchief closely pressed to his eyes, he went forward to the anxious-bench with a host of other young people, most of whom were young ladies. Reuben was delighted. In his prayer on the occasion, which was unusually fervent, he alluded to his friend, and prayed especially that he might be converted, and so gratify the earnest longings of his fond and pious parents. Martin began to feel happy. Having "broken the ice," his natural confidence returned, so that by the next evening he was ready to come out. He did much better than Reuben expected; for, instead of confining himself to the short sentence his friend had suggested, he made quite an exhortation, and even ventured to lead in prayer, praying with much fervency for the conversion of his fellow-students. He did really feel happy. He had really wanted to get religion, for this he knew would replenish his purse, and would also give him a certain importance at school, where, since his recent expulsion, he felt that his standing was not altogether secure. This happy feeling he interpreted as conversion. Of course he did not reflect much, if at all, upon the matter, but doubtless did so regard it. True, he was dishonest and a hypocrite; but it is quite possible he really thought he had gotten religion. And we doubt not that many, even with a good motive, and altogether sincere, are often equally deceived, whether they be those who are converted by revival methods or by other mechanical agencies.

The proposed letters to Deacon Garvey were duly mailed; and even Mr. Lawton thought it his duty to inform him of the change in his son. He expressed himself, however, in guarded language, writing that Martin had made a public profession, and expressing a hope that he had truly met with a change of heart. Meantime, as the interest deepened, the visits of the two friends to the inn continued, and became, if possible, more frequent and protracted.

"It is the only rest I can get," said Reuben, on one of these occasions, when both were drinking freely, and when the revival was at its height; "and I could not get through so much labor if I did not take it. Didn't we have a rouser, though, to-night, Mart? Fill up again, old boy. We can afford to indulge a little more now. My fortune is made. You won't have to foot the bills much longer, Mart."

"Why, what's up, Reub? Any more presents? But you ought to make money out of this thing, somehow. Bouquets and slippers don't pay for the drinks. How are you going to raise the wind? Hope you'll hurry up, for I'm dead broke. If the old man don't shell out soon, I'll go back on him. I'm getting sick of this thing, anyhow. It don't pay."

"Why, Mart, 'pon my word, if you weren't one of the elect, I'd think you were going to backslide. What's the matter? Have a little patience. It ain't time to hear from the old man yet. Why, I

thought you never did so well as you did to-night. You talked like an apostle, Mart; and, as for your prayer, 'pon my word, I couldn't done better myself. You've got the gift, and I don't see why you shouldn't be a minister. But you've got the blues now, Mart, that's all. You must go into society more. There's nothing like the women to take the blues out of a man."

"Damn the women, Reub! There's no chance when you are around. They'll spoil you too. Damn me, if I don't think they have now! What are you going to do with them all?"

Reuben looked pleased and silly. Lowering his voice, "Oh, don't, don't, Mart! you make me blush. It's hard to disappoint so many; but I can't marry them all."

"Get out, Reub! you're cracked. This thing is getting played out; and when it's over what better off are we? One can see enough of the women without being a minister, if he's got money. But slippers and bouquets, I say, won't pay for the drinks. I'm going to leave. I can't study after this; and what will become of you then? Pete won't trust you when I'm gone. Old Lawton will shut down on me soon. Don't you see he don't come to the meetin's any more? And the old doctor, too, is getting glum. Damn me if I don't think he'll shut down on you too!"

"Haw! haw! haw! Mart, do you think I'm a fool? The old doctor shut down on me! The wrinkled old sinner! Why, Mart, he is played

out. I'm going to shut down on him. He'll have to get out. Uncle Smith said as much to me to-day; and what Deacon Smith says has to be so." Then, lowering his voice a little, "Mart, I'll tell you something: I'm going to be married."

"You don't mean it, Reub?"

"Sure pop! and right off, too."

"When?"

"Next month."

"To whom?"

"Betsey."

"Good Lord! Reub, you're drunk. She's older than you, and horrid ugly."

"But she's rich, Mart; an only child; and the old deacon can't live long. A'n't my fortune made, Mart?"

"Bully for you, Reub! fill up. Here's Betsey's health."

CHAPTER XXII.

EAVESDROPPERS.

THE conversation related in the previous chapter occurred on Saturday night. Mr. Lawton had been very uneasy during the week. His school was almost broken up by the revival; and he feared his own reputation for piety had been impaired by his withdrawal from the meetings. Doctor Miller, however, had called several times to see him, and had been unusually cordial, though evidently much depressed. On the last occasion, the doctor, just as he was going, remarked: —

"I have not seen you at the revival meetings of late, Mr. Lawton. Well, speaking confidentially, I cannot say I am much surprised; for I think, myself, they have gone about far enough. We have had revivals before, but not such as this. I remember, when you were converted, what a deep interest was felt: but there is too much excitement in this; too much like the Methodists. But Deacon Smith says we cannot hold our own against the Methodists unless we adopt their methods. What do you think, Mr. Lawton? Do you not think we had better close these meetings?"

The professor hesitated. He knew Doctor Mil-

ler was jealous of his assistant's influence, and was suffering from the pique and sense of injury an aged pastor would naturally feel at the prospect of being thrust aside to make place for a younger man. Yet he had about the same impressions in relation to the revival, though he did not deem it prudent to commit himself fully.

"I really do not know what to advise, Doctor. I don't feel just right myself about this revival; but it is rather my impression you had better let it take its course. Time will decide whether it be of God or not. You have done a great work here, Doctor; and I do not think the people will prove ungrateful. At any rate, you are not doubtful of your final reward."

"Oh, no! I have no doubt of that. I feel that my calling and election are sure. But I have spent nearly all my ministry here, and have labored hard in the service of the Lord. And yet I am not very old, — I think I am, in fact, just as sound in body and mind as ever, and good for ten years more at least, of active work. It is not pleasant to be laid on the shelf when one is capable still of usefulness. Besides, I am poor, — have not put by a cent for my old age, — and my salary is very much behind."

"Why, Doctor, you surprise me. Surely the people do not think of turning you adrift in your old age. And, indeed, they could not, for you were settled for life."

"*Well,* I am not sure. They are all carried

away by Mr. Smith. It is not pleasant, Mr. Lawton, to be thrust into a corner even if one's salary is continued. They wish me to retire altogether; or at least it has been so hinted. Deacon Smith, who is the chief support of the church financially, even told me bluntly that it would be necessary, before long, to have a younger man in my place."

Mr. Lawton was much pained at beholding the real humiliation and distress of his aged pastor, for whom he entertained the highest respect.

"I think, Doctor, you take this matter too much to heart. Mr. Smith is, doubtless, a very popular young man, and withal quite gifted; but I cannot think there is any idea of putting him in charge of the parish. There is a good deal of excitement just now, and people may say what they do not mean. Depend upon it, the situation is not as bad as you think."

Doctor Miller sighed heavily, and after a pause replied: —

"It is my anxiety in relation to the spiritual interests of my people that troubles me, more than any private considerations. You seem to have a high appreciation of Mr. Smith; but I have, myself, grave suspicions that his habits are not altogether correct. He has quite abandoned his studies, treats me with great disrespect, and in company with young Mr. Garvey, I have reason to believe, frequents the Wayside Inn."

Mr. Lawton was startled. He had known of

the intimacy of Reuben and Martin; and, so far as the latter was concerned, the statement of the Doctor seemed quite credible. Evidently the good reputation of his school was in peril.

"Impossible, Doctor,—you must be mistaken! Young Garvey is my pupil. Indeed, this is quite serious. Pray, what are your grounds for so grave suspicions?"

The Doctor hesitated. His information was not positive; and he feared, perhaps, he had gone too far. On several occasions he had detected the smell of liquor about his assistant; and, his suspicions being thus aroused, he had only the day before set himself to determine whether they were well founded or otherwise. It was catching at a straw in his distress, for he really hoped something would occur to impair Reuben's popularity; in which case his own influence might be restored and even strengthened. So after the meeting on the evening following had been dismissed, and the two friends had gone out together, he followed them. At first they went to Reuben's boarding-place, and, after remaining there a short time, started off in the direction of Mr. Lawton's. The night was so dark that he could not see them; but he could hear their footsteps distinctly till they came to the inn, where they ceased. Though he had quickened his pace, and had walked up as far as Mr. Lawton's, he heard no more of them. This quite convinced him that they had gone into the inn. That night he lay awake till a late hour,

meditating how he might expose them without bringing himself into discredit. At last a happy thought struck him. Young Garvey was Mr. Lawton's student; and he had but to whisper his suspicions to the latter to bring about the exposure he desired.

After a long pause and apparently much reluctance, he replied to Mr. Lawton's question: "I do not think it wise for me to state the sources of my information; and, indeed, I should not have mentioned the matter at all, had I not felt impelled to do so from a sense of duty. Young Garvey being your student, I thought best to say what I did. Your investigations, no doubt, will disclose the truth of my statement."

After the Doctor had withdrawn, Mr. Lawton's reflections were any thing but agreeable. He half suspected the Doctor's motive, and this inspired the hope that his statement was unfounded. But he felt that he had been neglectful of his duty. Several circumstances he recalled to mind contributed to increase his anxiety and arouse his vigilance, His course was immediately determined upon: he would watch the inn at night, and see for himself whether any of his students were accustomed to frequent it. That afternoon he walked past it; and, Pete not being visible, he walked leisurely, carefully inspecting its structure. It stood on a corner formed by the intersection of the street with a narrow alley. The main entrance was from the street; but there were two others from the

alley, one into the kitchen and one into the central building of the group. All the windows were furnished with close shutters.

That night he remained at home till near ten o'clock, and then walked down by the church. The meeting not being out, he passed on some distance. Retracing his steps, he met the people coming out of church, and, that he might not be recognized, crossed over to the other side of the street. But as he was passing a street lamp at a hurried pace, he suddenly encountered Deacon Smith.

"Ah! good-evening, Mr. Lawton. Why, I'm surprised. Were you at the meeting, after all? You must have come in late, and occupied a seat near the door."

The Deacon's sarcastic and inquisitive tone irritated him; and, as often happens with very prudent men when vexed, his reply was injudicious.

"No, Deacon, I was not at the meeting, and have not been at any for some time. I have reason to think matters are not going on as they should. In fact, I was out to-night for the purpose of satisfying myself in relation to certain things I have heard."

The Deacon was aroused. He was naturally very passionate and arbitrary, accustomed to have his own way, especially in church affairs, and withal extremely sensitive and punctilious in all matters that pertain to the office of deacon in a most respectable and orthodox church. His hard

face always wore that mingled expression of solemnity and reproof that frightens children into being good. From his deep-set, cold-gray eyes had been banished, by the habitual consciousness and practice of what was esteemed piety, all tender and laughter-loving expressions. While he never omitted family worship, or neglected to ask a blessing at meals, he never sought to cultivate kindness or control his irascible temper. He was moral, but not loving; religious, but not charitable; generous to the church, but not forgiving nor moved by distress. Of course he was never profane, though he constantly used God's name in vain. He would not lie nor steal, but would misrepresent facts and drive hard bargains. His character, wealth, and office all conspired to make him the autocrat of the church. No person cared to oppose him, and of course the minister was his humble servant. What wonder that he was aroused by Mr. Lawton's words. But he knew the latter was too dignified and high-minded to be addressed in the harsh language he frequently employed; and so he replied in what were for him somewhat guarded terms.

"Indeed, sir, this is a serious charge, and must be investigated. Doctor Miller has told me you were not pleased with our doings. What do you mean, sir? Do you think, sir, I would allow any thing improper? I assure you it is a great work my nephew is accomplishing for the church. The Spirit has come with power, and was never poured out upon this community as it is to-day. But you

have seen fit to absent yourself, and even have ventured to asperse our doings. Your remarks cannot pass unnoticed. They will not be tolerated in one who" —

"Excuse me, Deacon. I shall not permit you to question my motives, nor dictate to me in any way. You are quite mistaken in supposing my remarks referred altogether or chiefly to the revival meetings. I am chiefly solicitous about the welfare of the young men intrusted to my care and tuition."

"Ah! I understand. Having absented yourself from our meetings, you are unwilling your students should attend them. Well, sir, you can do as you think best; but I assure you the parents of your boys will not approve your course: and in the end" —

"Again you are mistaken," interrupted the professor. "I am quite willing my students should attend the meetings, and, in fact, have remitted the evening hours of study in order to enable them to do so. But I have heard" —

Mr. Lawton paused here abruptly. He had no idea of disclosing the real purpose that had brought him there, but saw no way of avoiding it without giving the deacon false impressions. Moreover, he was aware that circumstances had placed him in an unfavorable light. And so, after a moment's hesitation, he decided that it was best to partially explain the matter.

"I have heard, though I can hardly credit the

rumor, that one of my students is in the habit of visiting the Wayside Inn on his return from meeting; and my purpose was simply to ascertain whether the report be true."

"Ah! I beg pardon. Have you any objection to disclosing his name?"

"I referred to young Garvey, who has already been once expelled for improper conduct."

"Young Garvey!" exclaimed the deacon, in great surprise. "I can assure you the rumor is entirely unfounded. He is one of our most promising converts, and has been commended specially by his parents to the care of my nephew. They always go home together. But if the rumor has obtained any currency, — and, now I think of it, Doctor Miller must have heard it, I judge, by the obscure hints he threw out to-day, — it must be instantly set at rest. The Church is quite as much concerned in the matter as your school. With your permission I will accompany you."

"Certainly. I only propose, however, to pass by the inn, and endeavor to ascertain whether any of my students are there. I believe this alley leads directly to it."

A few moments' walk brought them to the place; and, as they paused in front of the inn, they heard footsteps coming up the alley. Hastily concealing themselves, they awaited their approach. The steps proceeded from two persons walking rapidly, who, when they reached the house, entered it from the alley. They could be but dimly discerned;

but Mr. Lawton was so familiar with Martin's gait that he had no doubt of his identity. Grasping Deacon Smith's arm, he whispered: —

"Our worst fears are confirmed. One of them I am certain was young Garvey, and the other I have little doubt you were able to recognize."

The deacon trembled with excitement. "We may be mistaken," he whispered; "or perhaps they are only stopping for a moment for refreshment."

"I am satisfied," replied Mr. Lawton, in a low voice. "Young Garvey must be immediately expelled from my school."

"Not so fast," whispered the deacon. "We must be more certain of their identity."

They approached the house as near as the fence permitted, but could only faintly hear the murmur of male and female voices inside.

"Let us go inside the gate," said the deacon, "where we can hear what is going on."

Mr. Lawton was rather averse to eavesdropping, but finally followed his companion cautiously. Reaching the window, they could plainly hear the conversation within, — some of which has been already narrated, — and which was any thing but edifying to Deacon Smith.

Reuben and Martin indulged more freely than usual that night, the former being in uncommonly good humor; and when at last they were ready to depart, both were highly elated.

"*Pete!* Pete!" roared out Reuben. "Come

here, you little devil! Here, charge this to me, Pete, and I'll take you into my church, I will. You shall have the old deacon's place, you shall. I'll pay you, Pete, I will, by ——! I'm going to marry Betsey; I am, by ——!"

"Yees, yees, Meesteer Smeet; yoo neeteenk paee woon shent. Boot yoo moost keep steel. Hoosh! hoosh! da veel hear yoo on te street."

At this point, Deacon Smith hastily withdrew, followed by his companion. Neither spoke a word till about separating, when the deacon said: —

"Mr. Lawton, you will confer a very great favor on me by not making public what occurred to-night. You will, of course, pursue what course you think best respecting young Garvey; but I need time to consider my own duty in the matter."

Martin staid with his friend that night, being too intoxicated to find his way home alone. The next day was Sunday; and when they rose, at a late hour, they found two notes on the floor, one for each, that had been thrust under the door by the landlady.

"Hurry up, Mart!" said Reuben. "It's 'most time for meeting. Don't read your letter now; we ha'n't time."

It was not unusual for Reuben to receive notes in this way, and so he did not feel any particular interest in this. But Martin was more curious, and could not wait till after meeting before ascertaining the contents of his. Hastily breaking the seal and glancing over it, a fierce oath burst from

his lips. "I'm gone up, Reub! Old Lawton has found me out!"

Reuben stood aghast for a moment. His face, haggard from the debauch of the past night, became doubly pale. Then, hastily snatching the note from Martin, he read aloud as follows: —

"MR. MARTIN L. GARVEY.

"Dear Sir, — It gives me much pain to say that your connection with my school is at an end, and cannot be renewed. I need only say, in explanation, that your visits to the 'Whited Sepulchre' have been fully exposed. Still, I wish you well, and will endeavor to keep the matter private. Please call this evening at my study, as I desire to have some conversation with you. Truly your friend,

"SANFORD LAWTON."

"Haw! haw! haw! Reub, a'n't that bully? The blasted old sinner! why, he couldn't suited me better. I ha'n't heard so good news since he expelled me before. I'm off for the West now. Won't you go along, Reub? And now I think of it, by ——! you're in the same boat. Good-by to Betsey."

Reuben stood speechless for a time, trying to comprehend the situation. Of course Mr. Lawton must know that he was at the inn with Martin; but this might be concealed from the public. In fact, Mr. Lawton had promised in his note to keep the matter private. At last he spoke: —

"Mart, you a'n't careful enough. It don't make so much difference with you, but I'm ruined if this

thing gets out. Old Lawton may not tell. You find out to-night, when you go to see him, what he knows, and try to persuade him to keep dark. I'll go to him with tears in my eyes, if necessary."

"Reub, this is all nonsense. I'll expose you myself if you don't go west with me. I've got a plan — but what's in your letter? Read it."

"Oh! that is only from one of the women. They are all the time" — Here his eyes fell upon the address, which was in the handwriting of Deacon Smith. In breathless haste he tore it open and read: —

"Sir, — I would like to see you privately before meeting in relation to a very serious matter that has come to my notice. Your condition at the Wayside Inn, and your lewd conversation in which my name and Betsey's were used, are known to me. Still, I am reluctant to expose you, as you are my relative. The affair is known only to Mr. Lawton and myself, and may be wholly concealed from the public.

"Yours, &c.,

"JONATHAN SMITH.

"THE REV. REUBEN SMITH."

"That will do, Mart. I know just how the thing stands now. They must have been listening, and you know we sat close by the window. But I don't see how they came to suspect we went there. It a'n't so bad, after all. The women will stand by me, and I know Betsey won't cast me off." Then, after a pause, he added, "But I hate to face the old deacon. And you are going

away, too, Mart. If I stay, they will be so suspicious of me, they will be dogging my steps wherever I go. I tell you what, Mart, I can't stand it here after this, and I've half a mind to go west with you. What is your plan?"

"I ha'n't made it up altogether yet, but we can fix it. Lawton will write to the old man to-morrow. I'll write to mother to-day to have her take the letter from the post-office as soon as it arrives there, and burn it up. She has done the same thing for me once before. Then I'll write you are going out there as a missionary, and that I am going with you to finish my studies under your private tuition. You can forge a letter from Mr. Lawton recommending this course. We'll make lively times in Detroit; and, when we've cleaned every thing out there, we'll move again. And we'll git Pete out there, too; for the deacon will be sure to clean him out here. We can start as soon as I get the money I expect from the old man, which may be to-morrow. What do you say, Reub?"

"I think I'll do it, Mart. I hate to leave, but it is better than to stay. I won't see the deacon; but I'll write to him and Betsey, and make it all right with them. I'll fix it so that people will say the old doctor sent me away out of jealousy. They will think I'm a saint for going out as a missionary, and a victim of persecution. I haven't studied Pete's countenance of injured innocence for nothing. But I won't be gone long. I'll come *back* and marry Betsey, and get the old deacon's *money*, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CROSS.

BEFORE leaving Boston, Reuben wrote a very penitent letter to his uncle, confessing that he had been tempted, on account of the great excitement and nervous prostration to which he had been subjected, to enter the Wayside Inn that night with his friend, and that he had imbibed too freely. But he denied that such had been his habit, or that he was aware of having made any allusions to him or Betsey. He also wrote to his cousin so tender and affectionate an epistle that she freely forgave him, and besought him to return. The deacon was more obstinate, though publicly he professed great confidence in his nephew, who, he hinted, had been driven away by the jealousy of Doctor Miller, — which the people were not slow to credit. Mr. Lawton earnestly, but in vain, attempted to justify the doctor. The people were tired of him, and treated him with so much disrespect and unkindness that the aged pastor soon sank under his burden. When he was gone, many shed tears over his grave who had treated him with the most indifference and ingratitude. Deacon Smith was one of the most ostentatious mourners,

and his daughter placed with her own hands the flowers on the coffin. The funeral sermon, which was regarded as a most eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of the deceased, was preached by Reuben Smith, who soon afterwards received and accepted a call to the vacant parish. His popularity, however, did not continue long, the interest of the ladies in him sensibly abating after his marriage with his cousin. And I may add, since it can be more conveniently narrated here, that finally, becoming very unpopular in his own denomination, he abandoned it, and became a High-Church Episcopalian. But his fondness for strong drink continuing to increase with his public and domestic infelicities, he was finally compelled to abandon the ministry altogether. Deacon Smith soon after died, leaving his entire property to his daughter, but in such a way that her husband could have no interest in it. The last Mr. Lawton knew of Reuben Smith was, that his wife had obtained a divorce from him on the grounds of cruelty and desertion.

My father had been preaching in Detroit about three months when Reuben and Martin made their appearance there. His success was somewhat equivocal. At first many were attracted by curiosity, but the population was mostly so rough and uncultured that little impression could be made upon it. The greater part were Romanists, over whose spiritual welfare presided Father Gensonné, the priest with whom my father had had his first

theological controversy. There were, however, a large number of Protestants, of whom Garvey was the most wealthy and influential, though really despised by the better part of the community. These were ministered to by the Rev. Timothy Baker, — a man really devout and laborious, but full of cant and of little culture.

My father soon found he had far greater difficulties to contend with in this frontier settlement than he encountered in the little New England village where his ministry began. His culture and polished manners were against him, and his sensitiveness of mind caused him constant unhappiness, through the hostilities aroused by Garvey and the priest. He was sometimes insulted, his services frequently disturbed, and at times serious apprehensions of violence were entertained by his friends. But he carefully concealed his trials from my mother, whose health had become seriously impaired by her constant watchings at the bedside of her suffering father, who, to our great sorrow, died the sixth week after our arrival in Detroit.

Augustus, now Colonel Winslow, who, since the marriage of my parents, had done duty at various posts on the frontier, often visited us. He had great respect for my father, and in some degree sympathized with his purpose; but his devotion to my mother was constant from the time she first awoke his boyish adoration on the ship. My sister Lou much resembled her mother, and Lou was his special favorite. He did not take much notice of

me, but brought her the costliest presents from the East.

The last time he was at our house, he took my father aside, and said: "If your wife is able to endure the journey, I advise you to remove to the East without delay. Troublous times, I fear, are at hand. A war with England is not unlikely; and, should it occur, the Indians will rise to avenge their wrongs. In that case your position as a well-known sympathizer with them will be critical. But, if you cannot leave Detroit, I advise you to stop preaching for a time, and also to abstain from all intercourse with the red men. You have some very bitter enemies, who would improve the first opportunity of working your ruin."

My father was somewhat startled by these words, as he could not be indifferent to the safety of his family. His sympathy with the Indians was well understood. Almost every day some were entertained at our house, Ottokee and Kear being frequent visitors and most intimate friends. But while his friendship with the Indians excited distrust and enmity on the part of the whites, he felt that he could rely upon their aid in case of danger. At that time, too, his congregations were increasing, and his ideas beginning to take a strong hold upon many minds. And so, after much hesitation, he determined to remain at his post, whatever might be the result.

As soon as Reuben and Martin reached Detroit, the former began to preach. The Rev. Timothy

Baker was soon thrown into the shade, and was treated with so much contempt that he was compelled to resign his charge. Though he had said some very severe and bitter words in relation to my father, he came to him for sympathy and aid in his distress, and was furnished with means to enable him to return East.

As the surest method of combating my father's influence, Reuben determined to have a revival. A series of protracted meetings was begun. He went around from house to house with Garvey, praying and exhorting. Exciting hymns were sung, and all the usual accompaniments of an "awakening" were resorted to. As anticipated, there was soon a great excitement aroused. Conversions were too frequent to be counted. Garvey was in his glory. The whole town crowded to the meetings, and even some Romanists were converted. Great efforts were made to bring in the Indians, but no impression could be made upon them.

In the midst of the excitement my father did not abate his efforts, but with impassioned eloquence and power presented what he deemed to be the true gospel scheme of salvation. He opposed vehemently the idea that any inwrought change of nature was brought about by miraculous agency. Christ converted men by his truth and example, if they were converted at all. The Holy Ghost no more converted the souls of men than the sunlight planted the seed. Otherwise Christ had not died. Men must first believe and obey the

gospel, or the Spirit could not develop in them a new nature. They must receive Christ, or the Comforter could not be given. Religion was not merely in feeling right, but consisted in thinking and doing right. It was a true purpose, not a passing emotion. It was effort to aid others, not merely to save ourselves. It was charity and the spirit of self-sacrifice, not merely fervor or conceit of righteousness. Repentance was reform, entered upon deliberately, intentionally, and of one's own choice. Regeneration was the beginning, not the end, of a new life; the conception, not the birth, of a new creature. There was no new birth in this life. That could only occur upon our entrance upon a new world. We could not, as Nicodemus said, enter a second time into our mother's womb and be born. As Christ taught, the new birth was a birth of the spirit into a new world, the heavenly condition. There was not a single passage in the Bible — the Greek Testament, from which the English was derived — which taught that a man could be born again in this life. Every word rendered "born" in English was "begotten" in the original. Regeneration meant begotten, and denoted the conception, the beginning of a new manhood, and not a new birth. Nor was there a single example recorded in the Bible of a miraculous change of nature. Paul saw Christ in the heavens, — not the Holy Ghost, — and was convinced of his truth, and followed him deliberately and of his own free will.

But his efforts were for a time vain. It was an easier way to get to heaven by a miraculous conversion and change of nature than by charity, — by emotion than by self-sacrifice and good works; and so the method he taught was unpopular. Few, and those mostly Indians, came to listen to his eloquent appeals, being drawn away by the more novel and sensational attractions of the great revival. It was useless to reason and explain, — "Great was Diana of the Ephesians."

Still, the triumph of his cause seemed only a question of time, so untiring were his efforts and so powerful his assaults upon the popular delusion. Already had the excitement begun to wane, and his congregation to return, when the event occurred that terminated his ministry.

Martin, who had figured as a prominent exhorter, was seen several times intoxicated on the street, riotous and profane. Drunkenness was more prevalent than ever. After the meetings, Garvey's store was thronged till a late hour in the night, and the riotous crowds returning home made the night hideous with revival hymns. The better part of the community withdrew from the meetings, and began to listen with more attention and thoughtfulness to my father's teachings.

Meantime, rumors of Indian hostilities began to agitate the community. These were not altogether unfounded; for the remnants of the tribes that inhabited the adjacent forests had become, through Garvey's influence mainly, utterly de-

bauched and profligate, being frequently guilty of theft, and sometimes of violence. But they were more frequently the aggrieved party. One night, several were killed at Garvey's store by drunken whites, and no arrests were made. Nor indeed was any notice taken of the matter publicly, except that Garvey, in the meeting following, prayed that the poor heathen around them might be converted, and continue peaceful and submissive.

But on another occasion, when in retaliation for an outrage upon his daughter, an Indian killed a white man, a fierce excitement was raised. And as frequent conflicts and sometimes bloodshed occurred, in which the whites were generally the aggressors, the public mind became frenzied with alarm. A public meeting was called for the purpose of devising measures of safety and protection from the savages. In that meeting my father stood up boldly and denounced the wrongs to which the red men were subjected, charging that reckless and unprincipled whites were the cause of most of the disorders and bloodshed. A storm of shouts and hisses interrupted him and drowned his voice. It was an opportunity for his enemies they were not slow to improve. Reuben Smith sprang to his feet. "You see, fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, "to what results this man's pernicious teachings tend. Not content with corrupting the minds of men, and thwarting the work of grace by his wicked heresies, he would also destroy your *property* and your lives. It is through his influ-

ence that it is no longer safe to walk the streets, and that we are in constant danger of the tomahawk and scalping knife."

A loud burst of applause followed; and immediately demonstrations of violence towards my father were made. But for a time the angry mob was held in restraint by his firm and determined bearing. At this juncture the voice of Father Gensonné, the Romish priest, was heard. The French had, from the first, been more friendly to the Indians than the English had been, and, on account of his nationality and relation to Deschamps, not so hostile to my father. The priest saw that there was danger of bloodshed, and feared that some of his own people would become involved by attempting to defend my father. Moreover, he deemed this a favorable opportunity of promoting his own interests at the expense of both his rivals; for he was no less inimical to Reuben Smith than to my father. He besought the people not to proceed to violence. They should strive to judge M. La Tourette charitably. He regretted the inflammatory remarks of the young man recently from Boston. Excitement was not judicious in serious deliberations. M. La Tourette had, perhaps, not intended by his course to imperil the lives of the citizens. He hoped, however, he would in future be more cautious about giving encouragement to the savages, by his habitual hospitalities to them. He had been told that Indians who were connected with Tecumseh

had been seen at M. La Tourette's house; but doubtless he did not know they were spies, or he would not have entertained them.

The priest continued at some length in this strain, craftily insinuating the most serious charges against my father, and striving to excite the most false and alarming suspicions.

When he was through, my father arose and repelled the insinuations in the most indignant tones. In conclusion, he said, turning to the priest: "I understand your motives, sir; but your purpose shall be thwarted, though it cost me my life. I reiterate the charges I have made. The white people themselves — those unprincipled men who but a moment since were ready to do me violence because I spoke the truth — are guilty of most of the disorders and bloodshed the red men are charged with. Treat the red men justly, and" —

The fury of Garvey's followers here broke forth afresh. Reuben raised the cry, "Traitor! traitor!" which the mob took up with deafening yells. A score of savage men rushed upon my father, who, while standing unmoved, offered not the slightest resistance as the brutal mob crowded around him, striving with each other for opportunities to reach him. Savage blows fell upon his unprotected head. Martin Garvey, reaching in between two brawny ruffians, thrust a knife again and again into his body, till he sank down bleeding and senseless.

At that moment a band of seven Indians, headed by Ottokee, with terrific yells and uplifted toma-

hawks, leaped into the assembly. A terrible panic ensued. Almost instantly a wide path was cleared to where my father lay. Ottokee snatched him up as if he had been a child, and, without pausing, turned and fled, followed by his companions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLIGHT.

THOUGH I was but six years of age, I remember as it were but yesterday my experiences on the day my father was assaulted in Detroit. Every incident, however trivial, is distinct in my mind. I remember the hour of morning worship, the collect my father read, beginning, "O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers," and his strange earnestness of manner. At the breakfast hour he seemed so distrait and sad that I whispered to Lou, "Is mamma going to die?" My mother, who at that time was very feeble, had not yet risen, her sleep having been more disturbed than usual during the night.

Hastily writing a letter, which he addressed to Colonel Winslow, and caressing us with even more than his usual tenderness, he went out as the clock was striking nine.

After he was gone, Lou and I busied ourselves with our lessons till near ten o'clock, when, as was usual, Paulina, our governess, dismissed us to pursue our sports in the open air. As we ran out on the porch, we caught sight of a band of Indians emerging from the forest and rapidly approaching

our cottage. We recognized at once the tall form of Ottokee in advance. Ottokee always brought us presents sent by his wife and children, and we ran forward to meet him in high glee. But this time he seemed to have forgotten us. He had no painted plumes, pretty boxes, nor baskets of berries. "Where papa?" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, even forgetting to stoop down to caress us as he was wont.

"Gone down town," said Lou. And then, as he turned away instantly and strode with rapid steps down the path, she called after him: "Papa will be home pretty soon."

But he did not seem to heed her, and Lou burst into tears. She had never before received such a slight from Ottokee.

We had no heart after that for chasing bees and butterflies in the yard, and sat down sorrowfully under the big maple where Ottokee had built us a seat, and had swung our hammocks from the tips of the swaying branches. The opening of the porch door attracted our attention. We looked up, expecting to see Paulina coming out to call us to our studies; but it was mamma that appeared. She reached out her hand towards us; and we ran to meet her with cries of delight, it had been so long since she had been out in the yard. But our merriment died on our lips as we leaped upon the porch; for we saw then what we had not noticed before, — that she was ghastly white, and was trembling and gasping with some great agony. We

screamed with terror. I ran and grasped her hand. "Mamma! O mamma!" I sobbed, hiding my face in the folds of her dress. Lou struggled up to get her arms around her neck, and poured forth a torrent of tears. Her eyes, fixed and tearless, seemed gazing upon some scene of unutterable anguish. "Papa! poor papa!" she gasped.

Summoned by our cries, Paulina and the nurse hastened to our aid, and at last our united entreaties seemed to partially restore her to consciousness. She gazed around wildly for a moment, as if in search of some person not there. "Where is Kear, Paulina? Quick! put up the children's clothes; they will soon be here."

Passing into the house, she began hurrying, in the wildest haste, different articles of dress into a large basket that stood on the table, while the servants looked on in mute amazement, seeming frozen with terror.

"Please help me," she pleaded; and then, seeming to comprehend the cause of their hesitation, she exclaimed, passionately, "Don't you know they will murder us if we remain?"

At that moment, distant shouts and the report of fire-arms were heard, and the servants ran screaming with terror from the room.

Mamma looked beseechingly to us. "Help me, Lou! Bring papa's Bible."

We sprang to do her bidding. In a moment more the basket was filled; hurried steps were heard on the porch; and four Indians, in hot haste,

burst into the room. Without pausing an instant, or uttering a word, each seized his burden, and the next moment all were fleeing like wild deer to the forest.

We had a long start of our pursuers; but their savage yells sounded behind, and the frequent crack of a rifle admonished us that they held us in view.

The Indian who carried me was but a boy. Only four weeks before, during the full of the moon, Ottokee had been at our cottage, and had brought with him his son, a tall, graceful boy, with a frank, manly bearing, and a face beautiful with its mingled expression of gentleness, courage, and intelligence. He staid three days; the most joyous, I think, Lou and I had ever experienced. We became enraptured with Wiota. He opened to us a new world of romantic adventure and childish sports. He could leap at a bound across the wide brook that flowed past our door, and with me in his arms. He climbed the big maple in pursuit of my black squirrel that had escaped from its cage. How we shouted and laughed as both leaped from limb to limb! What screams of delight when the little runaway was caught! Our canoe skimmed over the moonlit waves like a swallow when he held the oar. What treasures we gathered with him from the woods,—grapes, berries, nuts, and wild blossoms! When he had gone, he seemed to have taken all our sports with him; and his promise to come again became our brightest anticipation.

Our pursuers were gaining upon us. The Indians were panting with their burdens. I could not see behind; but the report of rifles and the hum of bullets were constantly sounding in my ears. Suddenly a faint whoop was heard afar off, and a little to the right; and as Wiota turned, obedient to the signal, I caught sight of Ottokee, standing in the edge of the forest, his tall form partially concealed by the trunk of a giant sycamore. I felt, then, that we were safe; that nothing could harm us when Ottokee was so near. But why did he not come forth to help us? I raised my feeble voice to call him, — "Ottokee! Ottokee!" — but he remained motionless.

All at once, as we came near, he raised a wild, fierce yell, in which Wiota and his companions joined, and then instantly ceased running. The forest returned the shouts in a thousand echoes, as if a concealed army of red men had taken up the cry.

Wiota set me upon my feet. Looking back, I saw our late pursuers running towards the town, in apparently the utmost consternation. The ruse had succeeded. Fearing an ambuscade, our would-be murderers had fled.

One of our number — the one who bore the basket, and who had been in the rear — was desperately wounded, but had not slackened his pace till now, when he fell gasping upon the turf. Fortunately, we were near a spring of water; and he and my mother, who had also fainted, were soon revived.

"Where is my husband?" she exclaimed, wildly, and endeavoring to rise.

"Safe now," said Ottokee, tenderly, but turned to hide his tears.

Mamma instantly detected his emotion. "Safe? safe? Dead, do you mean?" she cried, piteously.

"No; not dead," he exclaimed, hurriedly, and grasping her outstretched hand to prevent her falling. "The shadow is dark," he faltered; "but Kear is a great medicine-man."

Soon after, Wiota, who had stood as a sentinel by the trunk of the old sycamore, came running. A few rapid words were uttered in the Lenni-Lenape dialect, upon which the Indians sprang up, and hurriedly resumed their burdens. The wounded Indian having already gone on, another took his burden. Ottokee lifted my mother as a babe in his arms, and, followed by Wiota and the rest, plunged into the dense forest.

I afterwards learned that a company of soldiers from the fort had come out in pursuit, and that, after it was discovered how few in numbers our rescuers were, we were followed far into the wilderness.

It was past noon when we started. For hours we went on rapidly and without pausing a moment. At first I was so frightened at the thought of being pursued again, that I clung tightly to Wiota's neck, hiding my face on his shoulder; but at last I began to be attracted by the novelties of the way. Lou and I exchanged signals, and finally

began to talk with each other. We had rare sport. I caught tufts of leaves and threw at her; laughed when the whirr of the partridge, starting up by the way, frightened her; shouted gleefully when we leaped over the brooks, and when, looking up, I caught sight of the clear sky through the tree-tops. But at last I became tired and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I was lying alone on a bed of leaves under a huge hemlock. For a moment, not being able to recall the incidents of the day, and startled by my strange surroundings, I called out, in an ecstasy of terror, "Mamma! mamma!" Lou and Wiota came running. Lou laughed. Wiota lifted me in his arms. It was still daylight, though I saw, gleaming through the tree-tops, the rays of the setting sun. A little way off from where I had been lying were four Indians sleeping. Ottokee was not one of them. He had gone back, they said, to help our wounded comrade, who had fallen by the way.

"Victor!" a feeble voice calling me.

"Mamma!" I sprang out of Wiota's arms, and ran towards her.

"Don't waken papa," she said, softly, folding me tenderly in her arms, and covering my face with kisses.

She was seated on a soft couch of hemlock, and reclining against a hammock stretched between two slender trees. Beside her, motionless, and wrapped in blankets, was a form I did not at first recognize; the face and head so dreadfully bruised,

mangled, and swollen, that I shrank back with horror when I first beheld it.

"Poor papa!"

For an instant I did not understand her meaning.

"Is not Victor sorry for papa?"

The truth flashed upon me. It brought to my soul its first great agony. But I could weep then. With my face pressed to mamma's, I poured forth torrents of tears till Wiota came and took me in his arms. He carried me a little way apart to where a spring of water bubbled up from the earth, and where a fire had been kindled. A partridge was roasting on the coals, emitting a savory odor. As I had eaten nothing since morning, my appetite was at once aroused, and my grief for the moment forgotten. Dried venison, pop-corn, roasted partridge, and grapes, with cold water from the spring, made a most delicious repast.

That night I lay awake a long time on my leafy couch, thinking of the strange adventures of the day. Had it not been for my grief at papa's sufferings, of which I was now and then reminded by his unconscious moanings, I should have been happy, for I had no fear with Wiota beside me. The moonlight gleamed here and there through the tree-tops. The woods were filled with a strange din, — crickets in the leaves, and katydids on the branches, while from away off came a multitude of mingled murmurs that excited my imagination and filled my mind with childish fancies. But I

fell asleep at last, overcome by the constant chirrup of the crickets.

We had already resumed our journey when I awoke. The night was dark and chill; but I was wrapped in a blanket, and pressed warmly to Wiota's breast. Daylight was not long delayed; and, when it came, I saw that our number had increased during the night. I could count twenty Indians following Wiota, among whom I recognized Kear. Papa, mamma, and the wounded Indian were carried on blankets. Ottokee carried Lou, and was leading the way.

We rested frequently that day on account of the wounded; but, just as the sun was setting, we encamped by a beautiful stream which I afterwards learned was the Kalamazoo. The next morning, when I awoke, I was lying in the bow of a canoe that Wiota was propelling rapidly down the stream. Lou was sitting in the centre, as happy and merry as the birds that were flitting all around us, and filling the forests brim full of melody. Now we were gliding under the branches of trees almost overlapping the little stream, now shooting like an arrow down the rapids, plunging like a sea-gull through the foam, and then gliding over waters so smooth and deep that we could see the sky and forests all mirrored in their glassy depths. Wiota was not less merry than Lou and I. Papa was better, he said. He told us all about his home, soon to be our home too; of the playmates we would have there; of his little sister

Neola, not as big as I; and of a thousand sports we could have.

It was a little past midday, I think, when, rounding a wooded highland, we beheld the site of the village. None of the wigwams were visible, but we saw the smoke curling around the tops of the trees all along the hill-side. The grove was all alive with women and children who came thronging to the pebbly shore as our canoes approached. Many of them had never seen white people before, and gazed upon us with speechless wonder; while Lou and I were no less amazed at the unwonted scene, the strange ways and curious costumes of the people. But the momentary surprise we at first inspired was succeeded by the merriest greetings. Before the day closed, we were quite at home among our strange playfellows.

Waunee, Ottokee's wife, — afterwards scarcely less dear than our own mother, — with her little daughter Neola, Wiota's sister, of whom he had told us so much, — a shy little girl of four years, — was the first to greet us. On our way up to her wigwam Neola and I became very intimate. She had a pet fawn that attracted my attention at once, and which became the medium of our mutual approaches. It would gambol and skip around us, thrust its nose into our faces, and then run on before, finally tempting us to embark together in a hot but vain pursuit. Henceforth Neola and I were inseparable. We grew up together, our lives intertwining more and more as our years increased,

until our thoughts, emotions, and spirits were blended in one. Neither time nor outward change has been able to sunder the tie that binds us together; nor has death itself seemed to separate me for an instant from the presence, love, and sympathy of my spirit bride.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

ALMOST unconsciously — there is so much that must be left untold — I find myself approaching the close of my narrative. Were I writing for the lovers of romance and adventure, and not for the purpose of unfolding — though in this I fear my effort is vain — a certain great principle that is the true leaven of the Christian faith, which represents in his Church the spirit and purpose of Christ, and by which alone there can be ultimate unity and brotherhood on earth, I would have begun where I am compelled to close. I would have told in detail the story of my own life in the forest and in the city. Not that in itself it presents the usual charms of romance, for it is full of hopeless grief and disappointments, but because of its association with certain other lives that attained, after years of toil and trial, to the full fruition of earthly bliss. But my father's life was nobler than theirs have been, and, though it ended in obscurity, was not lived in vain. And if there is any thing in which I am myself permitted to glory, it is in the effort I have made, and am still making, to fulfil his dying injunction, that I

should enter the ministry of Christ, and assert, and constantly maintain, the Catholicity of the Church.

Yet, that my narrative may not close too abruptly, I will briefly sketch the incidents that followed our removal to the wilderness. What was written in the introductory chapters will sufficiently indicate what our life there became; and it is not necessary I should again refer to my parents, except to say that through the skill of Kear their lives were prolonged till the autumn of the year following our flight to the wilderness, and were attended with little further suffering. My father died first. His injuries were of such a nature that at the best his existence here was but weariness; and at last he fell asleep, waking to consciousness in this life only for a brief moment, in which he bade us all farewell, and left for me the injunction to which I have already alluded. My mother survived him only long enough to see the earth close over his remains. Under the gathering shadows of the twilight following, her pure spirit fled away to join him in that land of peace where there are no separations, where every true aspiration is realized, every noble effort rewarded, and where the love and life of God are mingled together into one crystal river.

Lou and I, after the death of our parents, remained at Bord du Lac, tenderly nurtured by our foster-parents, and instructed every day by Kear in all the things that pertain to the true develop-

ment of soul and body. Meantime we heard little of the great world outside, — only rumors of a great war being waged between England and America, and that the Indians, under Tecumseh, had conspired together to avenge their wrongs.

One day that mighty chief and his brother, the great prophet Elskwatawa, visited our tribe to enlist the Lenni-Lenapes in the struggle. They were received with kindness; but neither Kear nor Ottokee favored their project. Kear said the dominion of the white races could only be resisted by moral influences. Their vices were more dangerous than their arms. Only by standing aloof from all intercourse with them could the red men escape destruction. He approved of a close alliance of all the tribes, and would do all he could to promote it. Let all drop their mutual jealousies, and unite to repel the vicious influences of the whites, and in time their interests would be respected; for there were many true and just men among the whites, whose influence would finally prevail to secure to the red men their rights.

He continued at great length, explaining in its minutest details what he deemed to be the true policy of his people. When he had concluded, Tecumseh arose. For a moment, overcome with emotion, he could not utter a word; but at last, in passionate utterances, he began his reply.

The great prophet of the Lenni-Lenapes was wise; but his wisdom was vain. The ancient glory of the race had departed, and could never be

restored. The Great Spirit had hidden his face. The red men must perish for having forgotten the traditions of their fathers. The winds sighing through the hemlocks, the waters murmuring, the voice of the raven, boded in his ears only evil. The ancient flame could not be rekindled. Why should he seek to fan the ashes in which the last spark had been extinguished? It was but too true that to contend in arms would end in extermination. Still more resistless were the vices of the white men. What, then, was his mission? Was it peace? No; it was war! Was it that they should perish in slavery? No; in liberty! Was it that they should die ignobly in debauchery? No; in honor and glory! Was it that his race so wronged should submit to injury? No; but that all injuries should be effaced in blood! Did he crave pity? No; he would have only vengeance!

He appealed to Kear if this were not the tradition of the race, — that death should be chosen rather than dishonor. Which was most praiseworthy, — to die by the rifle of the soldier, or by the fire-water of the trader? He reminded them of my father's example, whom he called their "pale-faced prophet." Did his white brothers show him any pity or mercy? Did he not choose death rather than dishonor? Did he not teach that the sacrifice of one's life for others secured a home in the happy hunting-grounds? The red men would perish, but they might yet die in honor. *Vice* might be repelled, but it could be repelled

only with the tomahawk. Besides, it was too late to counsel peace. The struggle had already begun. Many of their brethren had fallen. Would the noble braves of the Lenni-Lenapes look on unmoved? Would not the wrongs and sufferings of their brethren arouse them to action? Already were the pale-faces upon their borders. Soon would trading-posts be established on their own hunting-grounds. Would they wait till their young men were debauched with fire-water, their wives and daughters violated, and their wigwams in flames? — till they were utterly helpless to avenge their injuries?

His impassioned spirit so fired the breasts of our young men, that, despite the united persuasions of Kear and Ottokee, many of them, of whom Wiota was one, enlisted with him. And so identified had my existence become with that of the tribe, I was ashamed of my pale face, and, though but a child, longed to go with Wiota. Lou's spirit was equally aroused. Though Waunee appealed to her with tears to dissuade Wiota from going, she remained silent. Whether a stronger bond of attachment subsisted between her and Wiota than is natural between children of the same family, I cannot say. I have never questioned her of this. But their relations seemed not less intimate than mine with Neola. She was then just budding into womanhood; and the free life of the wilderness, combined with the careful training of Kear, had imparted to her form the highest elasticity and

grace, and to her face the brightest bloom. In after years, in Mrs. Winslow's parlors, where were gathered the *élite* of Boston society, on the occasion of her wedding reception, her beauty was unrivalled. The professor declared that she was even more beautiful than her mother, whom he had once thought the loveliest woman he had ever seen. General Winslow was proud of his young bride, — his "Indian princess," as he called her, in allusion to the pleasantry that had passed between him and Marie on the ship. Her marriage proved a happy one, but sometimes the tears would start to her eyes when I alluded to our noble brother; and her son and daughter bear the names of Wiota and Neola.

The events that followed Wiota's departure are so sad that I cannot dwell upon them. Lou never saw him more. After he was gone, there was no more merriment in our previously happy home. Kear and Ottokee were much troubled, and constantly in consultation. At length the latter went away, and was absent many days. When he returned, we learned that in great peril of his life he had been to Detroit, having heard that Colonel Winslow was stationed there, to consult with him in relation to Lou and me; for he and Kear, having most gloomy forebodings in relation to the future of the tribe, were anxious that we should be restored to our friends, if possible, while there was yet opportunity.

I cannot describe the scene which followed the

announcement that we were to be taken to Detroit and delivered to Colonel Winslow. When the time came for our departure, I clung in frantic terror to Waunee, who, refusing to be comforted, held me as tightly in her own embrace. Kear and Ottokee could not repress their sobbings. Only by the assurance that we might return again, when there was no longer any danger, were we finally persuaded to embark in the canoe that was waiting on the shore. At the head-waters of the Kalamazoo we were delivered to Colonel Winslow, who had come out with a detachment of soldiers to meet us. He received us with great joy, and treated us most kindly. Having received the letter my father had written on the day of his assault, he had been unremitting in his efforts to fulfil its requests. Our property in Detroit had been carefully preserved. He had also been in constant communication, till their death, with our grandparents in France, who had been so solicitous in relation to us that they had sent over an agent to prosecute a thorough search for the lost children. My father had been reported killed, and my mother was so feeble at the time of our flight, it was not supposed she could have long survived. It was thought, however, their children might be living; but the disturbed state of the country prevented any thorough search being prosecuted among the remote tribes.

We were sent on to Boston at once, where we were placed under the care of Professor Winslow.

Lou was sent to a boarding-school, and I was placed under the tuition of Mr. Lawton, with whom I remained till I entered the university. After the country had become settled, I visited Bord du Lac every summer during my long vacations. Indeed, I was never happy except when there with Neola. Kear, Ottokee, and Waunee were always as dear, kind, and loving as they had been of old; but Wiota was changed. Of the band of young men who had followed Tecumseh, he alone had survived; and when he came back, and found Lou gone, — and still more after some communications had passed between them, — he became gloomy and desponding. For weeks at a time he would be absent from the village, — in fact, was seldom seen at home, — spending his time mostly in the seclusion of the forest. Still, when we met, he was not unkind. I pitied and loved him, and often tried to bring him back to himself, but in vain. He would answer my questions, and often did me a kindness, but shunned me even as he did his parents and his sister.

From year to year great changes were wrought. The fall of Tecumseh, and the establishment of a permanent peace, brought numerous settlers into the wilderness. Settlements were made even on the banks of the Kalamazoo; and one, now the site of one of the chief towns of Michigan, not far from Bord du Lac. Here Martin and Pete established a trading-post, and gathered around them a gang of desperate characters. Pete had followed

Reuben and Martin on to Detroit, and, after Garvey's death, had become a partner in the store. Garvey died by violence, having been, one morning, found dead in his bed, his throat cut, and his body otherwise mangled. His assassins were never discovered, though I have heard strong suspicions expressed that they were of his own household.

I could not fail to note, at each successive visit I made to Bord du Lac, the baneful influence of the white men upon the condition of our tribe. The influence of Kear and Ottokee became gradually impaired, and, diseases and vices creeping in, the number constantly decreased, till scarce a dozen families survived. The two were broken-hearted, though they did not abate their efforts. In vain had they besought the tribe to flee from the presence of the whites deeper into the wilderness. At first the reluctance of the people to leave their homes had constrained them to linger, till finally they had become so demoralized they could not be persuaded. The prophetic utterances of Tecumseh were coming true. All this Kear had foreseen, but was powerless to prevent after the disasters of the war.

While I was at Bord du Lac during the summer following the close of my senior year in college, a grave council was held by the survivors of the tribe, at which I was present. Ottokee and Waunee had at last consented to my union with Neola; and it had been arranged that, as soon as Bishop Willoughby and other friends could come on to

Bord du Lac, the marriage should take place. The next day I was to start for Detroit to see General Winslow, with whom I was to intrust the necessary arrangements, after which I was to return and await at Bord du Lac his coming.

My engagement to Neola had long been known to my friends; and the idea had been suggested by Mrs. Winslow, and enthusiastically seconded by all the rest, except the bishop, that they should all go on to Bord du Lac on the occasion of the wedding. "How romantic it will be!" said Marie,—"a wedding in the woods." But her husband was not at all enthusiastic, though, after a good deal of persuasion, he was finally prevailed upon to assent to the arrangement. In the first place, he did not approve of my marriage with an Indian woman, and was moreover timorous about "trusting his life with the savages in the wilderness." But General Winslow finally persuaded him that there was no danger to be apprehended, promising to send out a guard of soldiers with him, if he desired.

The council was held to determine what should be done after Neola's marriage. Of course it would be necessary for me to spend most of my time within the confines of civilization, not only for the purpose of completing my studies, but also to enable me to fulfil my father's injunction; but the wealth I had inherited from my grandparents would enable me to provide abundantly for all my *Indian* friends. In fact, my legal guardian, Pro-

fessor Winslow, had already purchased for me of the government a tract of several thousand acres, including the Lenni-Lenape village and the lake, so that the tribe was secure in its possession. But the constant intrusion of white men into the village, and the annoyances and insults the Indians were subjected to, rendered their condition most unhappy. Besides, they were not safe from personal violence. Several members of the tribe had been murdered; shot down, in one instance, in mere wanton cruelty. But what had alarmed my foster-parents most, and which, when I first heard it, filled me with the utmost consternation, was, that Martin Garvey had seen Neola. The first time his lustful eyes had beheld her, he had made insulting advances. After that, she had never ventured far from the cabin unattended, and had been watched over with constant vigilance by her friends. At different times, too, white men, who were recognized as members of Martin's gang, had been seen prowling around the cabin.

I had endeavored to persuade the members of the tribe, and especially my foster-parents and Kear, to remove within the borders of civilization. Of course I did not expect them to live in the city, but they could live near me. There were forests even in Massachusetts. The proposition was entertained by the council, but met with little favor; and it was finally decided that immediately after the wedding, the tribe, which then numbered but twenty-seven persons, of whom the most were

women and children, should remove to the North, beyond the reach of the white men.

I parted with Neolà at our cabin door, as it was not deemed safe for her to venture as far as the shore of the river; and now, when I recall her memory, or see her in my dreams, she is revealed in the same lovely garb, attitude, and expression I beheld when I glanced back upon her from the shadow of the forest.

Kear was to accompany me as far as the head-waters of the Kalamazoo, where it was agreed he should await my return. On our way to the shore, Wiota, who had not been seen for a long time, suddenly confronted us. We were both startled at his wild and haggard look. He did not utter a word, but wrung my hand for a moment in mute agony, and then plunged into the forests. I called after him, and waited for a time, hoping he would come back; for in the joy of my approaching marriage I felt more keenly than ever his grief, and could not bear to see him so unhappy. But he did not come back; I saw him but once more, and then I buried him under the old oak on the bank of the river.

It was quite dark when our canoe touched the shore at the accustomed landing at the head-waters of the Kalamazoo. Kear had scarcely spoken all the way up; but as we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and were about to lie down to sleep, he suddenly grasped my hand. "Victor," said he, "I cannot solve this mystery, but it will be re-

vealed to-night. The spirits of the dead are thronging around me; but I am not permitted to see their faces nor understand their whisperings."

I had had before a superstitious reverence for Kear, for there were some things he seemed to know that could have been revealed only by inspiration; but this was the first time he had ever alluded to any communings with the spirits of the dead. I was filled with the utmost amazement and alarm. My impression was that his great grief at the misfortunes of his people, and his constant labors and anxieties in their behalf, had unsettled his mind, and perhaps even dethroned his reason.

I had always slept soundly there after the weariness of the long journeys from Bord du Lac or Detroit, there was such a restful influence imparted by the murmurs of the forest, and the lullaby of mingling waters; but it must have been near midnight when I fell asleep that night, and my sleep was troubled. Indeed, I am not certain that I had slept at all, when I was aroused by the voice of Kear. I sprang up at once. He was seated in the stern of the canoe, which was headed down the stream, and was holding the paddle in his hand as if about to depart.

"Why, are you going home so soon?" I exclaimed, in great surprise.

He turned towards me his face, which by the moonlight I saw was ghastly pale, and replied: "We must return to bury the dead."

I sprang to the shore at a bound, and, grasping his shoulder, exclaimed fiercely: "Kear, Kear! what is that you say? What do you mean? Dead? Who is dead?"

For a time he made no answer; but at last, looking up with an expression of the most ineffable tenderness and pity, he whispered: "All are dead! all but me. I am the last of my people."

"All? Who? You do not mean that, that"—An awful presentiment choked my utterance.

"Yes," said Kear, divining what I would say, "Ottokee, Waunee, and Neola. I saw them all in my dream."

Trembling and tottering, I stepped into the canoe, and sank down utterly unnerved and helpless. Still, though momentarily overcome by the evil presentiment Kear's words and strange manner had inspired, I could not believe that those from whom we had parted but a few hours before were really dead. I am not naturally superstitious, and gradually, as we glided down the stream, recovered in some degree my self-possession. The dawning of the morning also served to dispel still more the weird impressions associated with the moonlight, and I ventured even to express to Kear my doubt of the reality of his vision.

"Kear, I cannot think all our friends are dead so soon. Your dream was but a fancy, the expression of your recent troubles and anxieties."

I had never before expressed any lack of confidence in any statement he had made; I doubt

whether he had ever heard his truth questioned until now. He seemed startled, as if aroused suddenly to consciousness by my words, and turned towards me as if not fully comprehending them. But he did not reply. Bowing his face upon his hands, he suffered the canoe to drift down the tide.

"Kear," I finally whispered softly, feeling the evil presentiment coming over me again, "are you sure our friends are dead?"

"Poor child," he sobbed, "there is no hope. Ottokee has told me all; and I saw their bodies lying cold and stiff in the moonlight."

"Who murdered them?" I gasped faintly.

"Martin Garvey and" —

"Martin Garvey!" I fairly shrieked the name. A cold perspiration burst out on my brow, and my knees smote together, as a possibility worse than death was suggested to my mind.

"But Neola escaped," exclaimed Kear, hurriedly. "They would have carried her away, but for the silver dagger you gave her."

Though these last words of Kear brought full conviction to my mind of the reality of his vision, — for I had secretly procured for Neola, and at her request, a silver dagger, of which Kear could have known nothing, — I yet experienced a momentary relief. I have never shed a tear for her, though even then, as I turned to assist Kear to propel the canoe down the current, the full consciousness of my utter and hopeless bereavement

came upon me. I saw clearly what I have since fully realized, — though I did not think I must wait so long, — that I must henceforth seek contentment solely in devotion to Christ's purpose, and consolation only in the promises of the life to come. Even in that hour of trial, a strange exultation gradually sprung up in my breast. Neola's love and heroic example I determined should be the inspiration of my own efforts and sacrifices.

But, as we approached the site of the village, my courage wavered. Perhaps I still entertained a faint hope that Kear had been deceived. I could hear the throbbings of my heart; and only by my exertion with the oar could I restrain my agitation.

Rounding the highland above the village, an emotion of hope momentarily thrilled my breast as I saw the smoke curling above the tree-tops as was wont. But the grove was deserted. No children were seen at play; and an ominous stillness brooded over the valley. I glanced back at Kear. He seemed unmoved; but his face wore the same gloomy and hopeless expression.

Catching my eye, he said, "Victor, have you courage to look upon the faces of the dead?"

I did not reply. A great sob I could not utter choked my speech.

In silence we drifted down the stream, rapidly approaching the accustomed landing. Something on the shore attracted my attention, which I could not at first make out; a small bundle of clothes it seemed,

lying in the edge of the water. But as we drew nearer I saw, with a thrill of horror, a little hand. It was a dead infant, tossed, doubtless, from the bank into the river, and thrown by the tide upon the shore.

The stillness was so profound that I was startled by the grating of the canoe upon the pebbles. Kear stepped out at once, and, drawing the dead infant from the water, and washing the blood from its mangled face, laid it down tenderly in the shade of the forest. The scenes following, that were presented to our sight as we walked slowly through the grove, were too horrible for detail. The bodies of women and children strewed the ground; and, when we reached the hill-side, burned and blackened corpses were seen amid the smouldering embers of the wigwams. But we did not linger long there, but passed on towards the lake. As yet we had seen the bodies of none of the men of the tribe, except that of one old man partially consumed among the smoking ashes of his wigwam.

As we drew near the lake, my strength and courage again wavered, compelling me to lean heavily for a moment upon Kear for support. Near the cabin we came to the scene of conflict, where the dead bodies of seven Indians and as many white men strewed the ground. The history of the struggle was soon apparent. Ottokee lay dead in front of the cabin door, which had been beaten in with axes. Inside we found Neola and her

mother. When the door had been beaten in, Ottokee had leaped out, tomahawk in hand, and had instantly been shot down. Waunee was horribly cut and mangled with axes by her murderers as she had stood between them and her daughter, while the latter, still clasping in her right hand the dagger she had buried to the hilt in her heart, had knelt down and fallen forward with her face upon her mother's. The murderers, seeing their purpose foiled, had hastily retreated from the cabin, doubtless fearing an attack from the village. But, as they were just entering the forest, Wiota, with his six comrades, — the entire force of the village, — had burst out upon them. The conflict must have been brief. How many the whites numbered could not be determined; but the fallen Indians were each riddled with bullets. Yet not one had fallen unavenged, for each had buried his tomahawk in the head of an enemy. Martin and Pete were among the dead, the former having been slain by Wiota. The last act was the massacre of the defenceless women and children and the burning of the village.

The remainder of the day we spent in bringing the dead together at the place of burial under the old oak; and, as soon as the moon had risen, we continued the work, not resting till we had buried all.

I often wonder what could have sustained me in that great agony; for, after I had seen Neola, I felt no more weakness till the dust was closing over

her. I knelt down and lifted her head gently, putting back the silken tresses from her lovely face. But it would ill become me to linger here, and perhaps I have alluded already too frequently to my own grief; for I would gladly have had no part in this narrative, if otherwise its purpose could have been unfolded. With her right hand still grasping the dagger she had buried in her pure and loving heart, and with her left not less tightly the golden locket containing my likeness — dressed in her green and russet robes, and wrapped in her scarlet blanket, we buried her; laying her down gently in her grave upon a soft couch of fern, and covering her first with leaves and blossoms.

Kear and I reached Detroit the same evening that our friends arrived there from Boston. For weeks I remember no more; and but for the constant care of Kear, who did not leave my bedside till I awoke again to consciousness from my delirium, I should not have been long separated from my spirit bride. General Winslow made some effort to bring the surviving murderers to justice, but in vain. The soldiers and border men sympathized with them; and even the public press, though it was noticed but by one or two papers, excused the massacre, the usual plea being set up, that the deed was justifiable as a measure of retaliation, and of security to the frontier settlers.

Kear and I did not part company for many years. We spent some time in Boston, after which

we crossed the ocean, visiting my father's early home, lingering long among the mountains of Switzerland, and then passing over into Africa, where we spent a winter in the solitudes of its deserts and forests. Thence crossing over into Asia, we continued our journey eastward till we reached the northern shores of the Pacific. Landing on the coast of British America from a Russian vessel, and spending some time among the Indian tribes of Oregon and Missouri, after an absence of ten years we sat down once more under the old oak on the bank of the river. The entire journey, except when crossing rivers and oceans, we had performed on foot; and, after leaving Europe, we had not entered a single human habitation. Kear's experience in the forests, his unerring judgment, and his instinctive knowledge, preserved us from all dangers, and ministered to every necessity. Our life was wholly natural; yet we experienced no discomforts, suffering neither from cold nor hunger. But, as I purpose at some time hereafter to write a history of Kear's life, it is not necessary that I should recount here the incidents of our journey, nor the circumstances of our final separation.

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